

PLAYBOX

ANNUAL

1912

1912



THE FANCY DRESS BALL

£7.00

Newbury

With

Very Best Wishes

from

Auntie Morgan

and Uncle Tom.

Dec 1911.



AN INDIAN BOY IN WAR DRESS

FACING PAGE 1

THE
PLAYBOX ANNUAL
1912

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A New Playbook for Children
containing
Over 300 Pictures

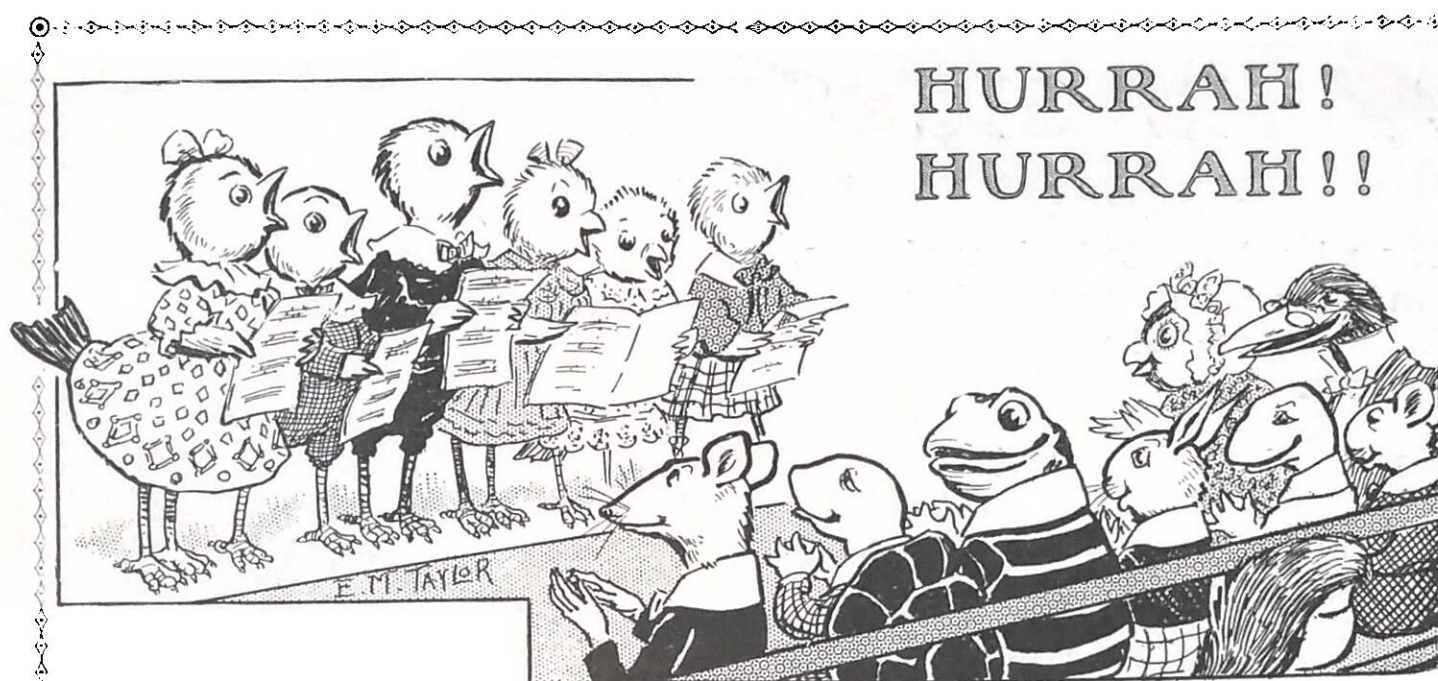
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THE FLUFFKINS TAKE UP FLYING



As you see, the little Sparrowkins appear on the first page again this year. They are supposed to be singing a song. I don't know anything about it, except that the first line is "Hurrah! Hurrah! The ANNUAL's out again." It does not seem to be much like a rhyme to me, though I think it is very nice of them to sing it, all the same. This year I have tried to make your ANNUAL better than ever. Of course, I don't know whether I've succeeded or not till you have read it. But I have put lots and lots of pictures in it, and those little friends who wrote last year and said they thought the PLAYBOX ANNUAL the jolliest ANNUAL they had ever seen, will perhaps think this one even better.

Last year I said something about little ones who learnt the poems in the ANNUAL, and since then a great many boys and girls have written to say they know most of the poems by heart. At the end of the ANNUAL this year I have put some of the names of little friends who wrote to me from all parts of the world. You will be surprised to see how far away some of them live. I am always glad to hear from any of my little friends, and I like it very much when you tell me what you like best in the book.

Now, hoping that you will really, really enjoy all the nice stories and funny pictures I have gathered together for you, I will bid you adieu till you come to the last page.

THE EDITOR.

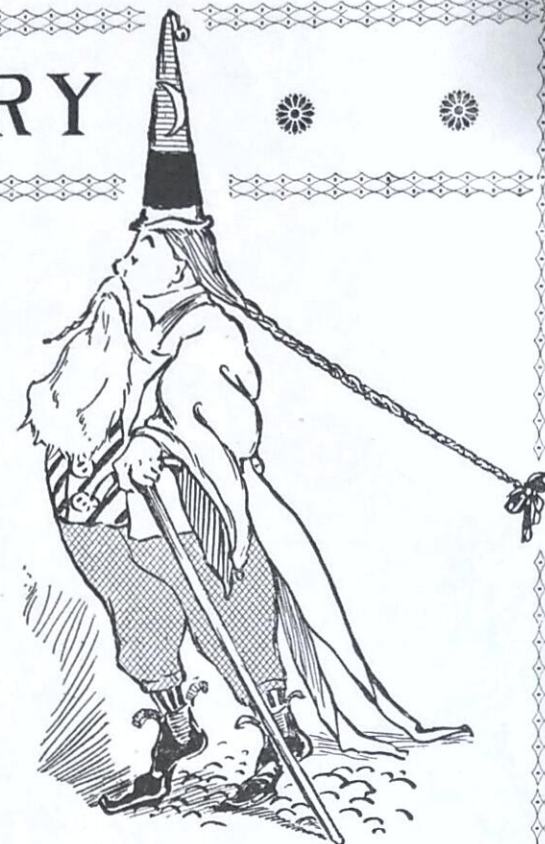
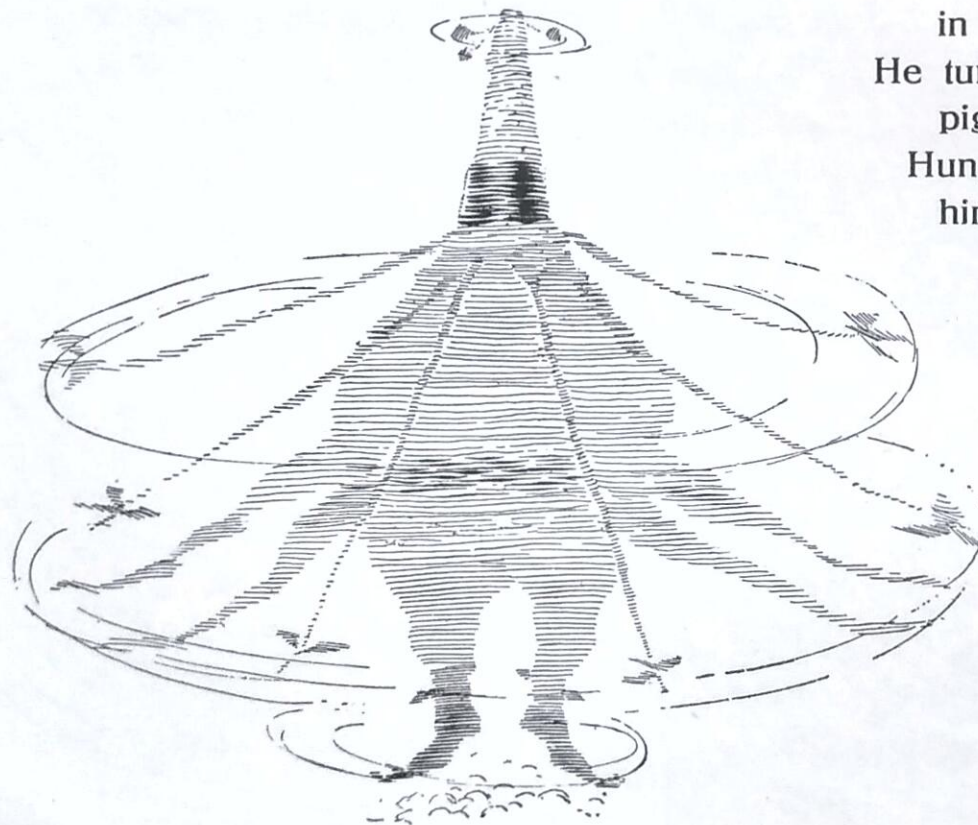
A TRAGIC STORY

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore,
But he wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he: "The mystery I've found.
I'll turn me round." He turned him round,
The pigtail also changed its ground—
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin.
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.



And right and left, and
round about,
And up and down, and
in and out,
He turned, but still the
pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind
him.

And though his
efforts never
slack,
And though he
twist, and
twirl, and
tack,
Alas!—still faith-
ful to his
back—
The pigtail
hangs behind
him!



"I am so cold, dear Elf"

THE FOOLISH FAIRY

What Happened in Fairyland at the Call of the Flowers

JUST about this time last year the usual preparations were going on in Fairyland for the Call of the Flowers. Every little fairy, from the youngest to the oldest, had been given something to do; and there was any amount of fussing and laughter and talking going on.

"I do hope we shall have some fun," laughed one little fairy, whose name was Merry-Eyes; "I'm to go to Mossy Dell." "Oh, you'll love it there!" replied another. "Who's going with you?" "I'm not quite sure, but I think Breath-of-Spring's coming."

"But where is she? Isn't she getting ready?"

"I thought she was, but I can't see her anywhere now. I think I'll go and look for her."

Merry-Eyes danced away to look for Breath-

of-Spring. She searched in every likely place, but not a sign of her could she see.

"I *can't* think where she can be!" she exclaimed. Just at that moment she saw several fairy friends, and asked if any of them had seen Breath-of-Spring.

"Yes, dear," said one; "she's with the Mistress of the Fairy Wardrobe."

Merry-Eyes hurried off to find Breath-of-Spring; and as she drew near to the bower of the Mistress of the Fairy Wardrobe she heard Breath-of-Spring saying, in a complaining voice: "But I'm so *tired* of it!"

"Tired of a beautiful frock like that?" came in reproachful tones from the Mistress of the Fairy Wardrobe. "WELL!"

"It's so dull, dear, and—and so heavy!"



March wind blew, and he hustled and he bustled so that—

“But you *must* have something fairly substantial when you’re flitting about in the Mossy Dell, you know, dear! March Wind isn’t to be trusted! He’s very sweet and gentle sometimes, but when he gets into one of his mad moods his breath is *very* cold!”

“Oh, I know! I know! But I do so love these gauzy frocks you’ve got here. Couldn’t I have one to wear this spring? I’m sure I shouldn’t feel cold!”

“I’m afraid you would, dear; but, as you’re so anxious to have one, you shall! Which would you like?”

“Oh, thank you, thank you, you dear!” cried Fairy Breath-of-Spring. “I’ll have this one, please!”

Merry-Eyes waited outside for a few minutes, and presently Breath-of-Spring came tripping towards her.

“Oo-oo!” whispered Merry-Eyes, “you *do* look sweet!”

“Do I, dear?” said Breath-of-Spring. “I’m so glad. I knew one of these gauzy frocks would suit me much better than the warm one I was wearing!”

Then she seized Merry-Eyes by the hand, and together they tripped away on their springtide mission. I dare say you know that the fairies are all very busy when springtime draws near. They have to call to the flowers, and wake them from their winter sleep beneath the brown earth; and this means a good deal of work. But the fairies love it, so of course they don’t mind the extra work.

As Breath-of-Spring and Merry-Eyes hurried

along to Mossy Dell, they heard March Wind coming behind them. He was travelling at a great pace, and whistling as he came.

“Hallo! hallo! little friends!” he cried; “going to be busy? Yes? So glad! I’m on my way to Mossy Dell. Where are you two going? Oh, I remember! You’re going there, too! I’ve heard all about it! So glad! Come along! Whee-eee-eeuw!”

Breath-of-Spring shivered and shook so much when March Wind’s breath blew on her that she could not reply, so Merry-Eyes said:

“Yes; we’re on our way to Mossy Dell, March Wind dear, but don’t wait for us if you’re in a hurry!”

“Oh, *I’m* not in a hurry, dears! I’ll help you along!”

With a genial smile and a shrill whistle, March Wind bustled along behind the two fairies, hurrying them on their way.

“Oh dear! oh dear!” gasped Breath-of-Spring, as her gauzy skirt blew about her, “I’m quite out of breath, and I wanted—to—stop—and—call—a few—of my—favourite—flowers—on—my—way!”

But March Wind gave her no chance of doing this. He blew and he whistled, and he hustled and he bustled, so that the two fairies seemed to be absolutely flying on their way to Mossy Dell.

“Stop! stop!” cried Breath-of-Spring. “I want to call to the Spring flowers just here, March Wind!”

March Wind, mad fellow though he was, stopped at the sound of Breath-of-Spring’s



—the two fairies seemed to be absolutely flying on their way to Mossy Dell

agitated voice, and said he would go slowly on his way, and they could catch him up when they were ready.

Breath-of-Spring heaved a sigh of relief, and bent down to speak to the Hidden Flowers. But her teeth chattered so that she could not make any sound. She tried again and again, but as her thin, gauzy skirts blew about her, and her limbs shook with the cold, she still could not speak to the flowers.

Merry-Eyes had gone slowly on her way, and so did not notice her friend's trouble, and poor Breath-of-Spring began to feel very lonely and forlorn.

"Oh dear! how cold and miserable I am!" she cried. "I wish I hadn't insisted on wearing these thin, gauzy clothes!"

Just then a tiny, green-clad elf came tripping along.

"Why," he cried, "aren't you the Flowers' fairy-friend, little Breath-of-Spring?"

"Yes, but oh! I *am* so cold, dear Elf!"

"Here, take this cloak!" he cried. And he flung a warm brown cloak over Breath-of-Spring's thin skirts.

The little fairy was just going to thank him when she stopped, for she felt such a queer sensation all over her that she couldn't think what had happened. She tried again to speak to the Hidden Flowers, but not a sound could she make, not because she was cold, but because—because——

"Why, I know!" she suddenly cried. "I'm invisible! This is an invisible cloak that the elf

has lent me; and, besides disappearing myself, my voice has disappeared too!"

Then little Breath-of-Spring sat down to think things over. At least, she *imagined* she was sitting down, but, whether she was or not, I can't say, because she couldn't be seen on account of her invisible cloak!"

"Well," she thought, "it's a case of deciding whether I shall put up with my thin, gauzy frock and try to call the Hidden Flowers with a hoarse voice, or go on wearing this invisible cloak and keep warm, but lose my voice altogether!"

After a while she came to a decision. She would throw aside the cloak, and risk getting a cold and a sore throat, because she felt she *must* call her little friends into the light and the air, or they would never rely on her again.

So she threw aside the invisible cloak, and stood up in her thin, gauzy skirts. Just at that very instant the great Sun King appeared in the heavens!

"What's happening?" he cried as he looked down on the spot of Earth where Breath-of-Spring was standing. "Hurry down, little Sunbeams, and see what's going on!"

The Sunbeams darted down to the exact spot where the little fairy was standing.

"Is anything wrong?" they cried. "Can we help you?"

"I don't know, dear Sunbeams," said Breath-of-Spring. "I only know that I'm very cold. I *would* wear this thin frock, and I'm so cold in it that I can hardly speak. But I simply *must* call

the Hidden Flowers and tell them that Spring is coming, even if I catch a dreadful cold!"

"Ts! ts!" cried the Sunbeams, "you mustn't do that! We'll help you if you like. We'll turn all our warmth on you as you hurry from flower to flower, and you can whisper your secret while we keep you warm!"

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" cried Breath-of-Spring. "I'll begin at once."

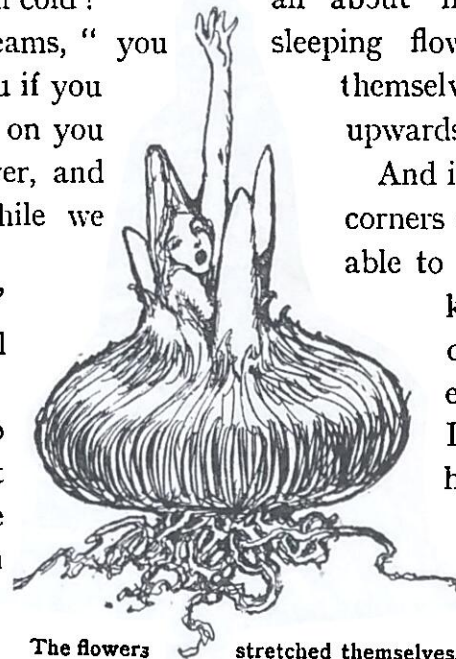
And she flitted from flower to flower, whispering so clearly that her voice went down to the Hidden Flowers below the brown earth.

"Spring is coming!" she said.

And the faithful Sunbeams threw their warmth all about her as she hurried on, while the sleeping flowers below stirred and stretched themselves, and began to push their way upwards.

And if you look carefully in the nooks and corners of the woods and dells, you will be able to see the Sunbeams doing the same kind of work this year as Breath-of-Spring passes on her way (they enjoyed it so much last year), though I don't know if she will be wearing her thin, gauzy frock again.

If you are lucky enough to catch a glimpse of her, perhaps you will let me know.



The flowers stretched themselves.

THE END.



KO-KO'S JOYS

It will amuse you to hear about my little Yorkshire terrier called Ko-ko, who loves toys just as much as you do.

Every now and then his mistress goes to a toyshop and asks for a grey cloth rabbit with a hard skin and a squeak; and they say to me: "Madam, babies generally prefer the softer ones," and I wonder what they'd think if they knew I wasn't buying it for a baby at all!

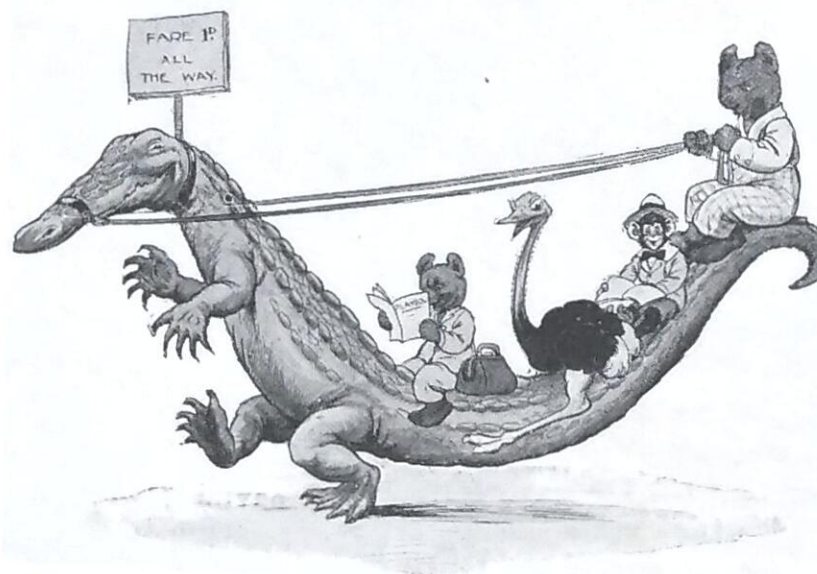
Well, I bring a grey bunny home, and I address it to Ko-ko himself, and post it, and oh, isn't he pleased when the parcel arrives!

He seizes his bunny and pretends to worry it; and when he manages to bite the "squeak" and it answers him he gets more excited than ever. But, do you

know, if he breaks the squeak so that the bunny can't make a noise, he won't play with it any more, because he considers that he's "killed" it.

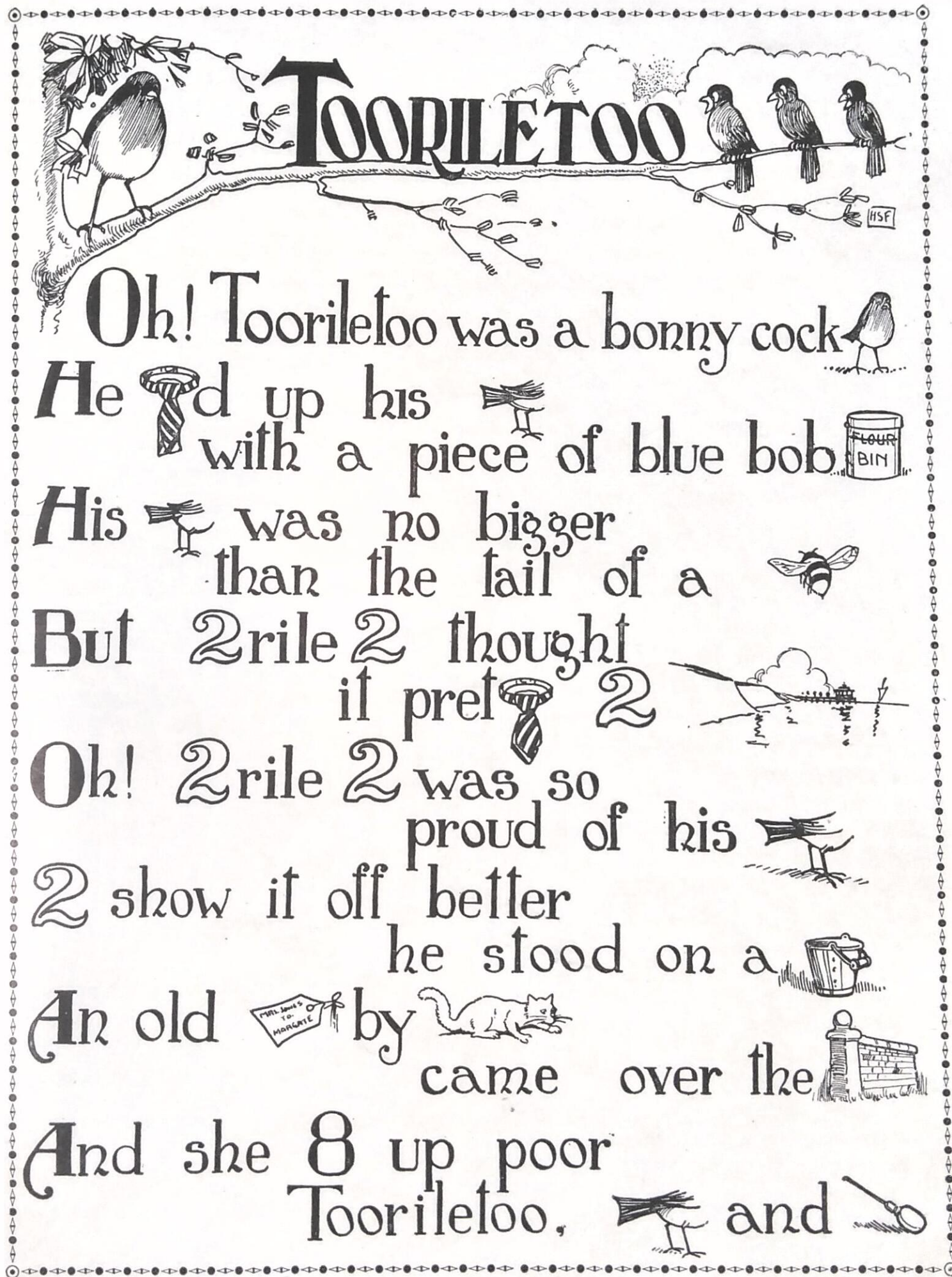
He likes one game directly after breakfast and another after tea; and if his mistress doesn't give him his bunny, then he scratches hard at the door of the cupboard where it's kept, to remind her.

Once a friend of his brought him a stuffed toy cat, nearly as big as himself, and he just loves playing with that, though it's so large that so far he's only managed to bite a tiny hole in its chest. The real cat in the house, by the way, couldn't make the stuffed one out at all, and went up to it and patted it, and sniffed it, and decided that it was very uninteresting because it didn't take any notice of her.



THE CROCODILE CAB.

When in a cab you chance to ride,
You find it right to go inside.
But here you see a strange "gee-gee,"
Whose outside's good enough for me.



TOYS YOU CAN MAKE

Of course, mother or nurse may find them too difficult or too "messy" for you to do; still, there is no harm in asking

THE next time you have to stay indoors, Chicks, ask mother if she will please let you have some old newspapers, a few empty cotton-reels, a little cardboard, some paste, and a pair of scissors. Then set to work and see if you can make the things you see in these pictures.

The bridge is made by standing some reels

paste it down. Then take a big sheet of paper and let it hang over the sides for a tablecloth.

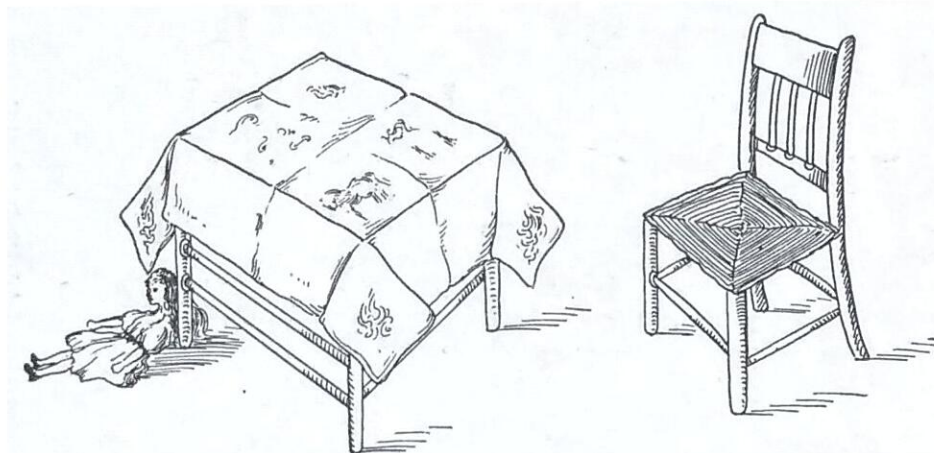
The chair is made in very much the same way, but with two long rolls of paper for the back, and two shorter rolls for the front legs. Cut a fairly broad piece of cardboard to go across the top, a narrower strip to put lower down, and three other strips to go between them.

If you want to make the table look very smart, you might perhaps get mother to give you a sheet of coloured tissue-paper to make the cloth. Then you could play at "afternoon calls" with your dolls.

But if you want to have a doll's tea-party, it would look nice if the tablecloth were made of plain white tissue-paper. Then if you have pasted a strong piece of newspaper

underneath, you could stand your dolls' tea-things on the table quite safely.

Of course, it would be very nice if you made one chair for each doll, but that would take rather a long time if you have many dolls. Still, when once you have made them, they will last a good long time if you handle them carefully. But be sure you don't spill any water or tea on them, because, if you do, it will spoil them, as they are only made of paper.

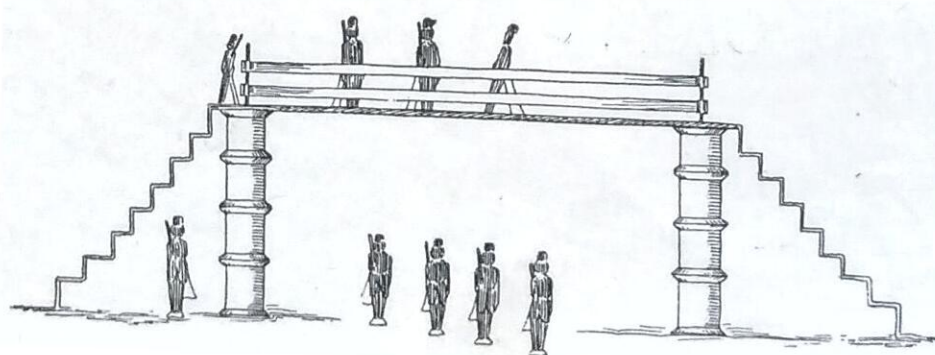


Chairs and tables made in the nursery

on top of each other—an equal number in each pile—and putting a tiny bit of paste between them so that they don't topple over. Then paste two small upright bits of cardboard at each end, and two long thin pieces across at each side for hand-rails.

Take two long pieces of cardboard, bend them carefully into "steps," and fasten them at each end of the bridge for staircases. When your bridge is finished, you can have all sorts of games on it with your soldiers.

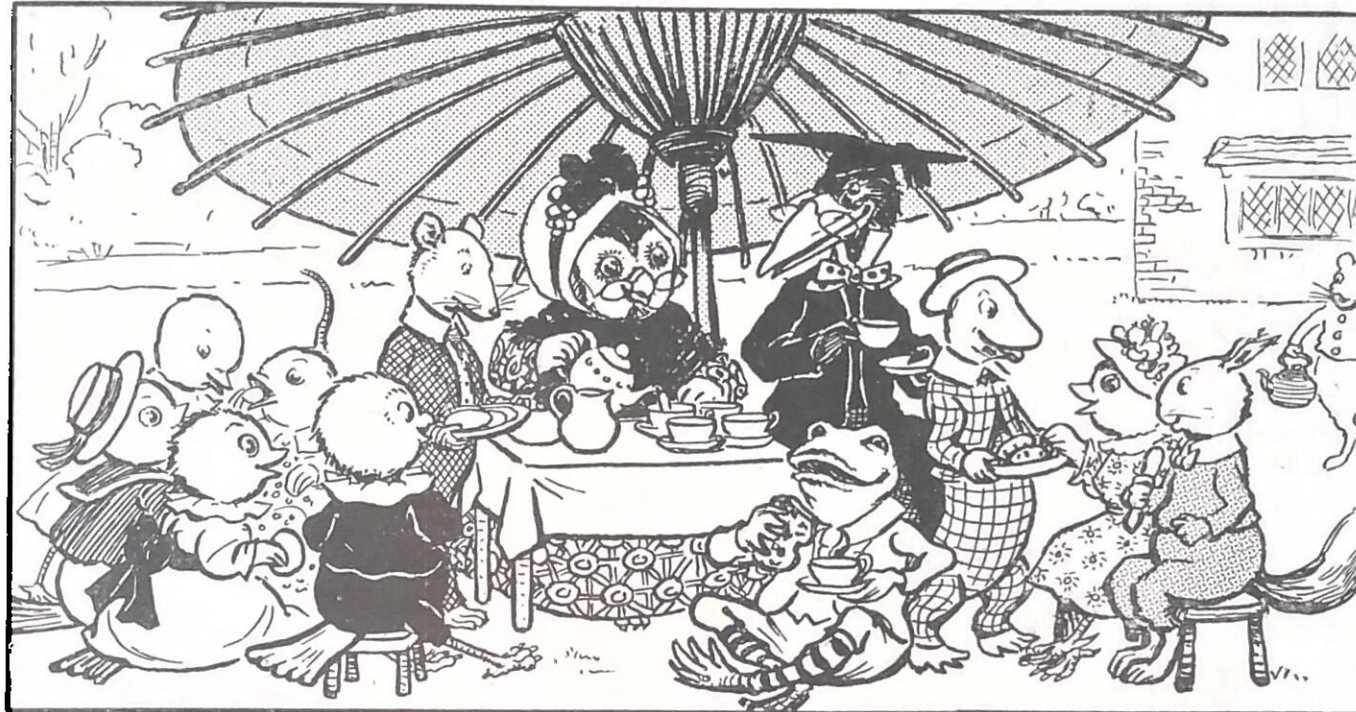
For the doll's table you can use reels for the legs, or newspapers rolled up tightly and fastened with paste to prevent them untwisting. Place thin strips of cardboard between the legs, cut a piece of newspaper to fit exactly over the top, and



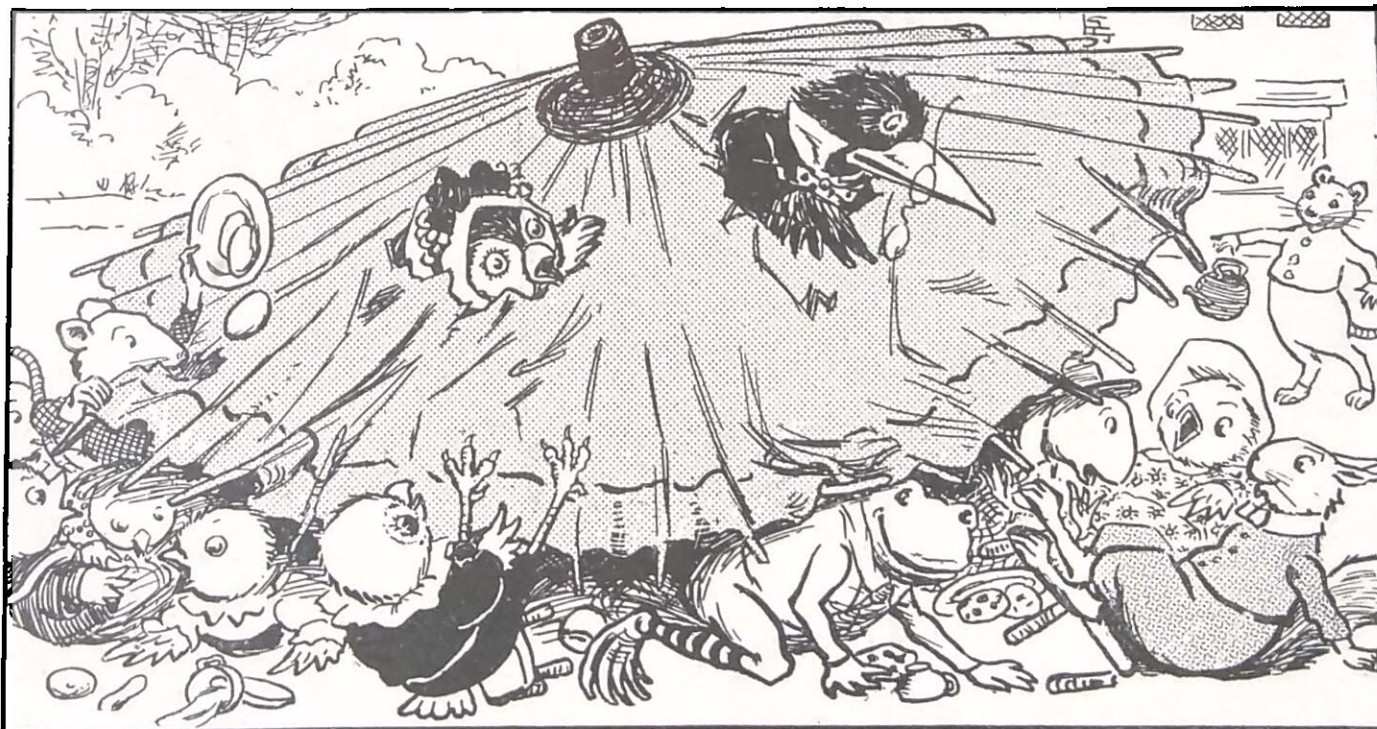
A bridge made of cotton reels

SUCH A SURPRISE!

How a jolly Tea-Party was suddenly stopped, but no one was hurt



DEAR CHICKS,—Our holidays are over. Are yours? The day they ended, Dame Owl and Dr. Rook gave us a **scrumptious** party in the garden. It was very hot, so we put up a big Japanese umbrella to keep off the sun. Some of the boys stuck the handle in a hole in the ground to keep it steady, but it suddenly began to “wobble”——

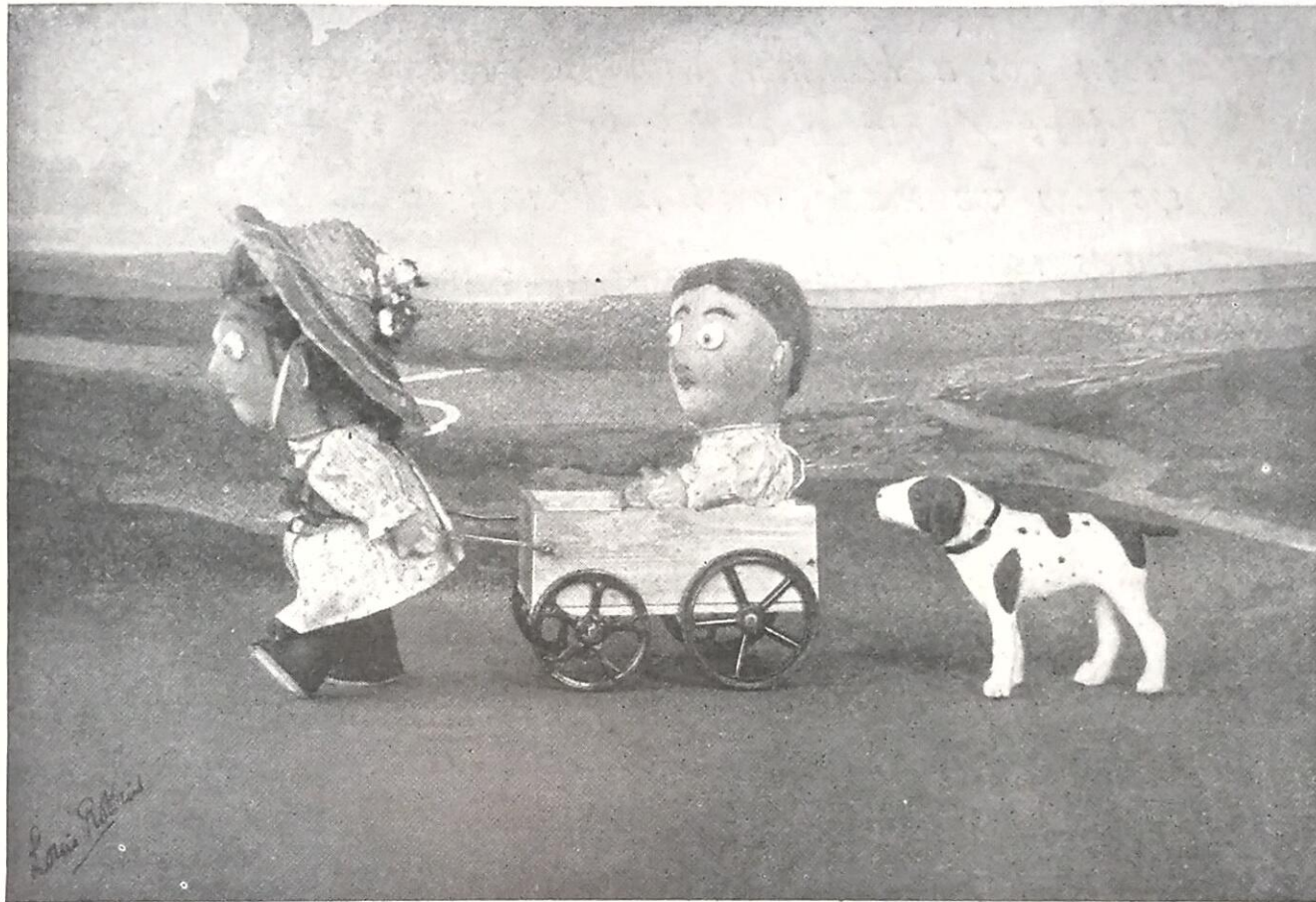


And then down it came! We thought at first it must be one of those airships the papers have been talking about! But nobody was hurt, though Dame Owl and Dr. Rook both poked their heads through the umbrella. Still, we finished our teas quite happily when we'd put it straight again.

THE LITTLE SPARROWKINS.

HERBERT AUGUSTUS AND ME





WE HAD TO TAKE IT IN TURNS TO RIDE

*One morning we went to the fields to play,
 Herbert Augustus and me.
 I'm Herbert Augustus's sister, you know,
 So he's my brother, you see.
 We went to play in the nice green fields,
 Where the daisies and puff balls grow;
 And the dear old cow and the chicks all live,
 As well as the cocks that crow.
 We took our cart, which we made ourselves,
 It's a beauty I'm sure you'll see;
 We had to take it in turns to ride,
 Herbert Augustus and me.
 But very soon one of the wheels came off,*

*That left us with only three ;
 We soon got a hammer and fastened it on,
 Herbert Augustus and me.
 A see-saw we made, and had such great fun,
 'Twas made from a plank and a tree ;
 When one was up the other was down,
 Herbert Augustus then me.
 The dear old cow and the ducks looked on,
 And one could plainly see,
 They wished, very much, they could play at games,
 Like Herbert Augustus and me.
 But suddenly something disastrous occurred,
 Which quite put a stop to our glee,*

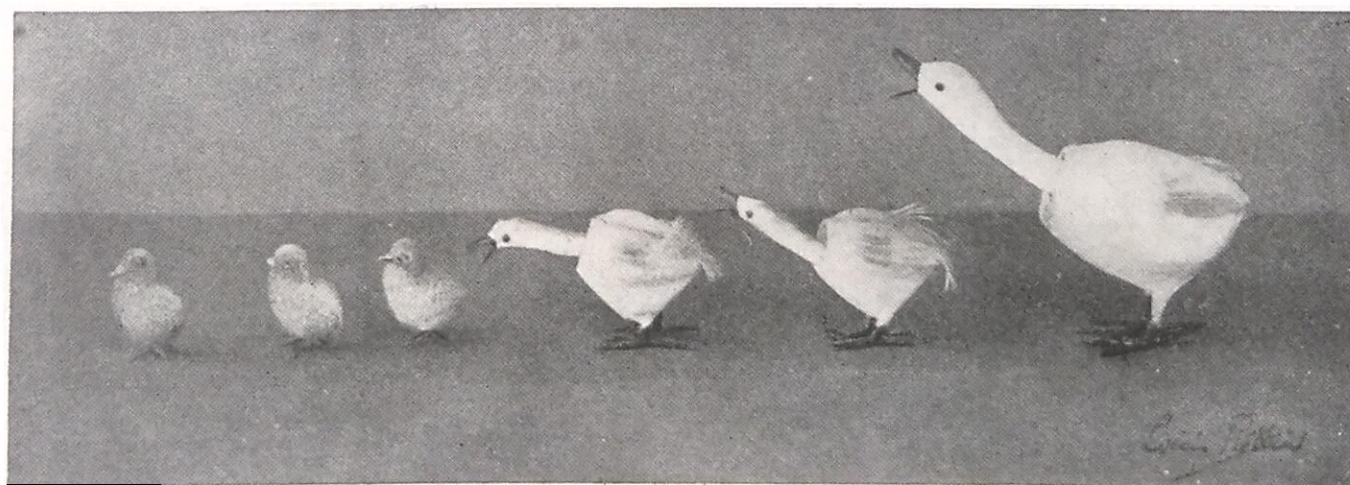


WE SOON GOT A HAMMER AND FASTENED IT ON



HE TUMBLED RIGHT OFF

*When Herbert was up, he tumbled right off,
 Herbert Augustus, not me.
 And when we got home and explained it to nurse,
 She only said "fiddle-de-dee,"
 But knew it was true when she saw the big bruise,
 On Herbert Augustus's knee.*



THE CHICKS AND THE DUCKS

A "CAT-AS-TRO-PHE"!

How Cousin Tom learnt to spell a long word and catch fish at the same time

DEAR CHICKS,

Last summer, down at the seaside, Cousin Tom caught a crab. At least, it was the crab that caught Tom by the tail. Well, Tom's been fishing again.

The other day we all went down to the lake with rods and lines, and Tom remembered that he hadn't learnt his home-lessons. So what do you think he did?

He tied his line to his tail, and then sat on the bank and began learning as hard as he could go:

"C-a-t-c-a-t-a-s-a-s-c-a-t-a-s-t-r-o-t-r-o-p-h-e-c-a-t-a-s-t-r-o-p-h-e! Wow!!"

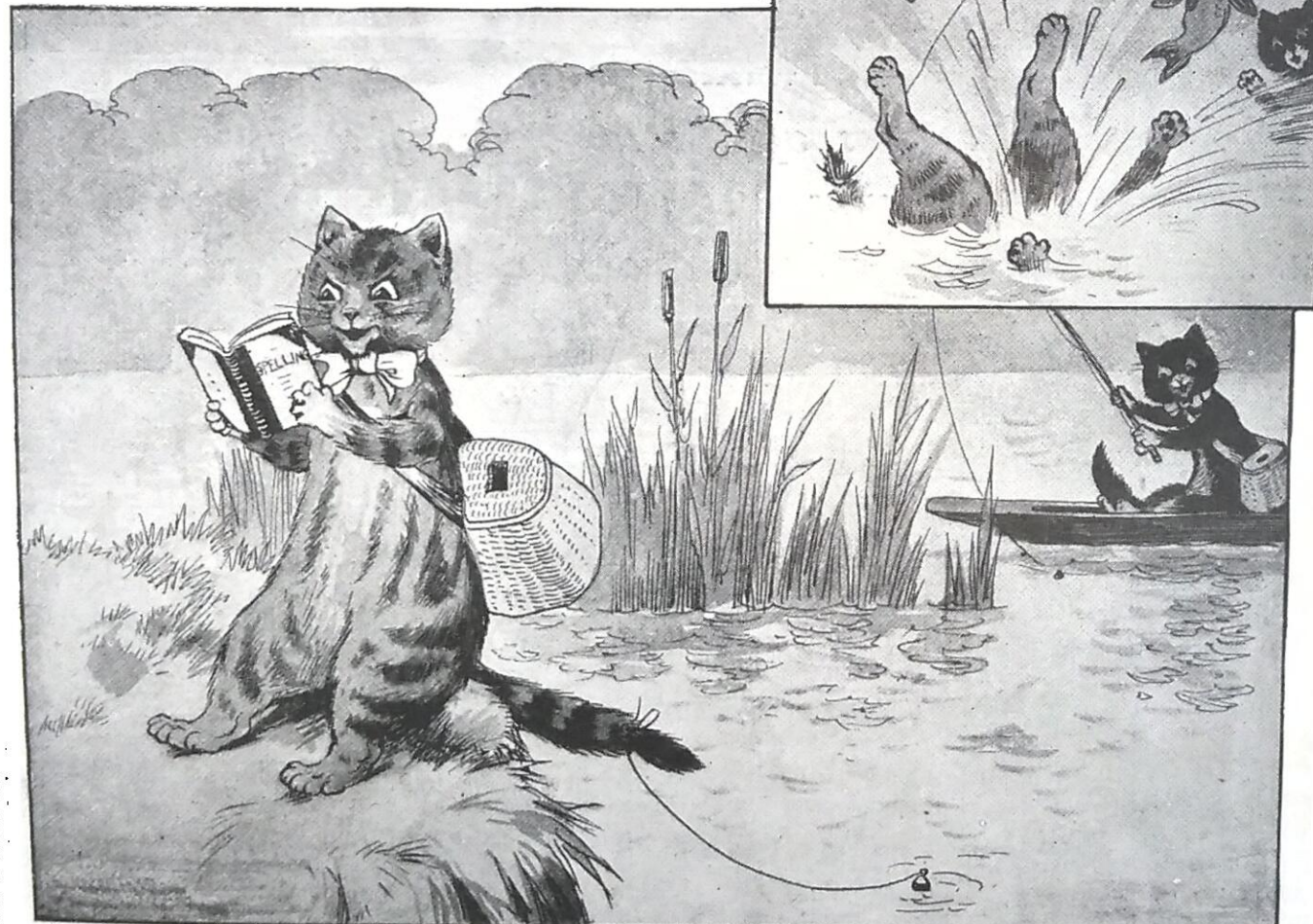
The last word wasn't "spellings"—it was Tom's squeal. He'd got a bite, and such a big one that it pulled him back, flop! into the water.

We got him out safely, and we didn't lose the fish either. Tom had it cooked for supper, and gave us each some. It *was* a beauty!

Yours affectionately,

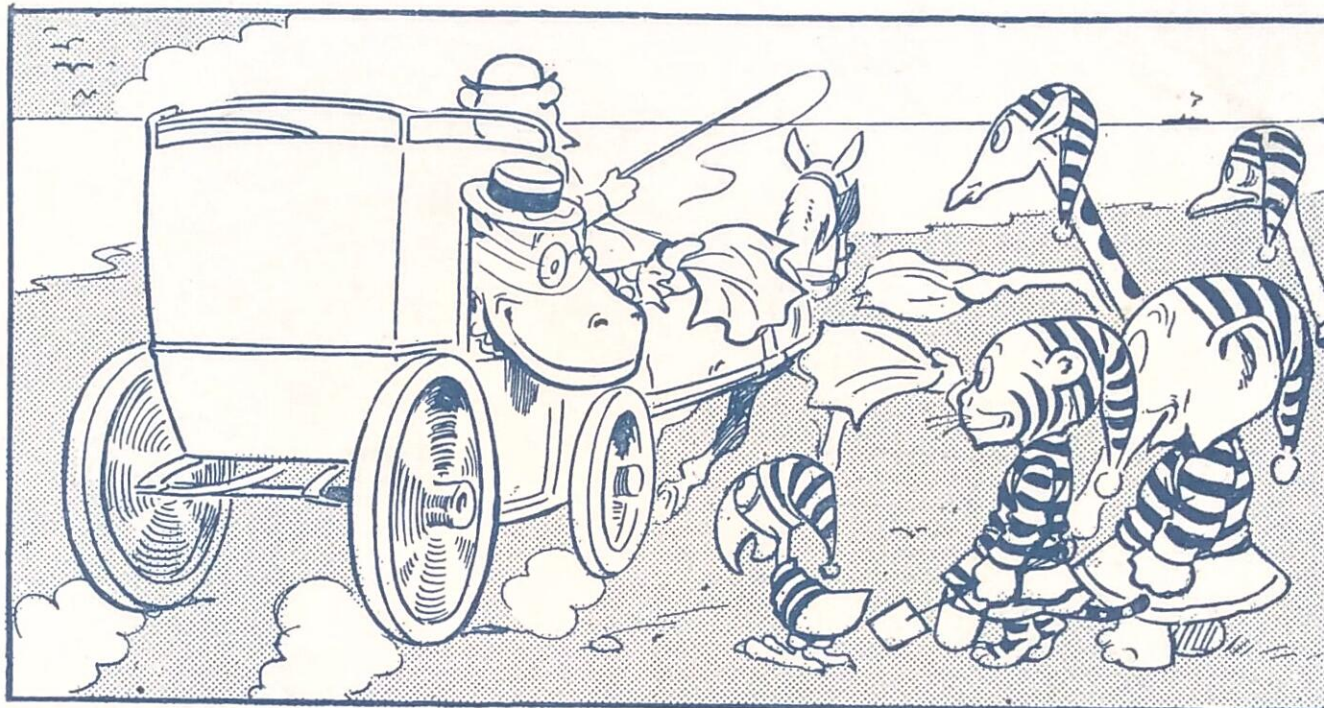
Furry Fluffkins! 

P.S.—I don't think I'd try Tom's way of fishing if I were you. It's safer to do your lessons first.

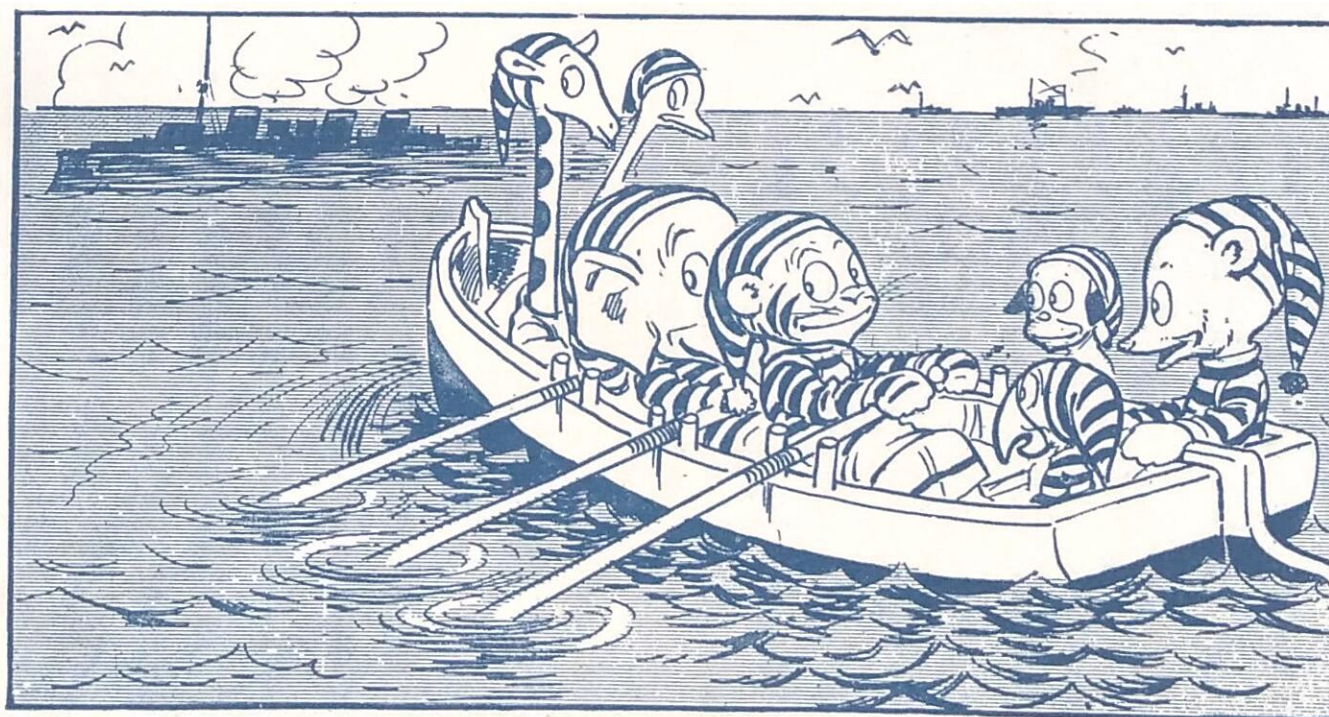


"Isn't this a fine way of learning spelling?"

THE HIPPOS RUN AWAY TO SEA



1 "Good-bye, teacher! Good-bye!" cried the pupils, waving their handkerchiefs, as Mrs. Hippo departed in a cab for the railway-station. "I'm going up to town to put the school in order, and then I'll return and take you all back with me. Mind you do not get into mischief while I am away," said teacher



2 "Boys," whispered Tiger Tim as soon as Mrs. Hippo was out of sight, "I vote we run away to sea, and leave all the horrid old schoolbooks behind. I want to become a sailor, and join the Navy." "So do I!" cried Jumbo. "Hurrah for the Navy!" Finally, they borrowed a boat, and rowed off to a torpedo-boat at anchor near the shore

WATCHING WIRELESS MESSAGES

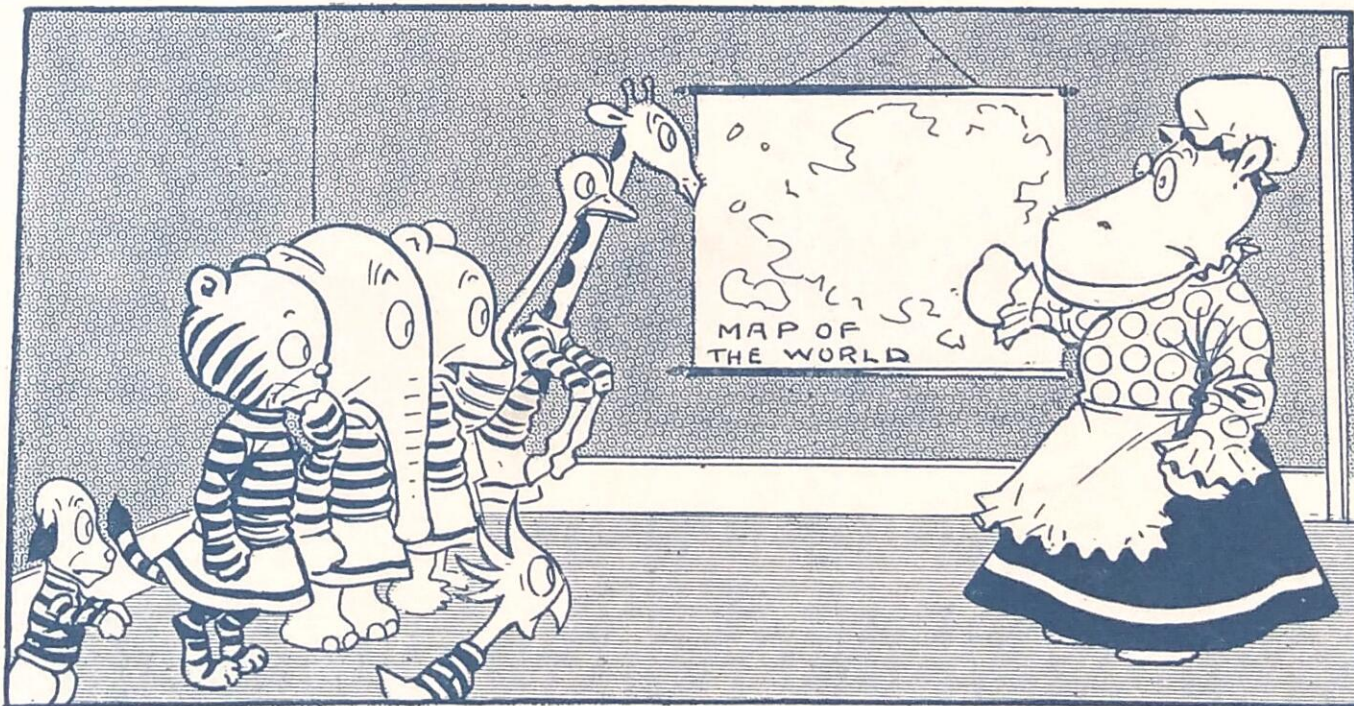


3 "Please we want to be sailors," said Tim to the captain. "Very well, young gentlemen, make yourselves at home," said the officer. Then the boys watched him sending off wireless messages

THEY GET A SURPRISE



4 "I suppose we shall land in a foreign country," said Tiger Tim, as they went to bed that night. "Yes," said Jumbo; "what a pity we didn't learn French while we were at school!" But the artful captain had been telegraphing to Mrs. Hippo; and next morning when they landed from the ship they found their teacher waiting for them on the quay



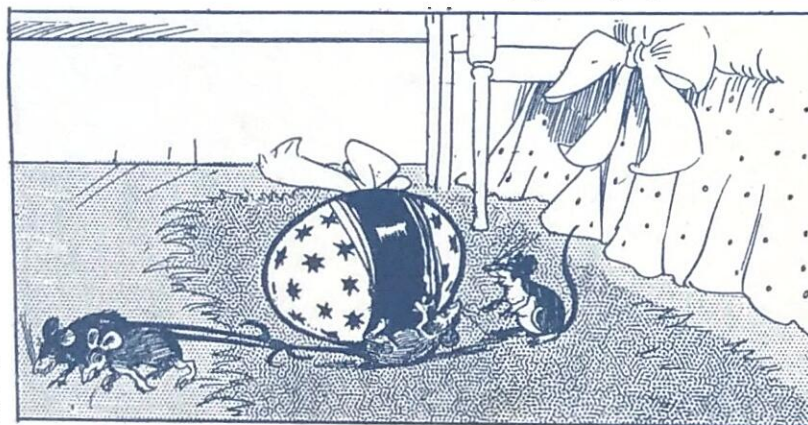
5 "Why, we are not in France, after all!" exclaimed the boys, bitterly disappointed. "I should think not, indeed! You are back in Jungle Town; and in future you will do your globe-trotting with the aid of school maps," said Mrs. Hippo. "We will begin with the map of the world. Where is England? Hands up, those who know!" And though the boys felt rather foolish, they soon set to work and were quite happy again

DOLLY DIMPLE'S EASTER EGG



1 "Dolly was very kind to me last birthday, so I must not forget to make her a nice Easter present," said Reggie. "This little kitten is exactly what she has been wishing for, so I'll pop it inside the Easter egg as a little surprise for her. How delighted she will be!"

2 Then Reggie crept into his sister's room on tiptoe and placed the Easter egg beside her bed so that she would see it immediately she awoke in the morning. Poor little Kitty couldn't quite understand her new bed at first, but when she found that plenty of fresh air came through the holes in the egg-shell, she soon made herself comfy, and went to sleep



3 "Oh, Mamma!" cried a little mouse who came out during the night to look for food, "do come and look at this egg. I've never seen anything like it!" Mamma Mouse was filled with amazement too. "We must try to carry it off!" she exclaimed. "That's the way. That's splendid!"

4 "Well, I've carried some eggs in my time," said Papa Mouse, "but I never remember one as heavy as this. I am afraid we sha'n't be able to drag it to the hole." Just then, while they were all busy tugging, the egg parted in the middle and out popped the pussy. You should have seen those mice scamper. They were surprised



THE PRINCE OF DUSKYLOO

Another Marzipandia Story

BY ELIZABETH RYLEY

CHAPTER I.

NO POCKET-MONEY.

"OF course, it's our own fault we haven't enough money left to pay for new roller-skates," said Princess Amabel the other day to her sister and brothers, when they were discussing their money-affairs. "I asked father if he'd give us some in advance, but he made me tell him how we'd spent the last; and he said if we'd been sensible in the way we'd spent it he would willingly have advanced us some more. But since we had used our money so foolishly, we must put up with having none now!"

"Can't we get some money somehow?" asked Prince James. "Work for it, or sell something, or——"

"Well, *I* haven't anything that anyone would want to buy. I don't know about you others," said Dorothea. "I've a necklace made of little shells, like the one you've got, Amabel—and——"

"If we lived in some parts of the world shells 'ud be just the thing," said Prince George. "You know—in the wild parts, where the blacks and people like that come from, they use shells for money."

"That's not much use to us, though, is it?" said Amabel.

"Yes, yes! it is! Or, at least, it *will* be!" cried Dorothea. "Oh—oh! I've got just the



An uneven
"Click! Click!"
came from the
typing-machine

scrumptiousesest idea you've ever heard of!"

And, as the others drew close, Princess Dorothea whispered excitedly to them. Presently they all leant back and roared with laughter!

"It'll be the biggest bit of fun we've ever had in our lives!" said Prince James.

Then they all walked quietly and mysteriously to the ante-room leading from their father's study.

In this room the King's secretary worked every morning, reading papers, and writing letters for his Royal master. No one was there at the present moment; and after the children had

entered and carefully closed the door behind them, curious sounds might have been heard.

Every now and then came an uneven click! click! from the secretary's typing-machine, followed by smothered peals of laughter.

CHAPTER II.

KING AHMUND'S VISITORS.

The next morning, King Ahmund came down and hastily opened the letters that had arrived by the first post. He glanced through them quickly, but over one particular communication he frowned, put on his glasses, cracked the paper, and finally handed it to the Queen.

"Will you read this, my dear?" he inquired. "It's a strange sort of communication, and the typing—— Well, I should have thought King

Wawlnutt could have found a secretary who knew how to *type* properly, even if he couldn't spell :

Queen Caramelia took the paper her husband handed to her, and this is what she read :

TO HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING AHMUD OF MARZIPANDIA from KING WAWLNUTT OF (O KI) LOZENERIA, GREETING !

The Prince⁴ of Duskyloo¹, his two sisters, and an interpreter have recently honoured me with a visit, and have eggspressed a wish to see the famous Art trezshures in your Palace. I should consider it as a personal favour, there-xfour, if you would receive them at your erliest convenieni ence.

"Well, dear, you must certainly receive them," said Queen Caramelia. "Do you know how old they are ?"

"No ; but I should imagine they're quite young. And whatever I'm to do with them, I can't think."

"Couldn't the children help you ? The boys are at home just now, you know, and——"

"A capital idea, my dear. I'll go and tell them to hold themselves in readiness."

King Ahmund rose from the breakfast-table and went to find his four children. But not a trace of them could be found. Miss Setemright hunted in the school-room, the Lord Chamberlain sent officials flying all over the Palace, the grooms made a thorough investigation of the stables, but still they could not be found.

In the middle of all the bustle and excitement, the Prince of Duskyloo, his two sisters, and a fourth

person, who was apparently the interpreter, were seen coming up the avenue.

"My goodness me !" gasped King Ahmund. "Here's a fine state of things ! I—oh !—er—— How do you do ? I hope I see your Serene Highness quite well ?" he hurriedly added, as he suddenly found himself face to face with his dusky visitors, who had apparently found their own way into the Palace.

"Buliki thru du !" mumbled the Prince ; and the interpreter hastily explained that his Royal master wished to express his delight at meeting King Ahmund.

There was a little pause while everyone tried to collect their wits together ; and finally King Ahmund graciously suggested that his visitors might perhaps like to see over the Palace.

They expressed the greatest delight at this, and a curious procession started solemnly round the great building. When the tour was completed, King Ahmund, who seemed very light-hearted and merry, suggested a little refreshment.

So the visitors shuffled along to the Royal dining-room, and were ceremoniously introduced to the Queen, who gave one startled look of inquiry at the King, and then gravely bent her head in acknowledgment of the introduction.

Presently the interpreter—who seemed somewhat inconvenienced by his heavy beard and moustache — suggested that it was time for them to start for their train. He briefly thanked King Ahmund for his courtesy, then casually put his hand into his pocket and drew out—a handful of small shells !

"Why !" he cried, in apparent consternation, "how very careless of me !"



"How do you do ? I hope I see your Serene Highness quite well ?"

"What is wrong?" asked King Ahmund.
"Can I be of any assistance?"

"Well, I hardly like—I—it—I'm afraid it is asking too much of you! But I have unfortunately only brought with me some Duskyloo coins, which, of course—er—will be entirely useless to your railway officials!"

"Well, I'm afraid they will hardly be accepted as current coin here in Marzipandia!" said King Ahmund. "It is rather awkward for you, isn't it?"

"It is indeed," agreed the interpreter. "I wonder—er—if you would be so very kind as to lend me a little money?"

"Oh, I shouldn't *dream* of *lending* it to you!" said King Ahmund, with great cordiality.

There was a curious stir and rustle of excitement among the dusky visitors—at least, it seemed very much like excitement—almost as though they had understood the meaning of King Ahmund's gracious words, and were very much relieved.

But, of course, that *couldn't* be, as they were foreigners who had been compelled to employ the services of an interpreter.

"That—er—that is very kind of you!" said the interpreter.

"Not at all! Not at all! I will order two carriages, and come down to the station with you myself in one of them! The Lord Chamberlain will come in the other. He has a little business to transact for me in the town to which



"Buliki thru du!" mumbled the Prince of Duskyloo

you are going—Lozengeria, I suppose?—and if you will excuse me, I will just go and have a few minutes' talk with him!"

King Ahmund was soon back, the carriages came round, the visitors said "Good-bye" to Queen Caramelia, and away they all drove to the station.

"Now," said King Ahmund, in his kindest tones, when they got to the station, "you go on to the other platform, from which your train starts—the Lord Chamberlain will conduct you—and I will buy your tickets!"

CHAPTER III.

STRANDED!

The Prince of Duskyloo, his sisters, and the interpreter all looked extremely glum as they sat in a carriage of the Lozengeria train.

"Well, *that's* no go! We're not a penny richer than we were before!" said the Prince in purest English, and in a voice which strongly resembled Prince James's.

"And what's more—I don't know if it's occurred to you—but *we've got no tickets back home!*" said the interpreter, pulling off his beard and moustache, and revealing the features of Prince George.

This had not occurred to the others; and all the rest of the journey was employed in discussing how they were to get back home.

They finally decided to put their tiny remnants of pocket-money together, and send a telegram home directly they got out of the train.

The Lord Chamberlain stepped out just in front of them, and hurried away without looking in their direction; and the children felt almost inclined to run after him and explain the predicament they were in. Instead, however, they

made their way to the telegraph-office, and between them they managed to make up a message that wouldn't cost more than sixpence, and yet explained that they were stranded at Lozengeria without any money.

They waited silently in the darkest corner of the general waiting-room, one or other of the boys darting out every now and then to see if help had come.

"Here's old Chamby!" Prince George suddenly cried, as the Lord Chamberlain came soberly into the waiting-room.

"Ah! here you are, your Highnesses!" he said, in matter-of-fact tones. "I have taken your return tickets, and there is a train to Marzipandia in five minutes' time!"

The children were too astonished at first to say anything, but at last Princess Dorothea said, in a subdued voice:

"How did you know we were in here?"

"I—er—I was already in Lozengeria, as you know—at least, as the Prince of Duskyloo—ahem!—and

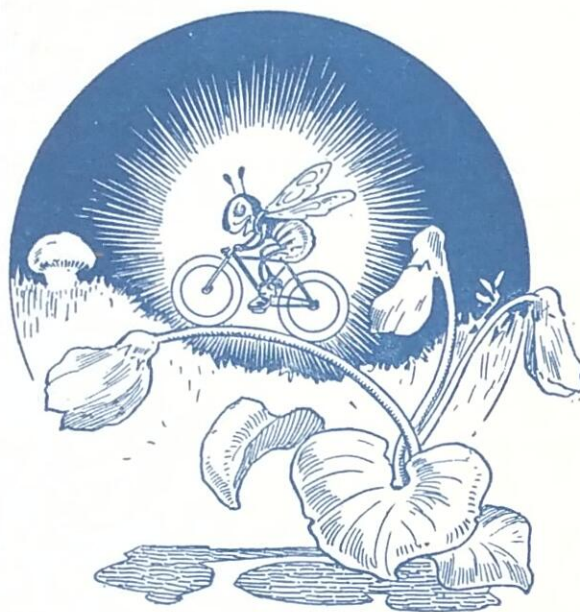
his suite knew. I had some—er—business to transact for my Royal master, so he sent word to me to take your tickets and fetch you at once. And I—er—just happened, as it were, to—er—to—pop in here!"

King Ahmund and Queen Caramelia did not ask their children very many awkward questions about their adventures. That night, when they were all four discussing the day's events, Princess Dorothea suddenly said:

"Do you know, I believe father *knew* who we were all the time!"

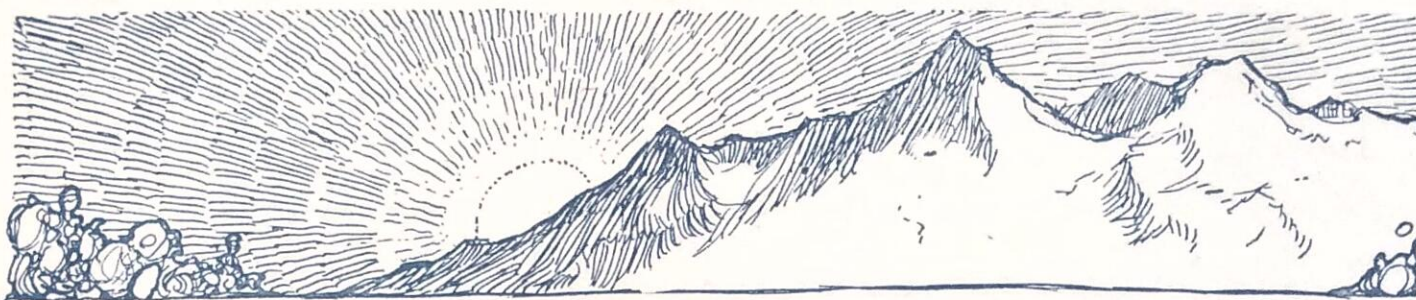
I wonder if she was right?

THE END.



THE FIREFLY CYCLIST.

I may be arrested for scorching,
But, whenever I'm riding at night,
No trouble the constables give me,
For I always go out with a light.



SEEING THE SUN RISE

"I mean to get up early," said Harry over-night,
 "For I have heard the rising sun's a very beauteous sight.
 How lovely it must be to see the sunlight's earliest gleam,
 Till all the world is bathed in light beneath the sunny stream!
 I'll get up very early, ere anyone's awake,
 And to the highest hill I know my way I'll quickly take.
 I'll see the lovely spectacle, as sure as I'm alive,
 And tell them all about it when to breakfast they arrive."

Now, Harry on that very night had such a lovely dream.
 He thought he stood upon Mont Blanc, and saw the earliest gleam.
 Far, far away, he watched the first faint silver streak of dawn,
 And saw the lovely flood of light o'er hill and field and lawn.
 It touched the mountains, one by one; it spread from peak to peak,

And Harry's heart with rapture glowed, too strongly moved to speak.
 He thought what wondrous things to-morrow he would have to tell,
 And then— Yes! No! What, really? Yes; it *was* the breakfast bell!

Yes! there within his little room the lovely sunlight shone!
 While he had dreamt about Mont Blanc the night had really gone.
 The sun was shining brightly on tree and field and flower.
 'Twas very plain that it had shone already many an hour.
 And one small beam still seemed to shine right into Harry's eyes,
 And watched him through his dressing with quite amused surprise.
 And it seemed to whisper to him: "Ah, Harry boy, you see,
 You must wake up very early if you'd get the start of me!"

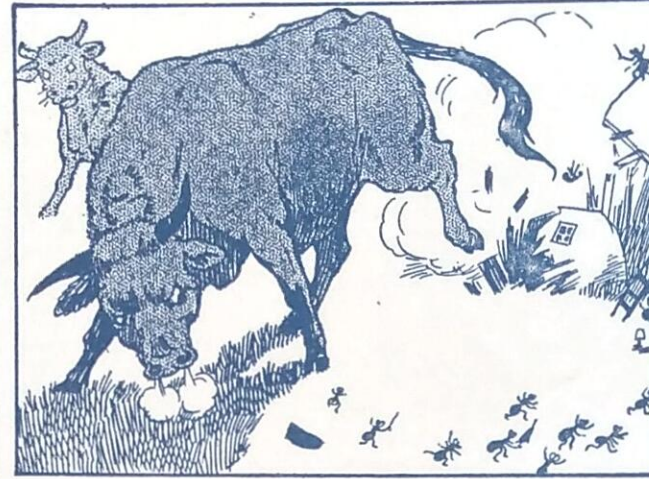
FRANK ELLIS.



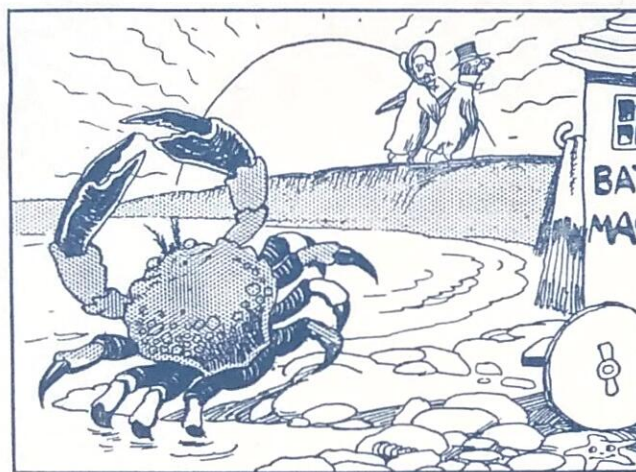
AN ANIMAL ALPHABET



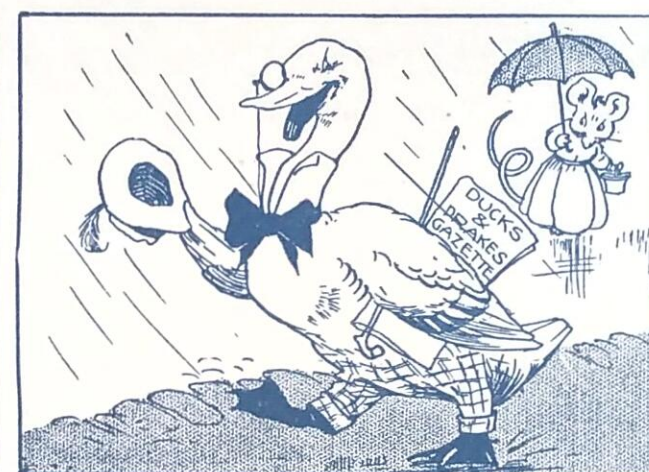
A for the Ant who builds its home
Close where the cows come out to roam.



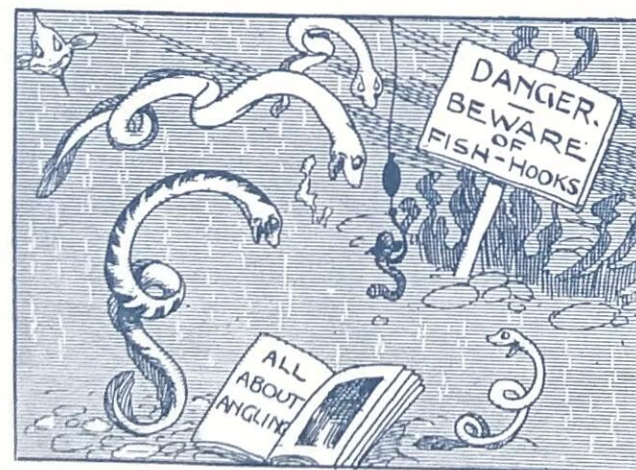
B for the Bulls who kick and pant,
Spoiling the house of Mister Ant.



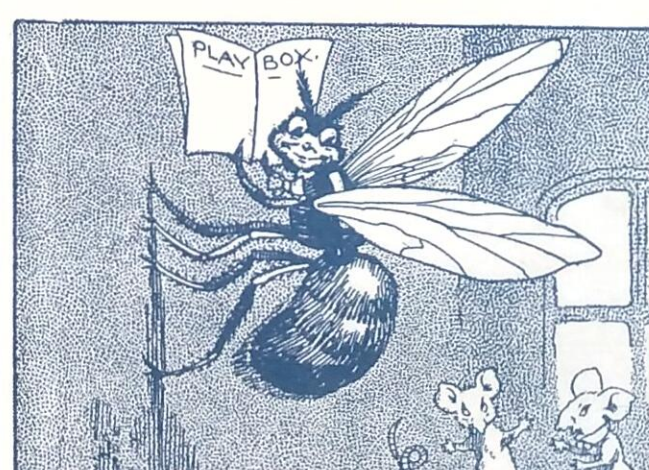
C for the Crab who likes the sea
Better than going out to tea!



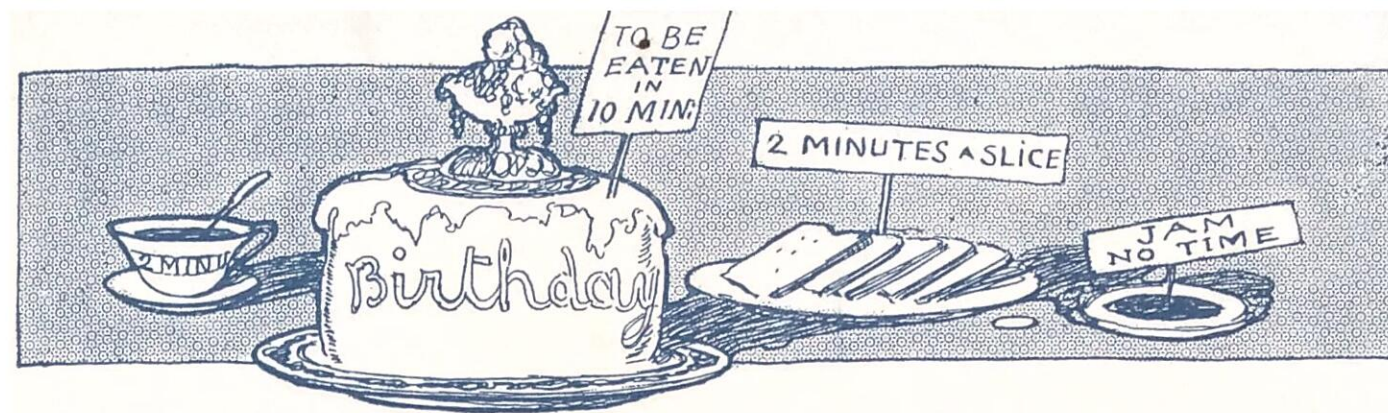
D is the Duck who's always gay.
Look how he smiles, and says "Good-day."



E for the Eels who dodge the hook,
Knowing 'twould take them straight to Cook!



F for the Fly upon the wall.
Isn't it strange he does not fall?



THE CLOCKWORK TEA-PARTY

A Complete Story by Margaret Batchelor

“**A**MY, that clock was not intended for a hatstand. Put your hat away, my dear.

“Charley, is that half-eaten apple on the piano yours?”

“Dora, go and put your toys away.”

So spoke the Princess Methodosia to her nephew and nieces.

“Now let us all be up and doing,” she continued in a brisk voice. “Remember, there are *sixty* seconds in a minute, *sixty* minutes in an hour, and none must be wasted. There is a place for everything, so put everything in its place.”

Princess Methodosia had come to look after the Palace of Rozyhue during the absence of her sister and the children’s mother, Queen Absentia, who was taking a rest-cure. The Princess was very fond of order and method, and had been terribly shocked at the happy-go-lucky ways which existed in the Palace. Under her régime, numerous time-tables were drawn out; a time allotted for every duty and every pleasure of the day. The courtiers were almost afraid to blow their noses, let alone sneeze, if they had not first consulted the time-table. It is a great thing to be methodical, but, like other good things, it can be carried to excess; and in the Kingdom of Rozyhue hardly anyone

thought for themselves now, but merely did what the Princess told them.

“I *shall* be glad when mother returns,” said Amy to Beryl, as the two little girls, their arms entwined, walked up the broad oak stairs to put away their things. “Aunt Methodosia does order one about so.”

“Yes; she makes the ladies-in-waiting get up every morning at six, and by seven they have to be standing at their bedroom doors ready to curtsy to aunt as she walks down the corridor. The first morning they didn’t think she meant it, and some of them weren’t even out of bed. She soon got them up, though.”

“Yes,” chimed in Baby Dora, whose fat little legs were climbing up the stairs behind the elder girls; “she is going to make out a time-table for me.”

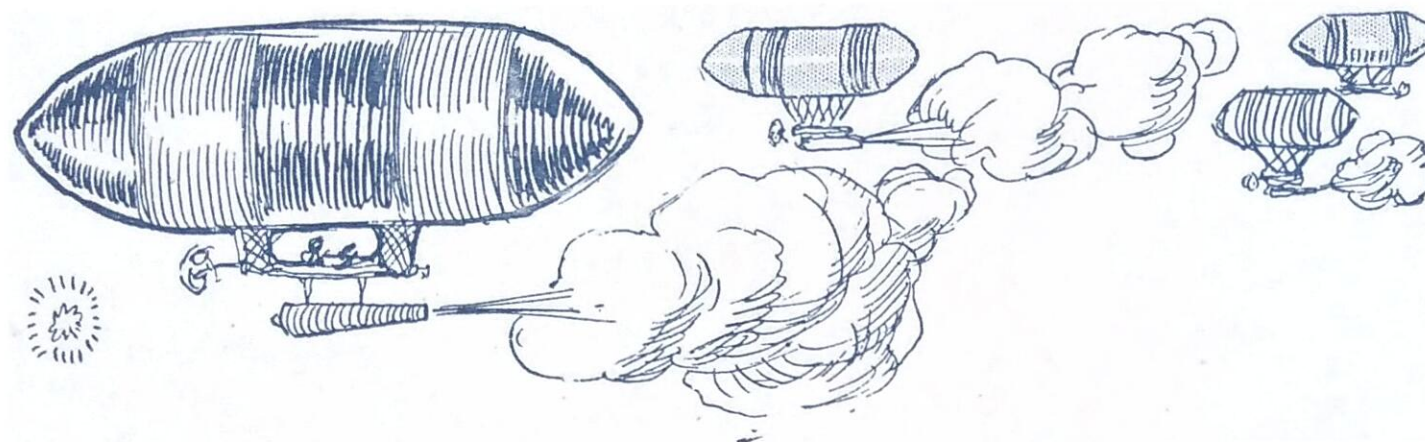
Meanwhile Charley had stayed behind; he had something he wished to ask his aunt.

“It is my birthday next Wednesday,” he said. “May I have a party, Aunt Methodosia?”

“Certainly; we will give a Clockwork Party.”

“What sport!” exclaimed Charley. “We will have no end of clockwork toys, and have a splendid time.”

“Not at all. By Clockwork Party, I mean a methodical party, everything done to time, every moment arranged. I shall begin to



draw out a time-table at once," said Methodosia.

When the day arrived, Princess Methodosia stood at the front door of the Palace with a bell in her hand. She explained to the guests that when she rang it they were to stop the game they were playing and begin the next one on the list.

"Now we will play Hunt-the-slipper for ten minutes," she called out; "afterwards General Post for fifteen minutes; tea will then be ready, we shall eat that in half an hour." Until tea-time all went well, but in the middle of the meal there was great excitement, much to the annoyance of the Princess, who found they were not able to keep to her time-table after all, for three huge airships, adorned with guns, were descried hovering over the Palace.

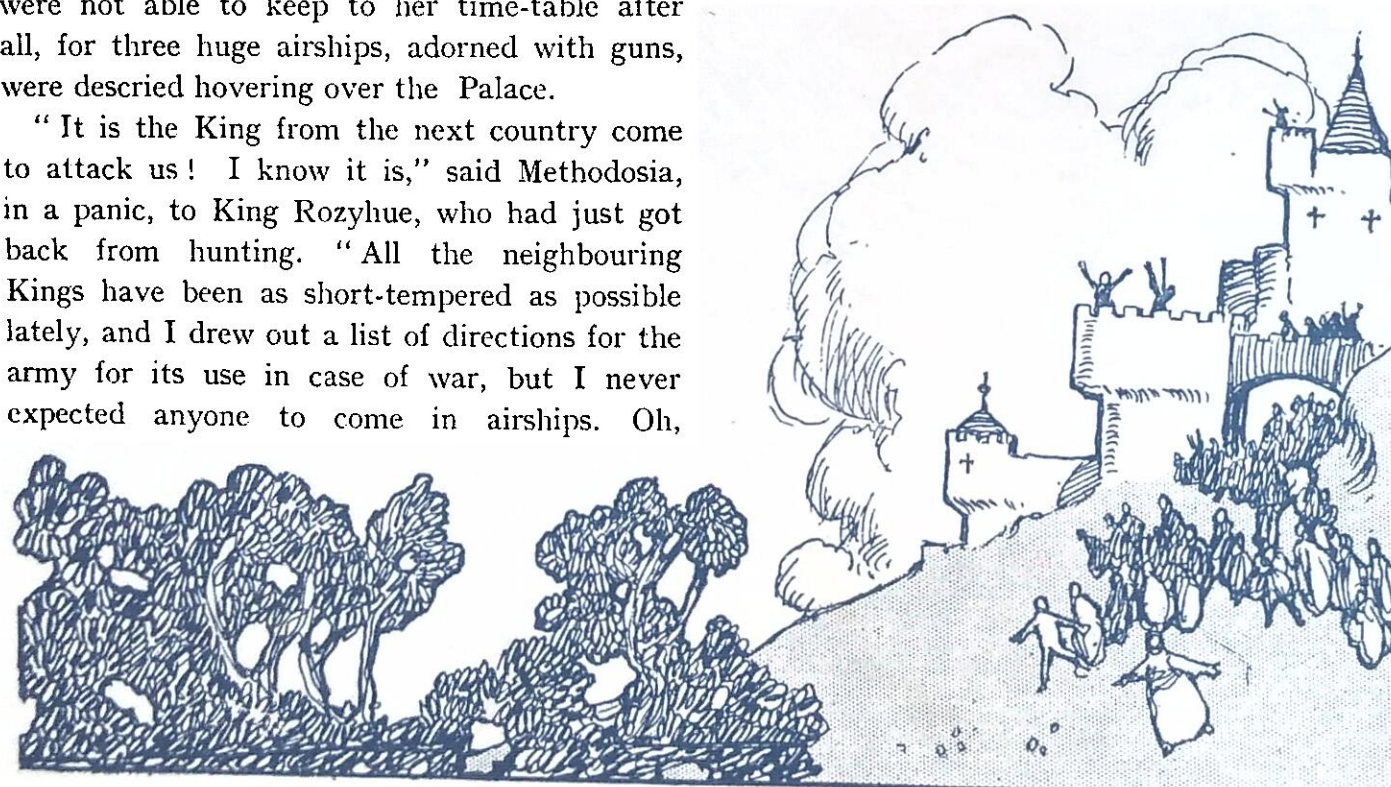
"It is the King from the next country come to attack us! I know it is," said Methodosia, in a panic, to King Rozyhue, who had just got back from hunting. "All the neighbouring Kings have been as short-tempered as possible lately, and I drew out a list of directions for the army for its use in case of war, but I never expected anyone to come in airships. Oh,

Rozyhue, they are firing! What *shall* we do? We shall all be killed!" cried Methodosia, as the great guns boomed out.

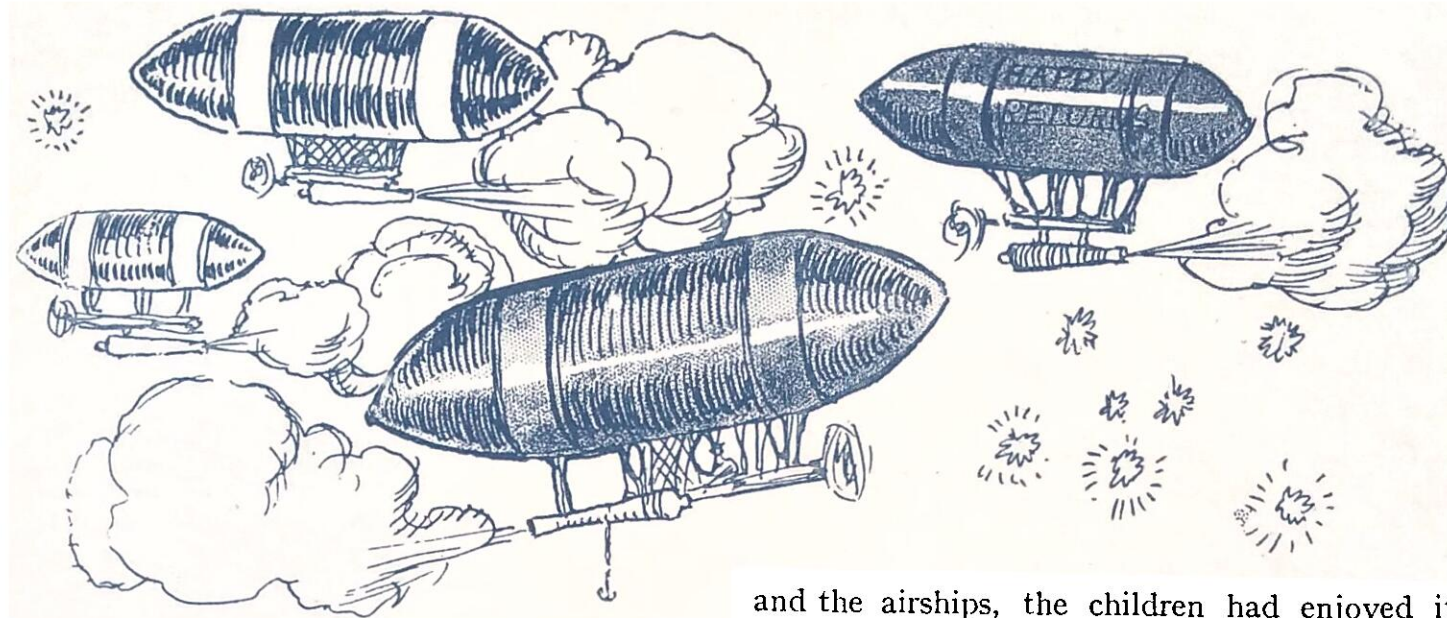
"Don't be silly! You and your time-tables are ruining my subjects; they don't know how to think for themselves, now," remarked the King testily. He was tired and cross, as he had had a very disappointing day. "Those airships are not going to fight us. They belong to King Prettyboy, and have come to salute Charley on his birthday."

"I am not silly!" snapped Methodosia, who was also tired. "I won't look after your Palace any more for you if this is all the thanks I get."

"Don't be vexed, Methodosia. I beg your



"THOSE AIRSHIPS HAVE COME TO —



pardon for speaking as I did. It was good of you to come. Nevertheless, if you stayed here longer you would turn us all into machines, so perhaps it will be all for the best for you to go. I will send for your sister Improvidentia to take your place."

Meanwhile, the Clockwork Party had dispersed. What with the excitement of the firing

and the airships, the children had enjoyed it far more than they had thought probable at the beginning, when Princess Methodosia had welcomed them with a bell in one hand and a timetable in the other.

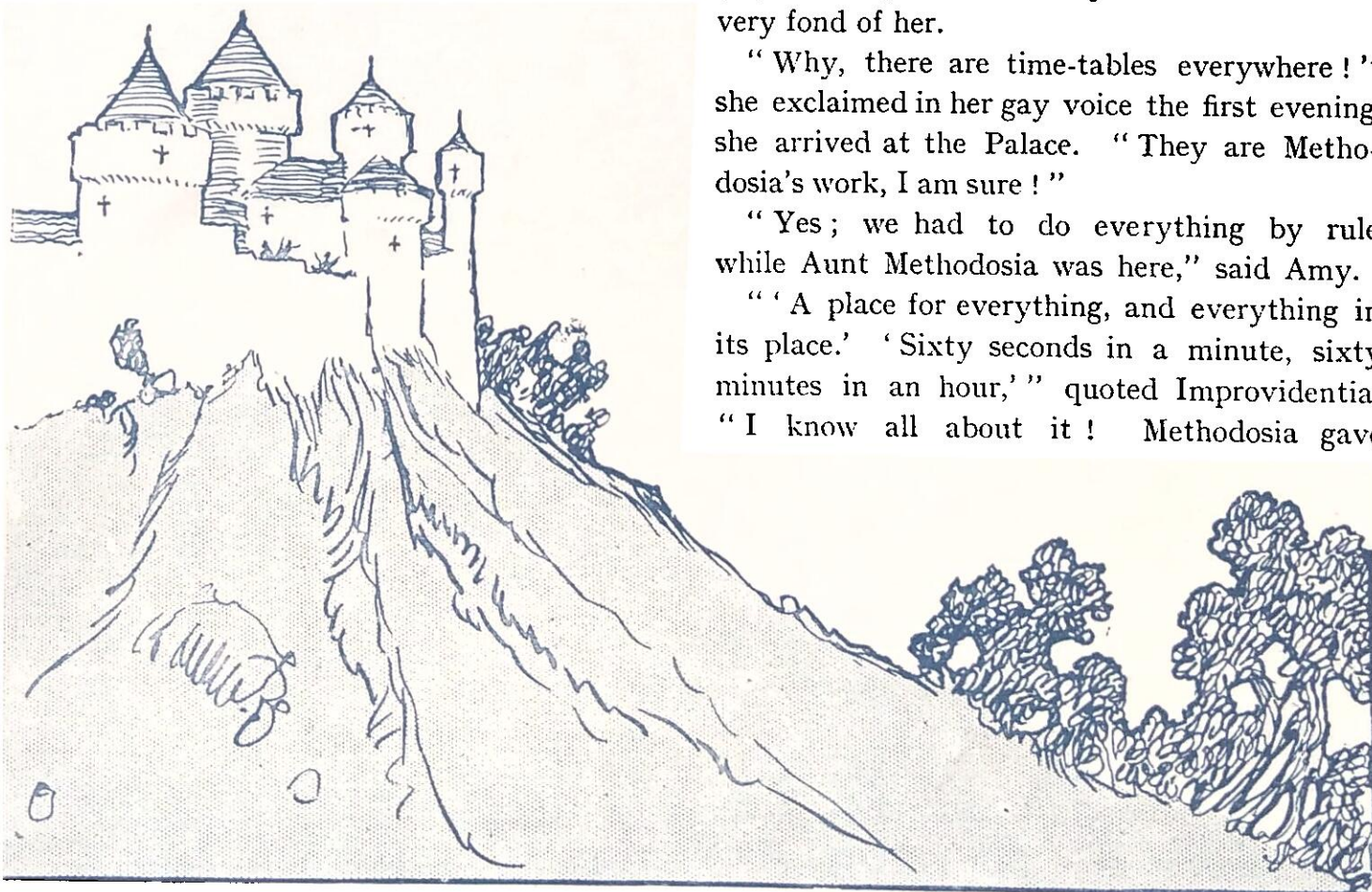
II.

Princess Improvidentia was tall and sligh, with pretty, wavy chestnut-coloured hair and grey-blue eyes. The Rozyhue children were very fond of her.

"Why, there are time-tables everywhere!" she exclaimed in her gay voice the first evening she arrived at the Palace. "They are Methodosia's work, I am sure!"

"Yes; we had to do everything by rule while Aunt Methodosia was here," said Amy.

"'A place for everything, and everything in its place.' 'Sixty seconds in a minute, sixty minutes in an hour,'" quoted Improvidentia. "I know all about it! Methodosia gave



— SALUTE CHARLEY ON HIS BIRTHDAY."

Absentia and me a time of it when we were growing up. You all have my sympathies."

"Can we tear up all the time-tables?" Charley asked eagerly.

Improvidentia looked serious.

"Yes, you may," she said; "but don't think I wish you to forget the good habits your aunt has taught you. I am glad to see you looking so neat and tidy. The Palace is kept in such splendid order, and it is quite a treat to find the meals punctual. All the same, Methodosia is too methodical. One can have too much of a good thing."

The next day, when the children were doing lessons with Miss Bricks, Princess Improvidentia knocked at the school-room door.

"Can I borrow one of my nieces for a little while?" she asked. "I want someone to help me."

"Princess Amy can go, I suppose, your Royal Highness; but, of course, her aunt the Princess Methodosia never allowed their Royal Highnesses' studies to be interrupted. However——"

"Come along, Amy," said Improvidentia. "I am in a hurry. It will be all right, Miss Bricks; I am in charge now."

She led the way to the drawing-room.

"I want you to help me to measure the carpet, Amy," she said. "Then you can come down to the town and we will choose a new one. Methodosia has got everything very clean; but, all the same, the drawing-room *does* look shabby. We will buy new curtains and pretty draperies for the piano. Your father will not know the place. I wonder your mother did not get new things ages ago!"

"I think that she felt father could not afford them," explained Amy. "Mother had always to be careful."

"Pooh! Your father is a King, so, of course, he has money. Come along. Don't you worry that little head of yours," said Improvidentia.

"We will buy some chocolate in the town for the others, and get something nice for Miss Bricks. She wants cheering up."

The shopkeepers were delighted to see Princess Improvidentia, as in her light-hearted, happy way she flitted from shop to shop, spending her own money lavishly on presents for the children and governess, but putting down the new carpets and curtains to the King's account.

King Rozyhue looked rather worried when he received the bills, but he was so glad that Improvidentia did not take after Methodosia that he felt for the time that he could forgive her anything.

"I shall have to retrench somehow; not keep so many hunters, perhaps, or let the shooting next season. After all, though Absentia had her faults, still she had a great many good points. I shall be glad when her rest-cure is over," he thought.

A few mornings after this there was a great uproar in the Palace. The King's old brown dressing-gown could not be found. Everyone hunted high and low for it, all but Improvidentia, who had gone out for an early gallop on horseback.



SANTA CLAUS
AND HIS TREE

When she returned, the search for the missing article was still going on.

"I *will* have it found!" shouted the King, who, like a great many others of easy-going disposition, was really cross when he was put out. "I have had that dressing-gown for years. It *shall* be found!"

"Dressing-gown?" asked Improvidentia, stopping at his bed-room door.

"Do you mean that old, ragged, brown thing? I gave that to a beggar-man last night."

"We shall all have to get him some present to pacify him," remarked Improvidentia. "I haven't a penny, but that's a detail."

"How can you manage, then, auntie?" asked Beryl, with round wide-open eyes.

"Wait and see," replied her aunt. She went

away, and presently returned with a five-pound note.

"I told your father I must have some money, and he gave me this. He says he is very poor, and hardly knows where to look for a penny. I believe he really thinks he is poor," she said.

"And so he is," said Beryl.

"Never mind. Call the others, and we will all go to the town and buy birthday presents for Rozyhue. There will be a pound for each of us to spend. I shall get cigars."

The King's birthday came on a quarter-day. So beside his presents he was greeted with a sheaf of bills run up by Improvidentia; and once more he said to himself: "I shall be glad when Absentia comes home."

Later in the day there was more trouble in the Palace, for Dora caught her aunt in the act of giving away her father's old carpet slippers to a pot-palm man.

"You shall not give away my daddy's shoes!" she cried, hugging them closely to her plump little self. "I warm them every night for him by the fire. You shall not do it!"

"What is the matter?" asked a cheerful voice at the door. And there stood Queen Absentia, the other children clinging about her.

"Aren't you pleased to see me, Baby?"

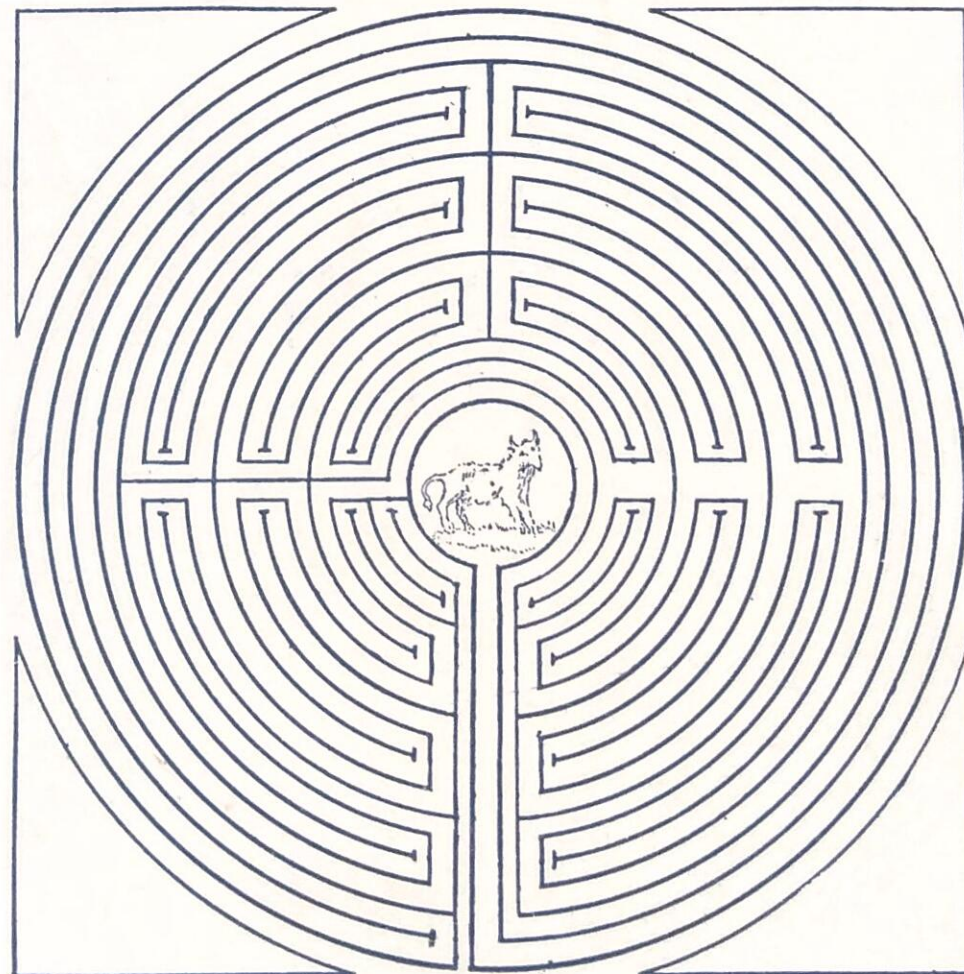
"A'fully pleased. Daddy will be, too."

"Yes, I've come back for his birthday, and I'm never going away again," said Absentia.

The children had a lot to tell their mother that evening, all about "The Clockwork Tea-Party," and the doing of Aunt Methodosia and Aunt Improvidentia.

As for Queen Absentia, she had benefited so much by her rest-cure that she was absent-minded no more; and the King and all his subjects were glad to welcome her back.

THE END



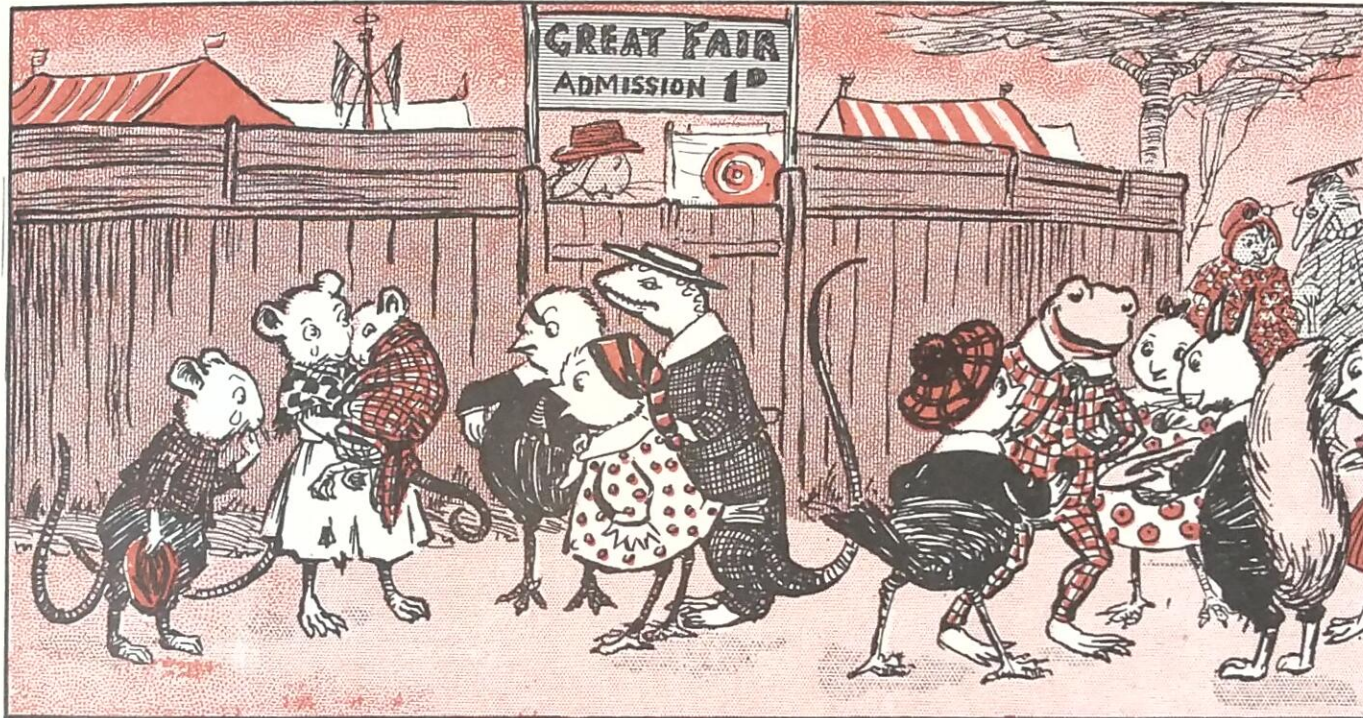
This is a copy of the oldest puzzle in the world. What you have to do is to begin in the middle and find your way out without crossing a single line. Of course, you can begin outside and find your way in if you think that is easier



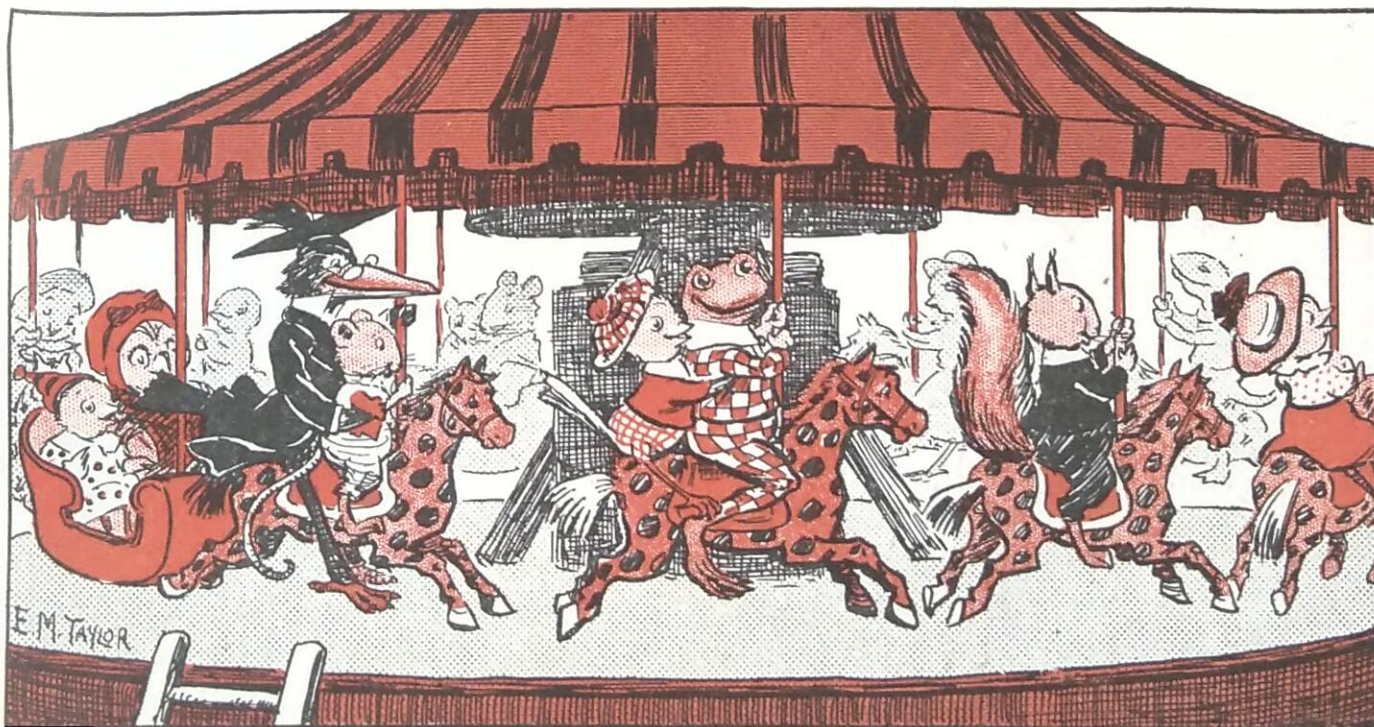
THE FLUFFKINS' JOLLY PICNIC

AT THE FAIR

*How the Sparrowkins had a lovely time there,
and gave some other children a lovely time, too*



1 DEAR CHICKS,—Last week there was a perfectly beautiful fair near our school, with swings and roundabouts and all sorts of lovely things. Dame Owl and Dr. Rook were taking some of us in one day when we saw some little children who were crying because they hadn't any pennies to pay for going in. So we made a collection, and got enough money to pay for them



2 The Doctor was ever so pleased with us; and when we all went on the roundabout he took the smallest of the poor little children on his own horse. He quite enjoyed it, too. But I'm not so sure about Dame Owl. Don't you think she looks just a teeny, weeny bit frightened? We do. But all the rest of us had a lovely time
THE LITTLE SPARROWKINS.

DOLLY BECOMES A NURSE—



1 "Dear! dear! our garden is most untidy with all these falling leaves," exclaimed Dolly Dimple. "How can we get rid of them?" "Let's have a jolly bonfire," said Reggie. "Oh, yes," cried Dolly, "and my dollies shall all have a front seat to see the fun!"

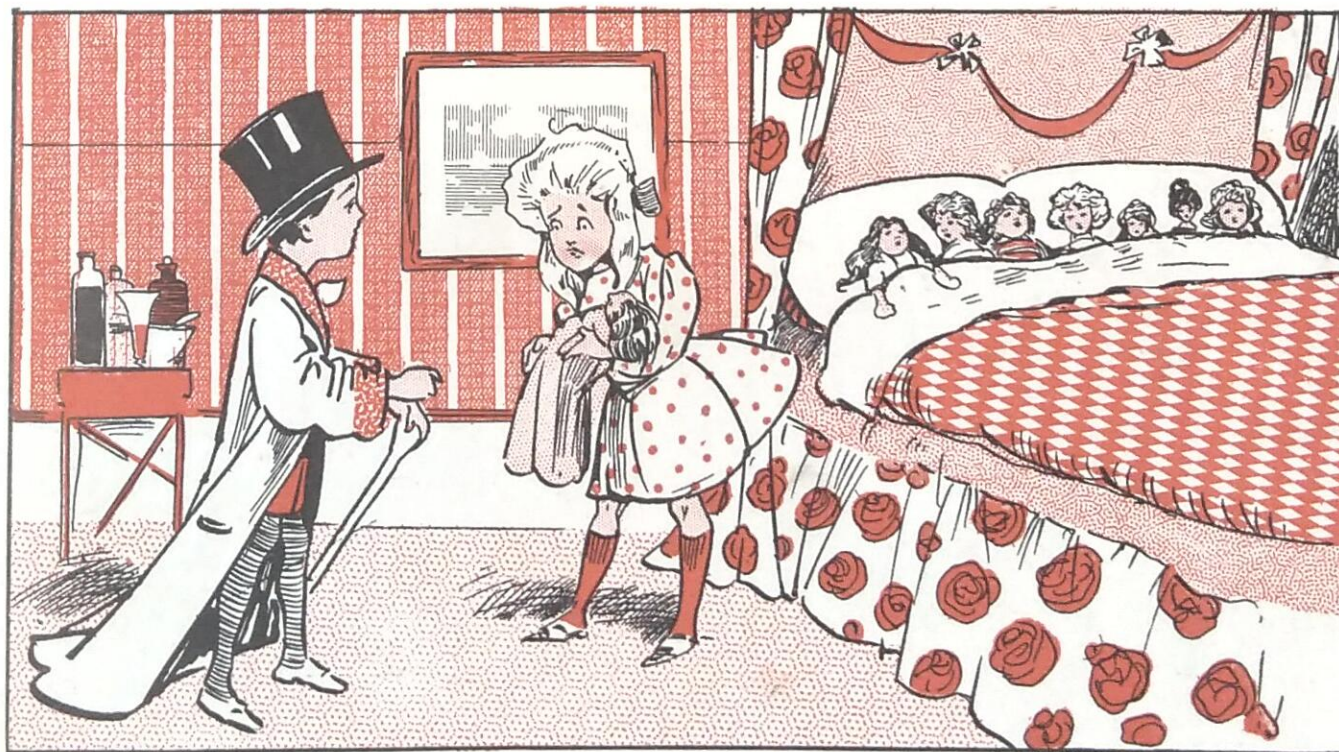


2 But alas! a very strong wind was blowing, and suddenly it changed its direction, so that in a moment Dolly's doll's-house was in the midst of the flames. "Oh, your poor dollies!" cried Reggie. Of course, Dolly and Reggie bravely dashed to the rescue.

—AND REGGIE PLAYS DOCTOR



3 But they didn't know that Mrs. Crow had been watching them all the time. "There is nothing like a good pair of wings in a case like this," piped Mrs. Crow, as she flew to the end of the garden and returned with the hose-pipe. "I ought to get a life-saving medal for this."



4 Thanks to Mrs. Crow, all the dolls were rescued in time, and Dolly Dimple put them into her own bed. Then Reggie put on his papa's hat, and pretended to be the doctor, and so, after all, everything ended in laughter, instead of tears. Aren't you glad?



"Up you go!!"

SEE-SAW

DEAR CHICKS,

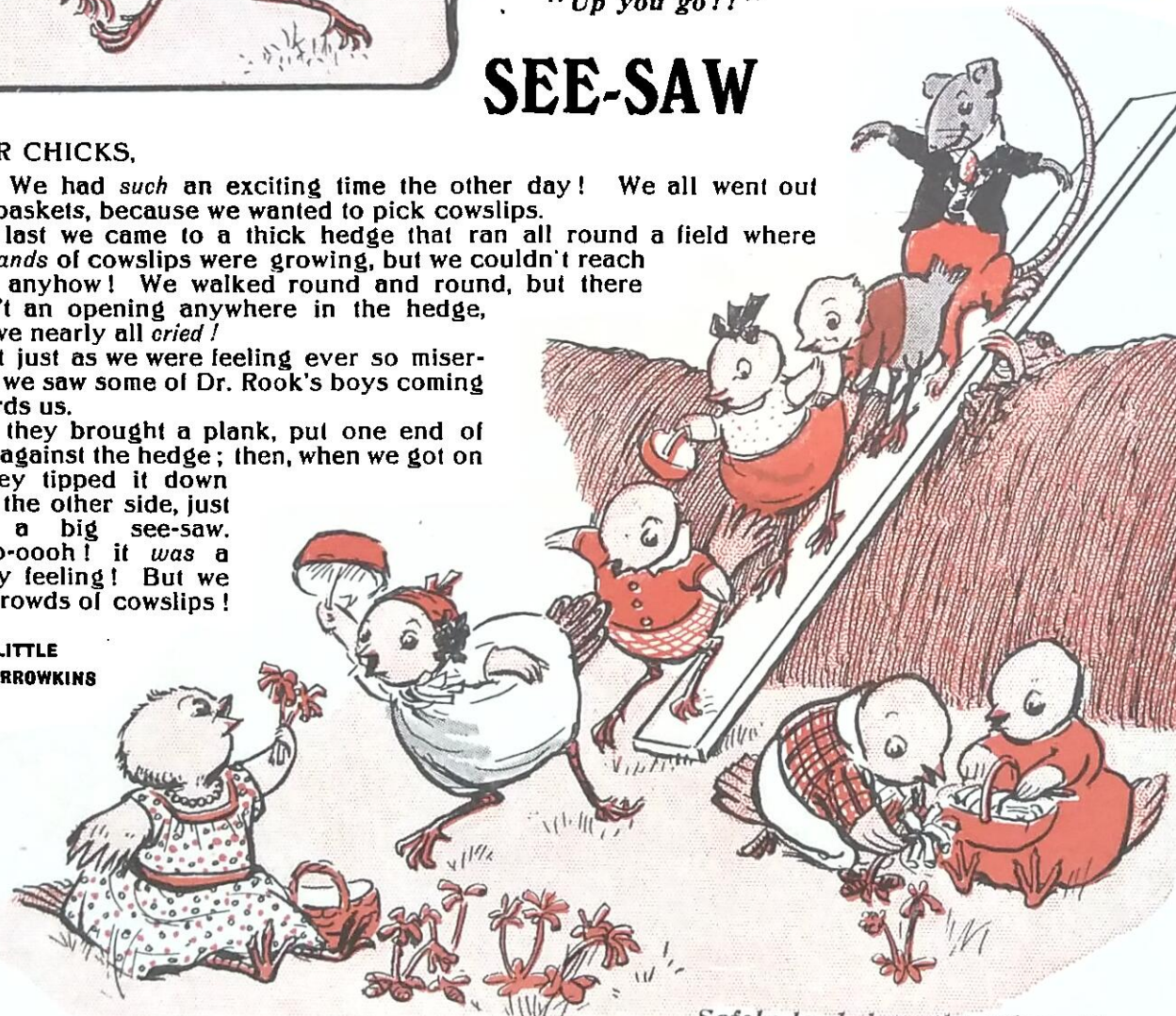
We had *such* an exciting time the other day! We all went out with baskets, because we wanted to pick cowslips.

At last we came to a thick hedge that ran all round a field where *thousands* of cowslips were growing, but we couldn't reach them anyhow! We walked round and round, but there wasn't an opening anywhere in the hedge, and we nearly all *cried*!

But just as we were feeling ever so miserable, we saw some of Dr. Rook's boys coming towards us.

So they brought a plank, put one end of it up against the hedge; then, when we got on it, they tipped it down over the other side, just like a big see-saw. Oooo-oooh! it *was* a thrilly feeling! But we got crowds of cowslips!

THE LITTLE
SPARROWKINS



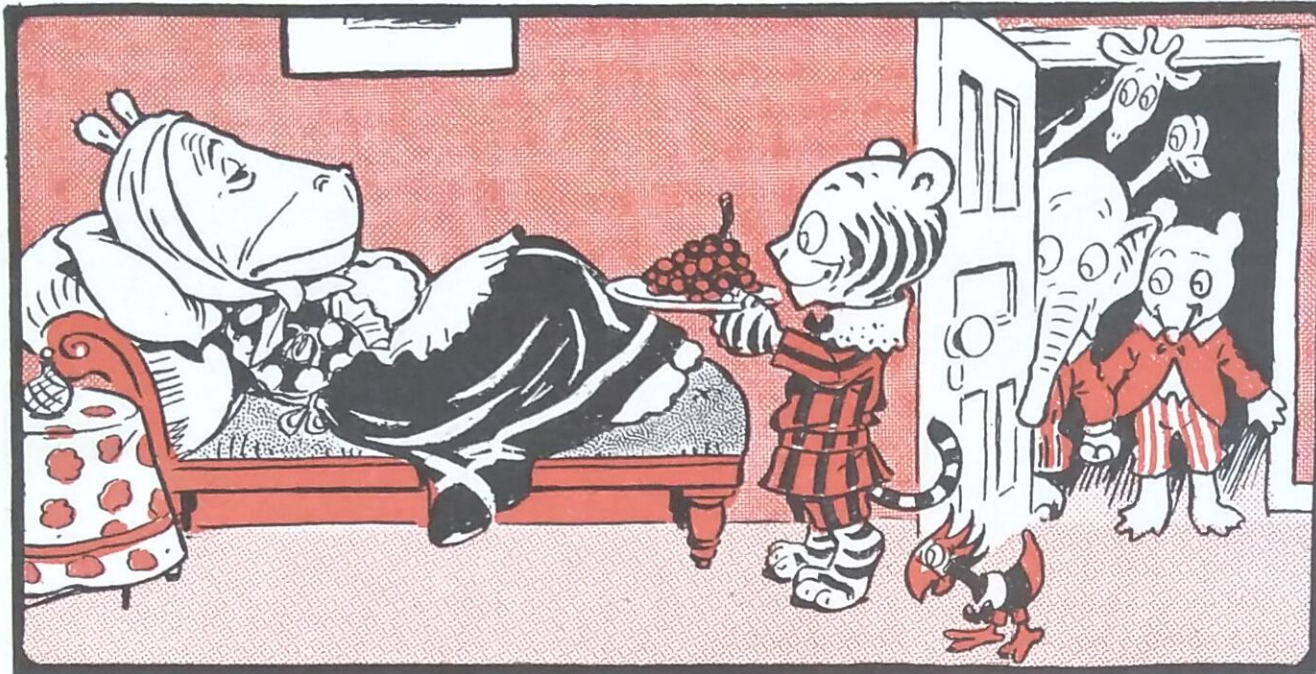
Safely landed on the other side



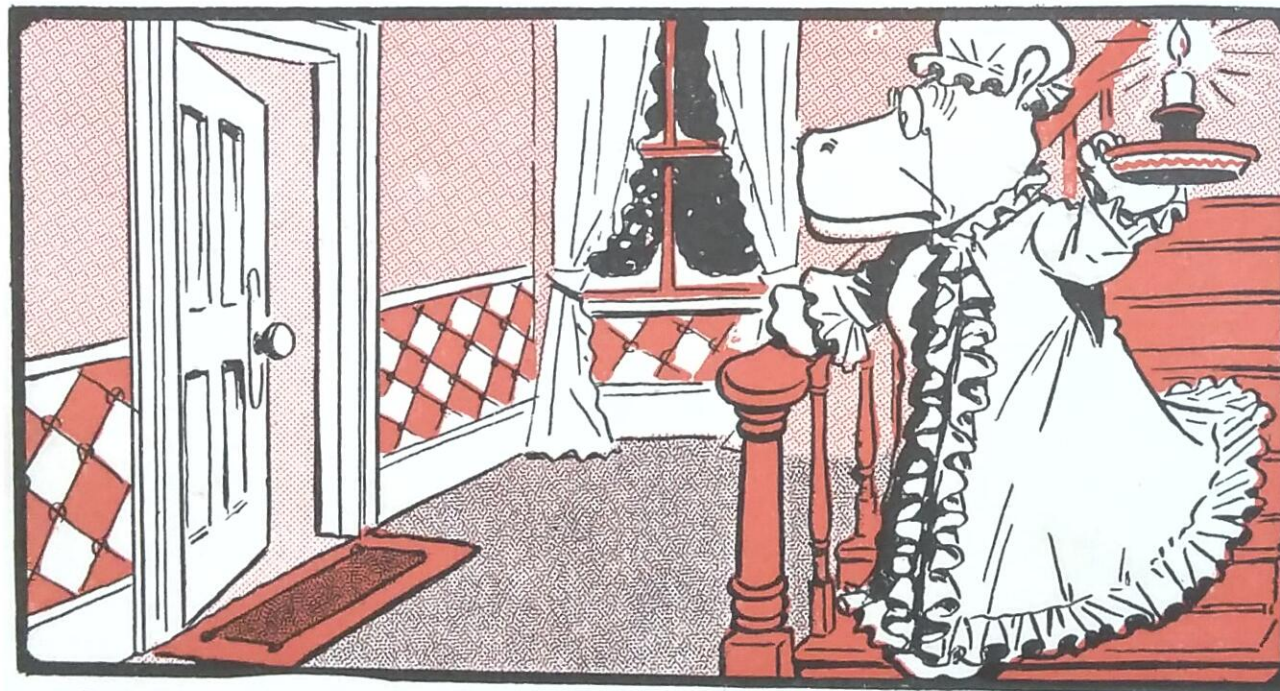
THE MARCH HARE

Once upon a time the March Hare was beaten in a race by two snails, and he *was* so angry, for he ran his very hardest. But they didn't really beat him, it was only a trick, after all; for the two snails he found at the end of the course were not the ones that pretended to race, but two others who had been there all the time! He *was* taken in

POOR MRS. HIPPO IS ILL

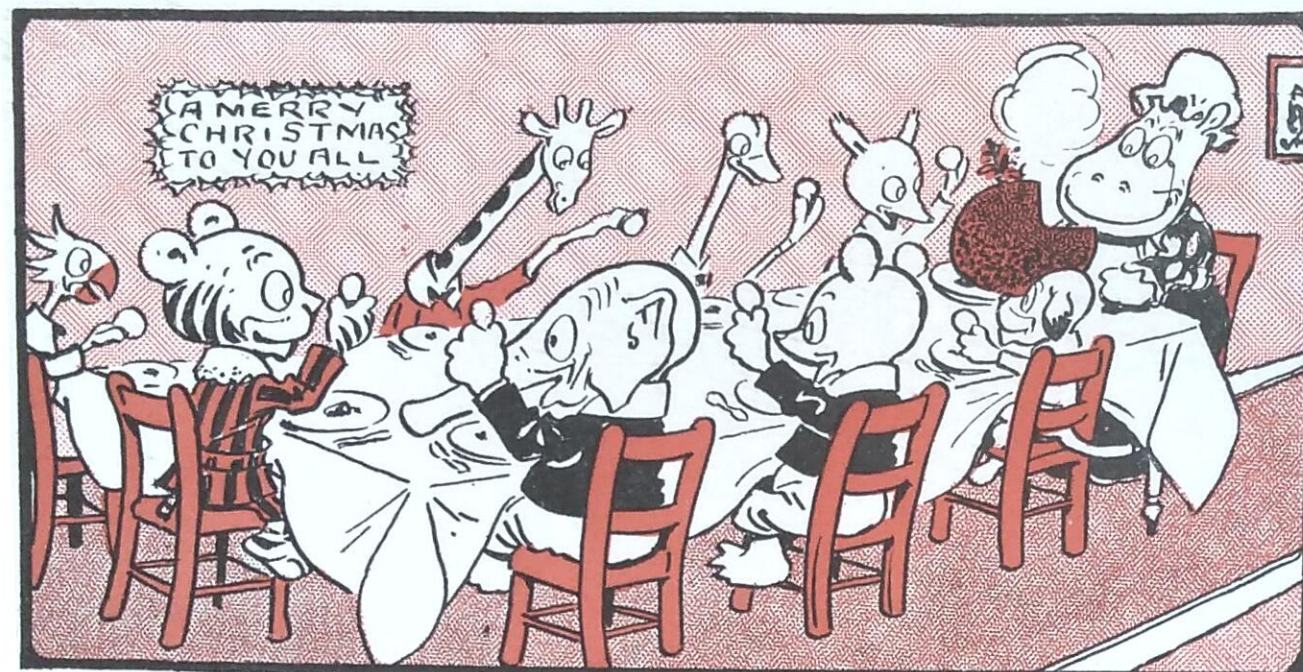


1 Poor Mrs. Hippo was laid up with a sick headache on Christmas Eve, before she had time to finish the Christmas puddings, too. The boys, to show how sorry they felt, sent Tiger Tim with a present of lovely hothouse grapes. Wasn't it kind of them!

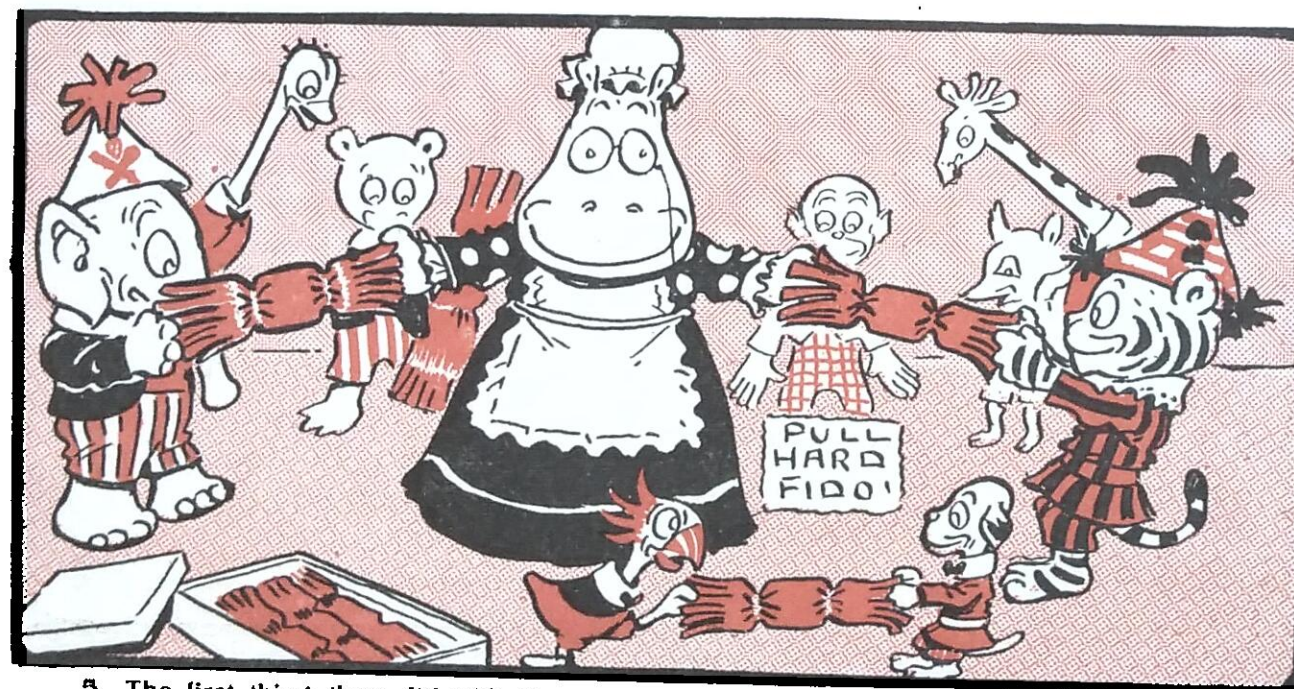


2 But that was not all. The big boys whispered together and decided that they must do their best to help their teacher out of her difficulty. The result was that Mrs. Hippo was awakened in the middle of the night by voices downstairs in the kitchen.

THE BOYS ARE GOOD FOR ONCE



4 So Mrs. Hippo slipped upstairs again without being seen. And when the boys had crept back to bed she went down and put a handful of bright shillings in the pudding—one for each of her good little pupils. Next day the boys found them



5 The first thing they did with the money was to buy Christmas crackers, which they insisted on Mrs. Hippo helping to pull. Everybody declared that they had never spent such a jolly Christmas, and it was all because they had tried to be kind to each other



THE NAUGHTY FLUFFKINS DISOBEY THEIR NEW TEACHER



Little Susie dreamt that her stocking was so large it took *all* Santa Claus's toys to fill it



Another Story about the Marzipandia Children. By Elizabeth Ryley

MIXED VISITORS

THE school-term began about six weeks ago for the Marzipandia children. Prince James and Prince George had gone back to boarding-school, and the Princesses Dorothea and Amabel were hard at work at morning lessons with Miss Setemright, their governess.

They had all thoroughly enjoyed their holiday at Evertonia-by-the-Sea; and the "week or two" for which they were asked had stretched to six weeks before they came home.

"Oh, dear, I don't feel a bit like learning poetry!" sighed Princess Dorothea one morning last week, as she and her sister dawdled into the school-room. "I wish we were at Evertonia-by-the-Sea again. Don't you?"

"Rather!" sighed Amabel. "D'you remember——"

"Ss-ssh!" whispered Dorothea; "here she comes!"

The door opened, and Miss Setemright came in, looking very bright and cheerful, and ready to hear "yards of poetry" if necessary. The girls were very fond of their governess, who was "quite a brick" out of school, but at lesson-times she allowed no one to be idle, and never forgave slipshod work.

"Now, Amabel," she said, "I'll hear your history, please, while your sister is learning her poetry."

Amabel "quaked in her shoes" as she slithered along the school-room form to the end near Miss Setemright, for she wasn't at all sure of her dates.

"Let me see—you were to learn the chief

events in the reign of James I. So, to begin with, tell me what year he came to the throne?"

"Er—er——" Amabel mumbled and fidgeted, knitted her brows, opened her mouth as though about to give a really brilliant answer, and, in fact, tried every trick she knew to put off the evil moment when she knew she would hear Miss Setembright say in her sternest tones: "You must remain in the school-room at twelve o'clock, and learn these dates again." "Er—sixteen—fif——"



They sat gingerly on the edges of their chairs, and began to look very frightened again

Just at that moment the school-room door opened, and her father, King Ahmund, appeared.

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Setembright," he said. "I see you are all hard at work, but I've come to ask you if you will be good enough to excuse the children from their lessons this morning, please."

Amabel felt a very strong desire to rush up to her father, clasp him round the neck, and whisper "Saved!" But on second thoughts she decided that he might be a little alarmed,

perhaps, if she did, so she thought it wiser to remain where she was.

"You see," the King went on, "I am expecting two young visitors to-day—the son and daughter of King Choklat, who, as you know, is a very powerful person, and I want the girls to entertain them. As I'm not at all sure when they will arrive, I think it would be as well if Dorothea and Amabel were to be prepared to welcome them at any moment."

"Certainly, your Majesty," replied Miss Setembright. Then, turning to her pupils, she said: "Put away your books, and then you may go."

King Ahmund retired, with a smile; and Miss Setembright, now that it wasn't lesson-time, dropped her severe manner, and turned to Amabel with a comical look on her face.

"That was a narrow squeak for you, wasn't it?" Amabel looked a little sheepish, and said "Yes," but she made up her mind to squeeze in a few minutes, some time during the day, in which to learn those dates, because she really did rather hate not knowing things for Miss Setembright.

A little while later King Ahmund sent a messenger to invite his nieces, Alice and Maude, to the Palace for tea.

"I like to give them every opportunity of meeting any young visitors we may have," he said to the Queen. "It seems only fair, as they have very few chances of seeing people at home."

"Yes, dear; I think it's very kind of you to remember them," said the Queen.

So presently, much to the annoyance of Dorothea and Amabel, Alice and Maude came into the Royal drawing-room, looking very demure and proper in their best frocks. The two Princesses went forward dutifully to greet them, but they weren't really at all pleased to see them. However, for some minutes they did their best to be polite; then at last Princess Dorothea said to her mother:

"Don't you think Amabel and I might go out and look for the Prince and Princess, mother?"

"If you like," said the Queen. "I dare say they would feel less strange and shy if you met them first and brought them in."

The two Princesses jumped up eagerly.

"Er—won't you come, too?" said Amabel to her cousins, in a half-hearted sort of way.

"No, thank you," said Alice and Maude in one breath. As a matter of fact, they didn't want to move, in case they disarranged their frocks or their hair. So they sat up stiffly in their chairs while Dorothea and Amabel bounded out on to the carriage-drive.

Meantime, King Ahmund was working in his study, from the window of which he could look out on to the back entrance to the Palace.

In the middle of a letter he looked up and saw a boy and girl coming in.

"I seem to recognise those young people," he thought; then, putting on his eyeglasses, he looked again. "To be sure! to be sure!" he said aloud. "I told them to come. It was their father who so pluckily rescued me from underneath my carriage the other day. He's so poor that I'm very glad of a chance of helping the family."

King Ahmund bustled out, and met the two children, who felt very shy and nervous at finding themselves actually at the Royal Palace.

But his Majesty was so nice and pleasant that they soon lost their nervousness, and were looking quite bright and happy by the time he opened the drawing-room door and ushered them in.

"Here are the two young people of whom I spoke to you," said the King to the Queen, quite forgetting that he had not spoken about any *other* "two young people."

The Queen looked a little puzzled, but smiled sweetly, and gave them cups of tea and pieces of cake. They sat gingerly on the edges of their chairs, and began to look very frightened again.

As for Alice and Maude, they stared at the visitors in amazement.

"Well, if *that's* the way rich Princesses dress, I can't say I think much of it," thought Maude,

who always thought of dress first. Aloud she said:

"Aren't you rather tired after your long journey?"

"N-no, th-thank you," said the boy, looking extremely astonished, for he and his sister had only walked about a quarter of a mile to the Palace.

"Where did you go this summer for your holidays?" asked Alice.

"Nowhere," gasped the girl; "we stayed and helped f-father."



As for Alice and Maud, they stared at the visitors in amazement

Their father had been trying to earn some money by selling flowers, and his children had helped him; but, of course, Alice and Maude, thinking that the visitors were the son and daughter of King Choklat, thought this answer rather strange.

"But how *could* you help him?" asked Maude.

"Oh, we—we——"

Just at that moment King Ahmund came in, followed by four very hot and rather untidy

children. Two of them were his daughters, and one of the others was a tall, merry-eyed boy, while the other, evidently his sister, was a rosy-cheeked girl of about the same age as Dorothea.

"Oh, mother, we've been having *such* fun!" laughed Amabel. "We've——" Then, seeing the visitors, she looked questioningly at her mother. But the Queen was looking questioningly at the King, who, finding that *everyone* seemed to be looking at him, suddenly awoke from a daydream into which he had fallen.

"Oh—er—this is Prince Pepmint, and this is Princess Isabel," he said to the Queen, "the son and daughter of my friend and neighbour King Choklat."

"But—what—why—then, who are *these*?" asked Queen Caramelia.

"Didn't I tell you, my dear? They are the son and daughter of that brave flower-seller who rescued me so promptly the other day."

"Oh, *why* didn't you tell me? I would have kissed them long ago for the sake of their brave father. My dear, dear children, how glad I am to welcome you!" And she kissed the two shy children at once, because her heart was so full of gratitude.

"Now, please explain how it is that I have not been allowed the pleasure of seeing the Prince and Princess before," she said, turning, with a smile, to her daughter Dorothea.

"Why, you see, mother, it was this way. When we got outside we dawdled about a bit, rather dreading meeting the visitors." Here Dorothea looked laughingly at the Prince and Princess. "You see, we didn't know a bit what they'd be

like, and we were afraid they might be stiff and starchy. But presently they came driving in in a dear little governess-cart; and when they saw us, they jumped out, and—— Well, and we were all chums, almost at once, and we *have* had such fun!"

All this time Alice and Maude were sitting up in their chairs, looking as cross as cross could be. Here had they been "wasting" (as *they* called it!) their time talking to two quite common children, when the Prince and Princess were out playing foolish games with their cousins!

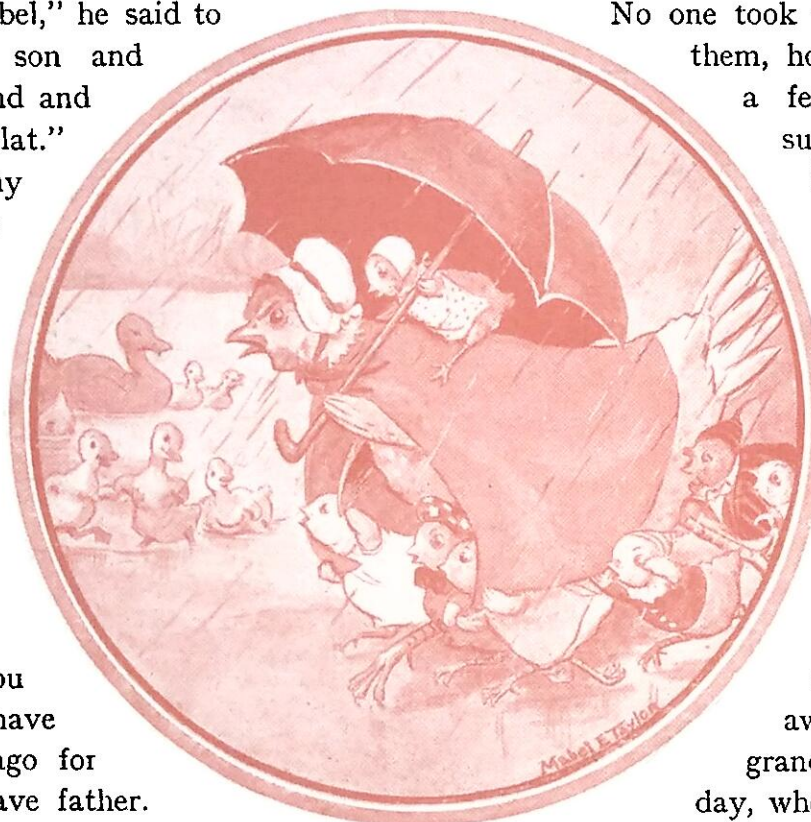
No one took very much notice of them, however; and when, in a few minutes, a fresh supply of cakes and bread-and-butter was brought in, and the Royal children set to work with a will, they announced that they thought it was time to go home.

The Marzipandia children were as nice as they could be to the shy boy and girl who sat so awkwardly on their grand chairs; and the next day, when Dorothea was with the King driving along in the Royal carriage, she saw them in the street, and stopped and spoke to them. But Alice and Maude, who were also in the carriage, tossed their heads and looked the other way.

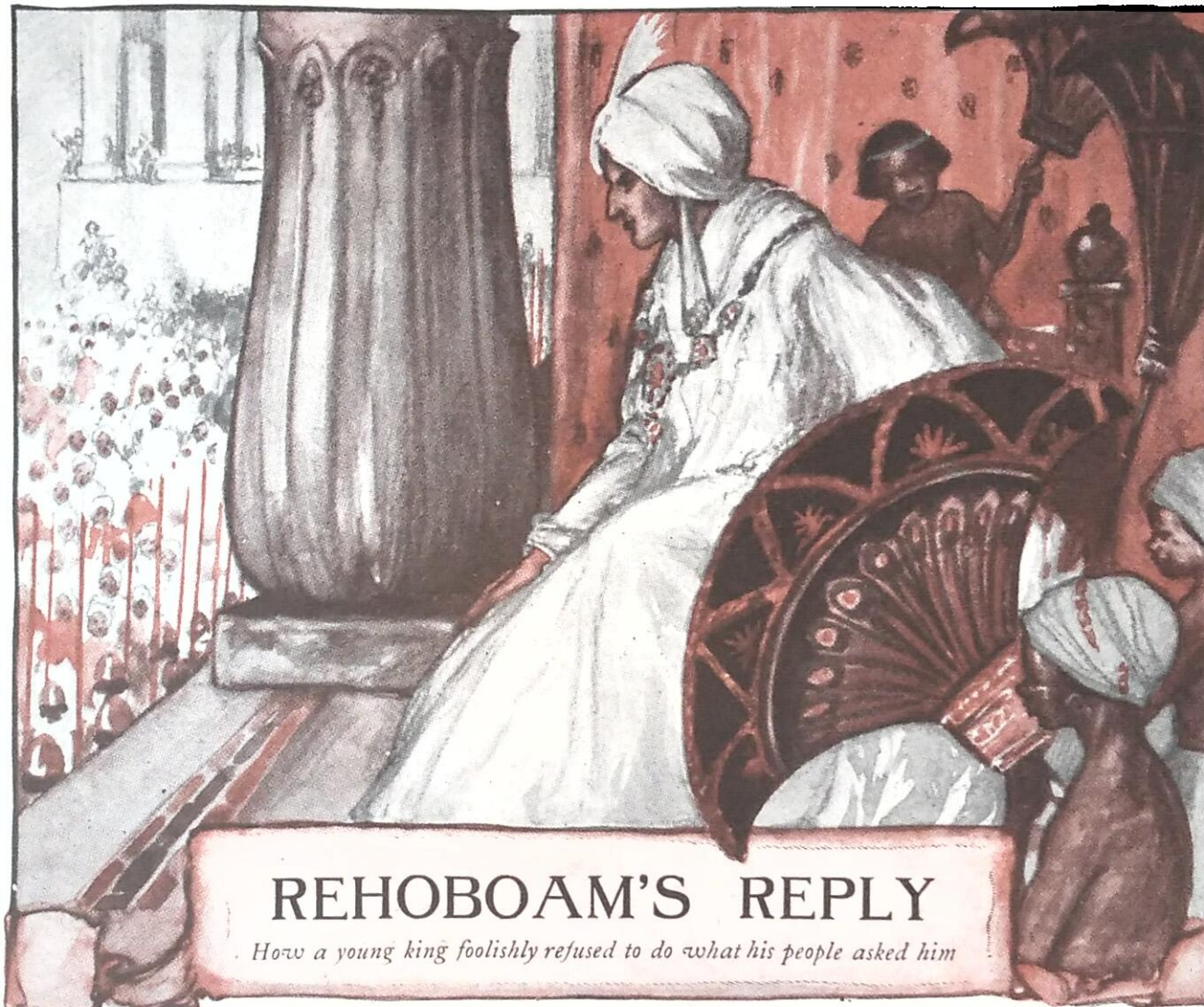
The King pretended not to notice what his nieces had done, but when he got back to the Palace he said to Queen Caramelia:

"I think, after all, the children are right, my dear, in not caring very much for their cousins Alice and Maude. They are not quite such nice little girls as I used to think they were."

E. R.



"Such a dreadful shower came on when we were out to-day, and although mother had her umbrella, some of the chicks got drenched to the skin. But those little ducklings didn't mind it a bit, they thought it was lovely."



REHOBAM'S REPLY

How a young king foolishly refused to do what his people asked him

ONE of the most powerful kings who ruled over Israel was called Solomon. Besides being a wise king, he was also very rich, and the kings of other countries heard of his wealth, and envied him, but his subjects began to find it hard to satisfy him.

So when at last he died, they told his son Rehoboam that although they knew his father had been a very wise and good king, they would be glad if Rehoboam would not demand quite so much time and so many presents from them. And Rehoboam said: "Come again unto me after three days."

So the people went away; and Rehoboam talked the matter over with some old and wise men, who had always advised King Solomon in affairs of this kind. And these wise counsellors said: "If thou be kind to this people, and please them, and speak good words to them, they will be thy servants for ever."

But before answering the people, Rehoboam asked some younger men, who were about the same

age as himself, what they would advise him to do. And they at once told him not to do what the people asked. - "In fact," they said, "tell them that you will not make this easier for them, but harder. It is very impertinent of them to ask you at all."

And Rehoboam very foolishly listened to what the younger men said. But he made a great mistake.

The people were so angry and disappointed when they heard his reply that they went back to their homes and refused to call him king.

Rehoboam could hardly believe it was true, and he sent a messenger to the people; but the children of Israel killed this messenger, and then Rehoboam knew that they really meant to rebel against him.

he was obliged to hurry away, because he did not know what they might do next.

And in the end only two out of the twelve tribes of Israel would acknowledge Rehoboam as king. The rest of the people chose a man called Jeroboam to rule over them.



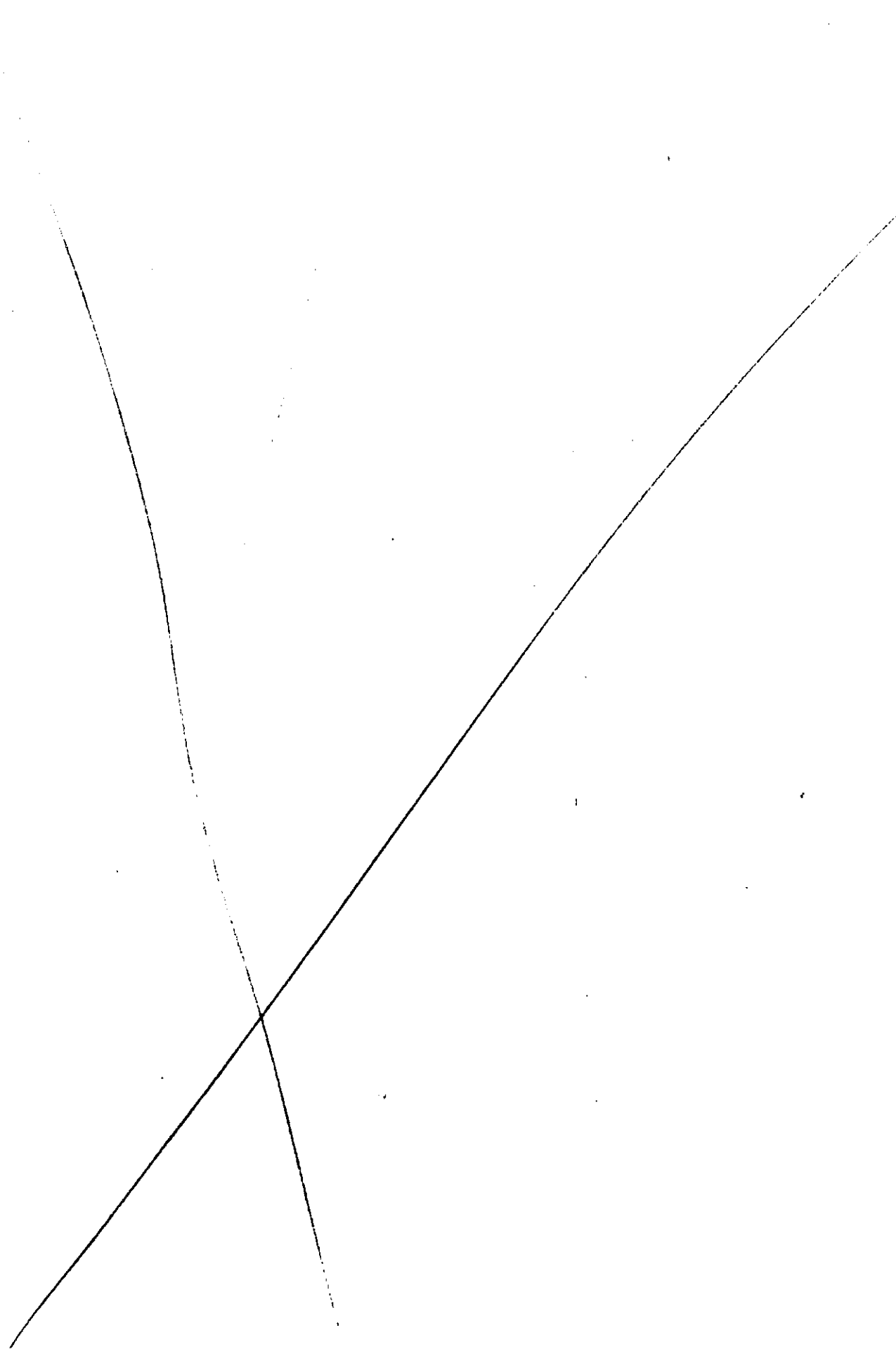
THE FLUFFKINS' HAPPY DAY IN LONDON AT THE WHITE CITY

THE FAIRY DANCE



Hurrah! hurrah! We'll dance and sing
And play the comb like anything;
Then fairies fine who dance at night
Will look on us with rare delight.
For we'll be just as gay as they
In paper wings—a great display.
With daisy crowns upon our head,
A comb, for music, played by Ned.

Then Dobbin there with saddle red
Will cry "Neigh! neigh!" and shake his head;
For he has naught at all to do,
And wants to be a fairy too.
We laugh and ask "Whoever saw
A four-legged fairy stuffed with straw?"
But learned Dobbin answers us
And says he'll be a—Pegasus.



A PAGE FOR A WET DAY

Something to Ask Your Friends

See if you can say this quickly three times :
When the twister a twisting would twist him a
twist,
For the twisting his twine he three times doth
entwist ;
But if one of the twists of the twist doth entwine
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twine.

✱

Why is a dentist likely to be a sad man ?
Because he always looks down in the mouth.

Tongue Twisters

See if your friends can say these correctly and
quickly three times :
A glowing gleam growing green.

✱

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom
blossoms.

✱

Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to
Tedbury.

✱

Shoes and socks shock Susan.

HAVE YOU NOTICED THESE ?

Long-tailed Titmouse, or " Bottle-tit "

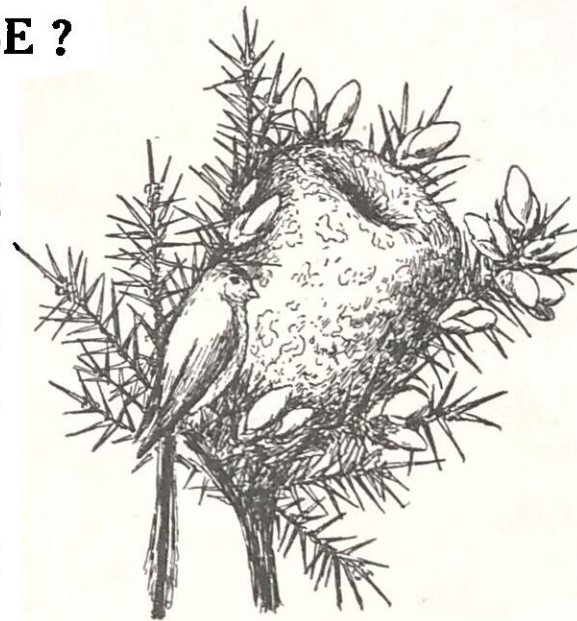
This little bird has the smallest body of any of the tits,
but a very long tail. Children who live near commons
where there are gorse-bushes may have the good fortune to
see one of the nests, which are long-shaped, with the
opening not quite at the top.

They are very pretty outside, of moss and wool bound
together with cobwebs, and dotted with bits of lichen ; and
most comfy inside, with a thick lining of feathers.

The eggs are laid about the end of April, and are very
small and white, with brownish-red speckles.

Long-tailed tits live on insects and grubs.

They sometimes build in holly or hawthorn bushes,
instead of gorse. The country name, " bottle-tit," was
given them because the nest is supposed to be rather
like a bottle in shape.



Why is a poor picture like weak tea ?
Because it is not well drawn.

✱

What do we often catch, but never see ?
A passing remark.

✱

When is money damp ?
When it is due (dew) in the morning and missed
(mist) at night.

Father's Desk

Little Maggie : " What are those little boxes
in your desk, father ? "

Father : " Those are called pigeonholes,
Maggie. "

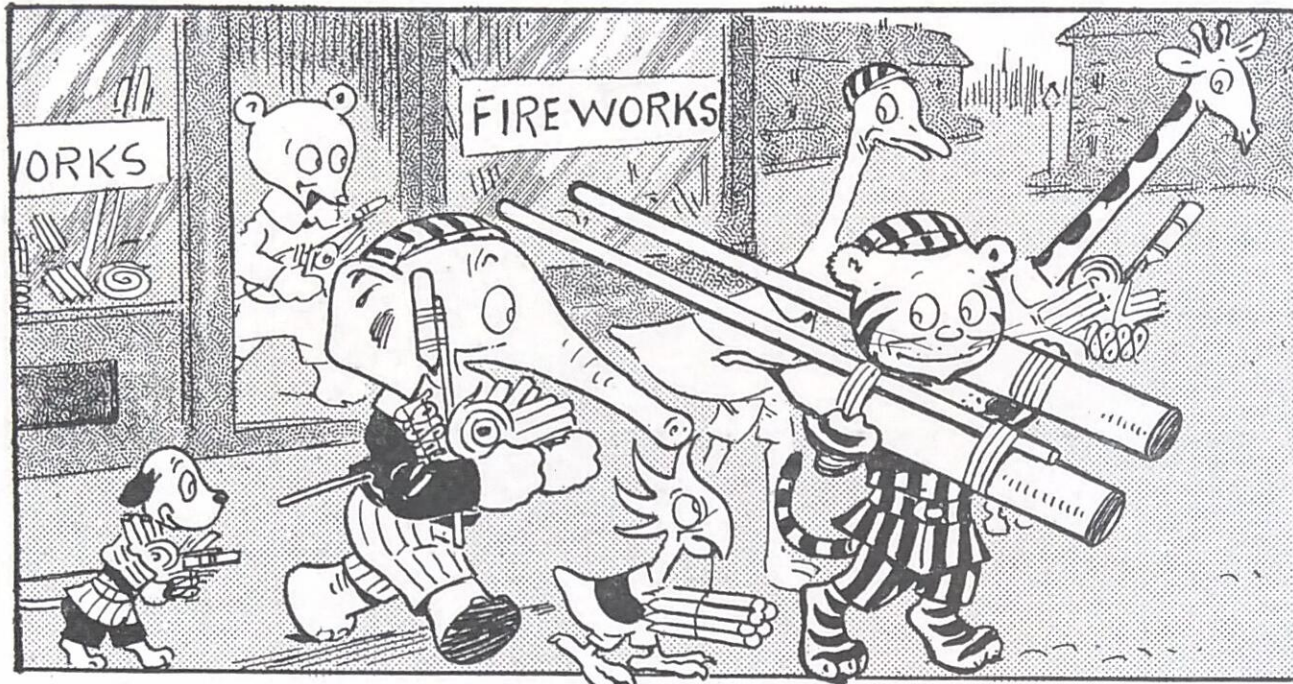
Little Maggie : " Oh, have the pigeons flown
away, then, father ? "

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster.
Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and an oyster ?
If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster,
where are the owl and the oyster Oliver Ogle-
thorp ogled ?

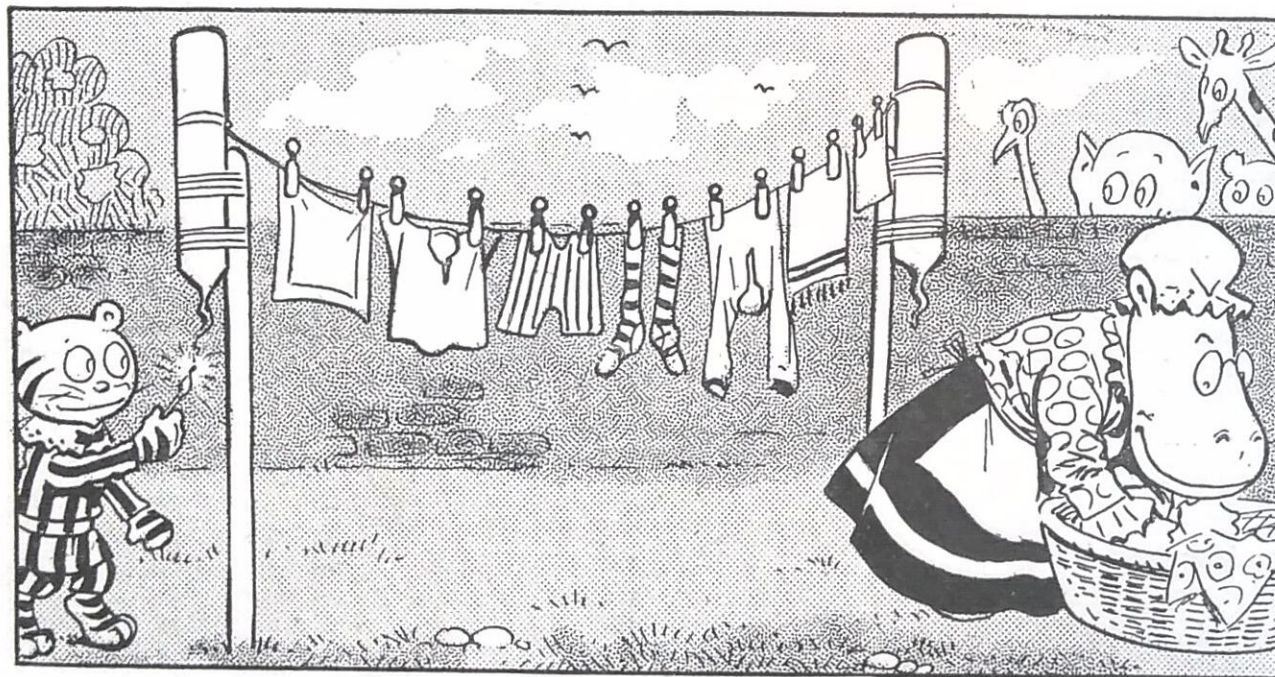
✱

Theophilus Thistlebones, the unsuccessful
thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted
thistles, thrust three thousand three hundred and
thirty-three thistles through the thick of his
thumb. If, then, Theophilus Thistlebones, the
unsuccessful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieveful of
unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand three
hundred and thirty-three thistles through the
thick of his thumb, take care that thou, in sifting
a sieveful of unsifted thistles, thrust not three
thousand three hundred and thirty-three thistles
through the thick of thy thumb

FIREWORK DAY AT MRS. HIPPO'S

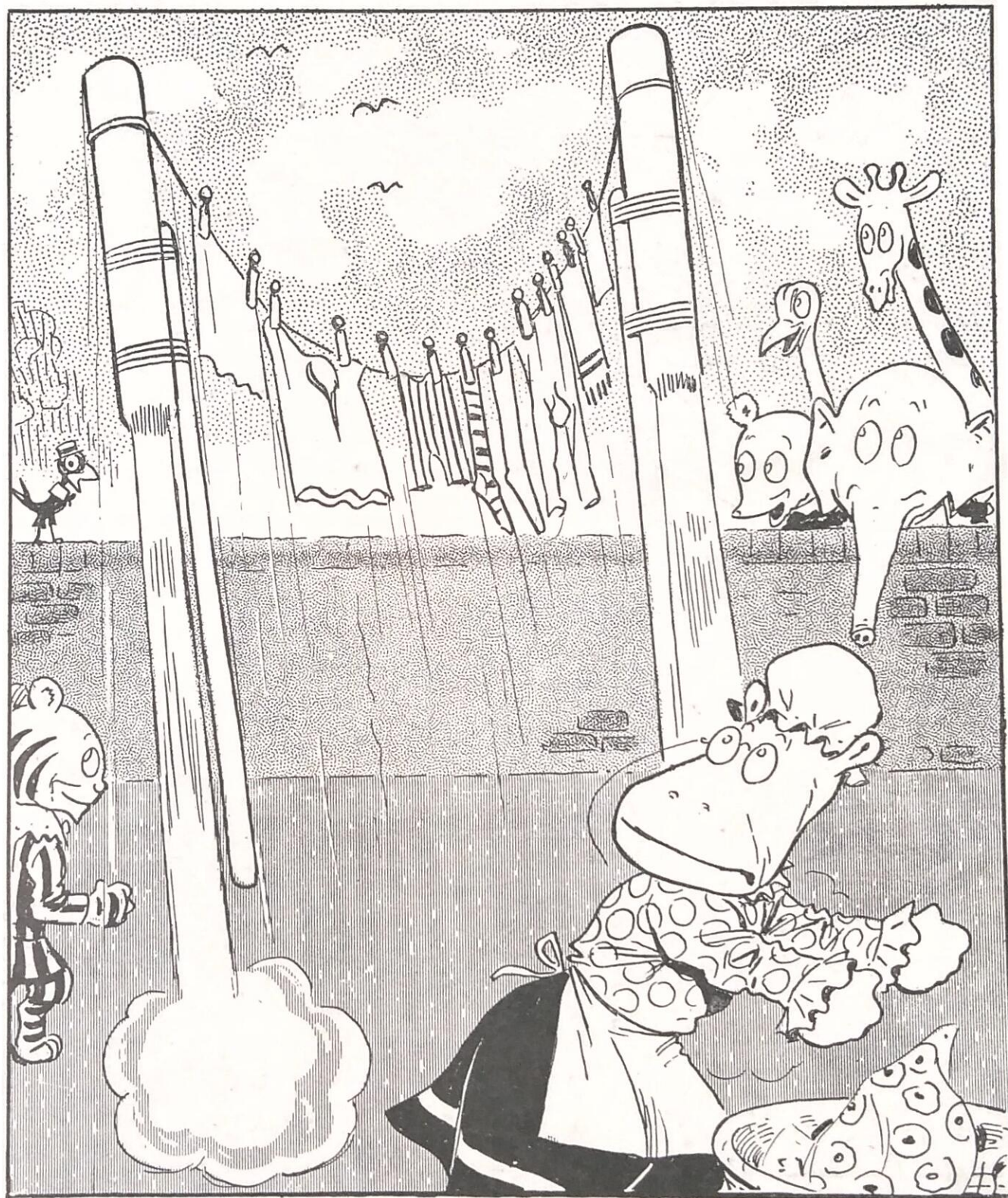


1 The boys at the Kindergarten School have been saving up their pennies for quite a long time in readiness for Guy Fawkes' Day. November the Fifth seemed as though it would **never** come, but it arrived at last ; and Tiger Tim and his friends flew round to the fire-work shop with their money-boxes



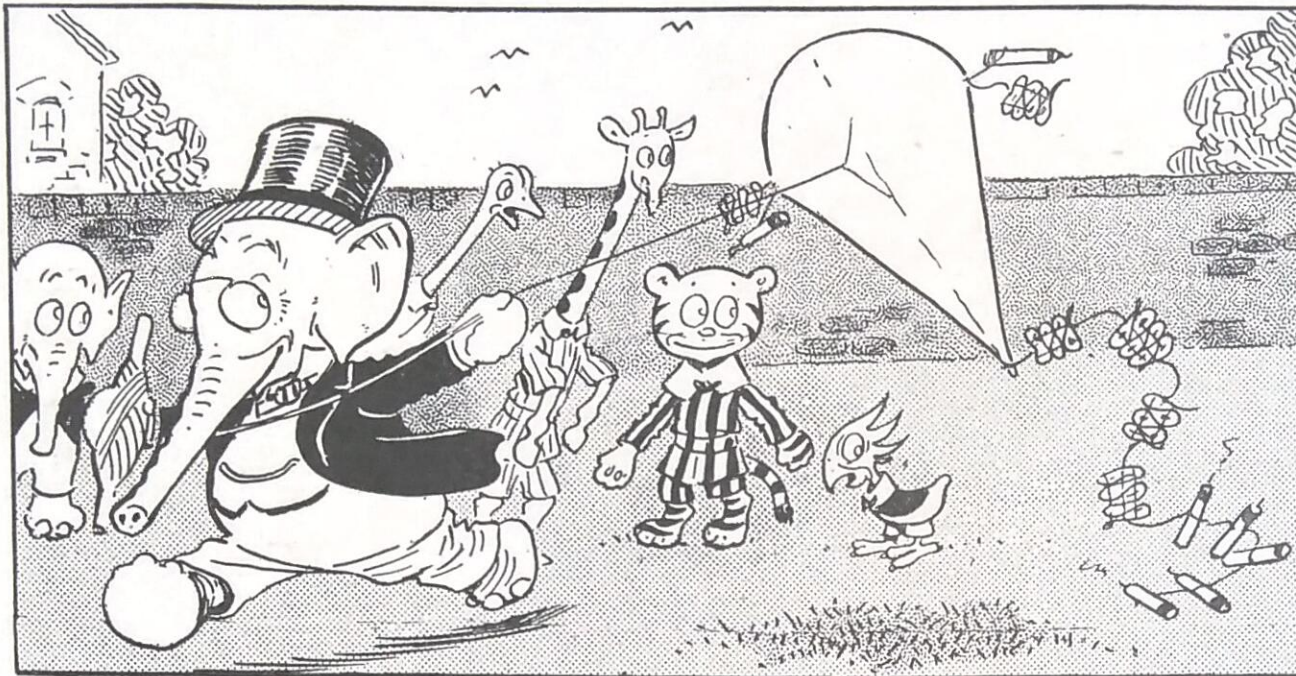
2 "It's lucky Mrs. Hippo is near-sighted !" laughed Tiger Tim, as he set light to one of the monster rockets which those mischievous boys had tied to the clothes-line. "A good breeze is necessary to dry clothes properly," said Mrs. Hippo. "I wish my clothes-props were a little higher——"

THE WASHING FLIES AWAY

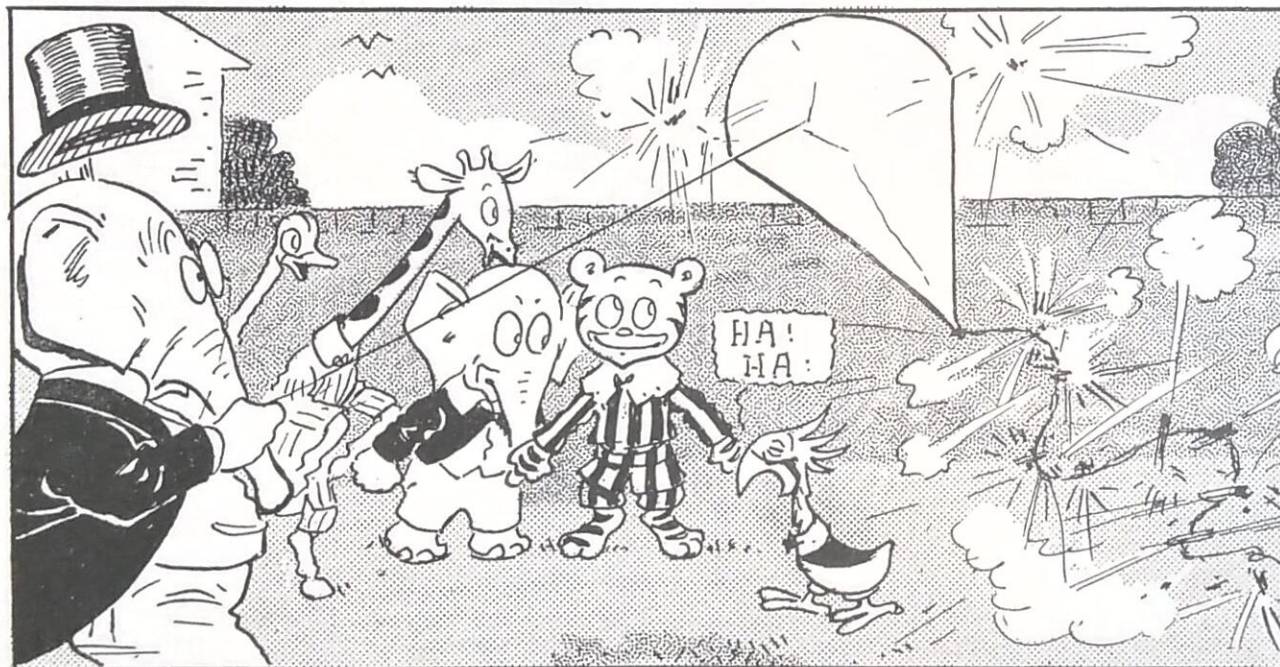


3 Just then there was a terrific bang ! And with a loud hiss the big rockets went flying skywards, carrying with them the line and all the clothes ! “ Is that high enough, Teacher ? ” cried Jumbo and the other boys, peeping over the wall. “ Oh, you bad boys ! Wait till I catch you ! ”

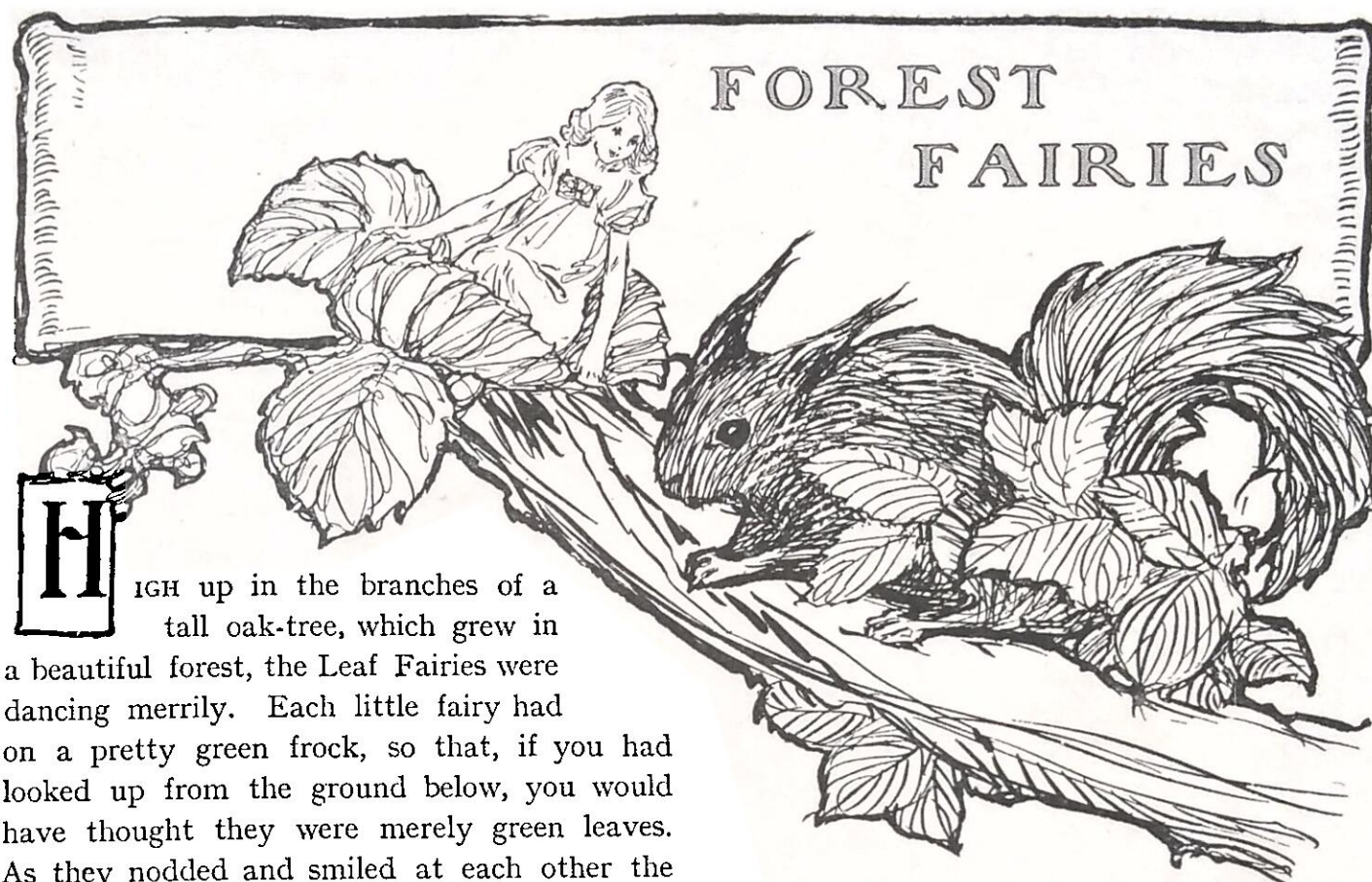
UNCLE'S GREAT SURPRISE



4 But the boys didn't mean to wait. They were off almost as fast as the rockets. "Come along, boys ; let's have some fun with Uncle Jumbo," cried Jumbo Jim, who had prepared a special surprise for his simple relative. "Hallo, Uncle ! will you teach us how to fly this kite ?" "Certainly, my boy," said Uncle Jumbo, quite delighted



5 Then the boys all sniggered behind their hands. "Tee-hee !" laughed Joey the parrot, "I shall die of laughter when those crackers on the tail of the kite go off. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I **knew** I should ! Oh, Uncle, you **do** look frightened !" "Hee ! hee ! I **am** enjoying myself to-day," laughed Georgie Giraffe. "I wonder what will happen next ?"



HIGH up in the branches of a tall oak-tree, which grew in a beautiful forest, the Leaf Fairies were dancing merrily. Each little fairy had on a pretty green frock, so that, if you had looked up from the ground below, you would have thought they were merely green leaves. As they nodded and smiled at each other the Wind passed by and gently shook their pretty gowns, and they laughed and whispered together, enjoying his merry pranks.

At least, they were all enjoying it except one discontented little fairy, who sat swinging sulkily by herself, and refused to join in the fun and frolic going on among her brothers and sisters. Presently there was a rush and a swirl through the branches, and a bright-eyed, bushy-tailed Squirrel appeared on a branch just beside the discontented little fairy.

"Hallo!" he cried, "*you* don't look very cheerful!"

"I don't feel cheerful."

"I'm getting tired of living up here, and doing nothing but play with the Wind and the Sunbeams."

"Well, *I* should have thought it was a nice enough kind of life. And you won't be up here much longer."

"How d'you know that?"

"Why, of course you won't. You'll be having your autumn change soon."

"Autumn change?"

"Yes. You know all about that, don't you?"

"No, indeed I don't. Please tell me."

"Goodness! I thought you'd be sure to know all about it. When the autumn change comes, all the Leaf Fairies come down from the trees, and are changed to Earth Fairies. To begin with, very soon after you get down to the earth you have a different frock—a brown one, instead of a green one, and you have to *work* instead of play all day long."

"Well, I sha'n't mind either of those changes. I'm sure I shall be very glad to do a little work. By the way, what sort of work shall I have to do?"

"I think you'd better wait and see," said the Squirrel mischievously.

And, with a whisk of his fine bushy tail, the Squirrel skipped away, leaving the little Leaf Fairy more discontented than she'd been before.

Every day after this the little Leaf Fairy used to peer over the edge of the green leaf that was her bed, and try to look down to the earth to see if she could possibly find out what

she might have to do down there, but she couldn't think of *anything*.

When Mr. Squirrel came again to visit her, she cried :

"Oh, please, please tell me all about the autumn change !"

But Mr. Squirrel looked at her out of the corner of his little bright eye, and said :

"Are you so very anxious to leave this pleasant home of yours up here ?"

"Yes ; I'm quite tired of it. I told you so before."

"Well, would you like to go down to the earth now, instead of waiting for your brothers and sisters ?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Can I ?"

"I dare say I can manage it for you. Get right on to the middle of your leaf and hold tight !"

The Leaf Fairy did as she was told, and Mr. Squirrel, with his sharp little teeth, bit the leaf-stalk.

The leaf floated gently down and touched the ground, and immediately the fairy jumped off.

The next day, as the Wind passed by, the Leaf Fairy called to him.

"Please," she said, "I'm feeling rather lonely."

"I dare say you are. Never mind. You can begin working by yourself, can't you ?"

"But I don't know what I have to do."

"Don't you ? Oh, well, you'll soon learn. In a few days you'll find you have on a nice workaday brown frock, then you'll begin to feel quite different, and gradually you'll find out how to help to make a warm, soft covering for the young

shoots and plants, that will keep them snug during the winter."

"Oh, is that what I shall learn to do ? I do wish I'd waited for my brothers and sisters."

And the little fairy told the Wind how impatient she'd been. He listened attentively, and then said : "Well, well, I don't suppose it'll be so very long before the others join you. Good-bye for the present."

Away he rushed ; and as he passed on he seemed to become merrier, until he grew so boisterous and whistled so shrilly that the little Leaf Fairy knew he was playing some of his roughest games with her brothers and sisters high up in the branches of the oak-tree.

In fact, he grew so rough and boisterous that he blew many of the Leaf Fairies and their leaf beds right off the branches ; and presently, as the little fairy down below looked up, she saw several leaves come floating down, and as they gently dropped beside her, out tripped some of her brothers and sisters.

As it happened, they all received their new brown frocks at about the same time, and then they merrily set to work to make a thick, soft, warm cloak to spread over the sleeping plants.

They found it much nicer being busy and useful, although, perhaps, their brown frocks weren't quite so pretty to look at as the dainty green ones they had worn when they were light-hearted, playful little Leaf Fairies.

E. R.

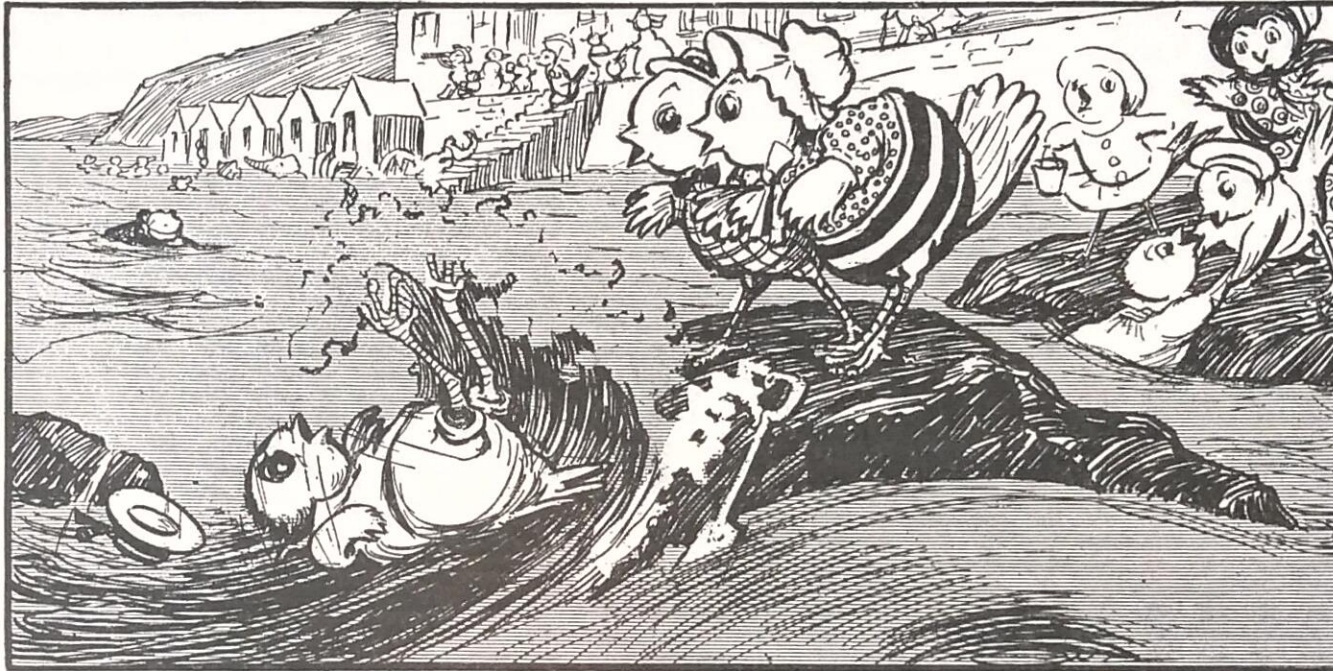
THE END



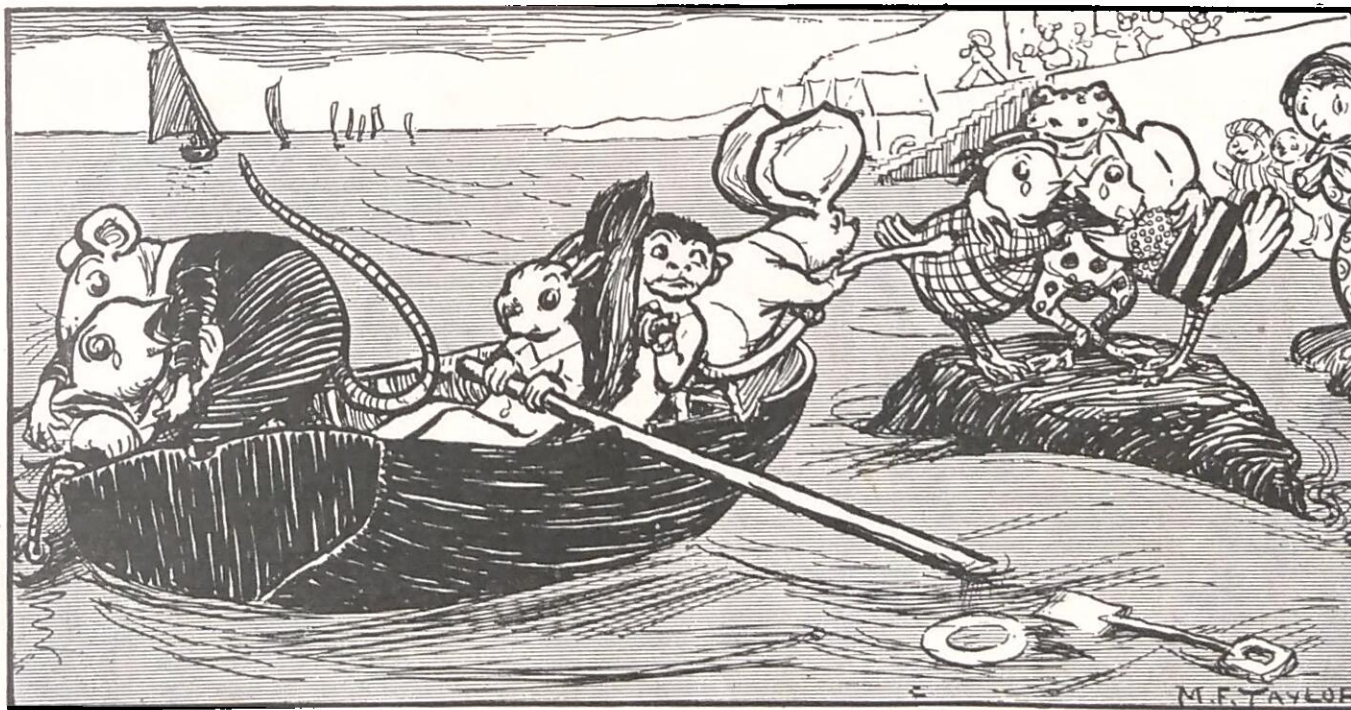
"Hurrah! I'm down at last! Now what's going to happen, I wonder?"

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE

How the Little Sparrowkins were in difficulties, but Dr. Rook's Boys came to their help



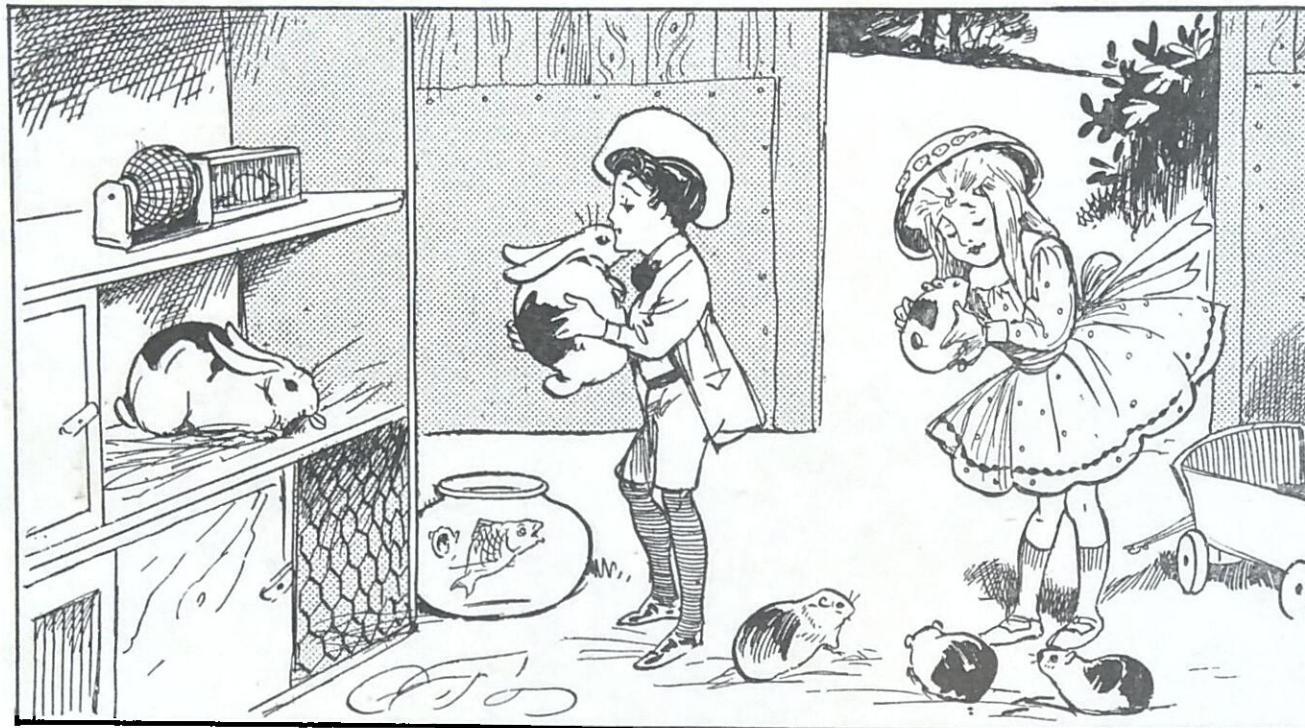
DEAR CHICKS.--Don't you think it's very queer that sea-water comes creeping up so quietly when you're playing on the sands? We had a dreadful fright the other day when we'd been busy with our spades and pails. Before we knew what had happened, we found the water all round us, and we had to stand on pieces of rock. And to make matters worse, Tweety slipped, and fell into the water.



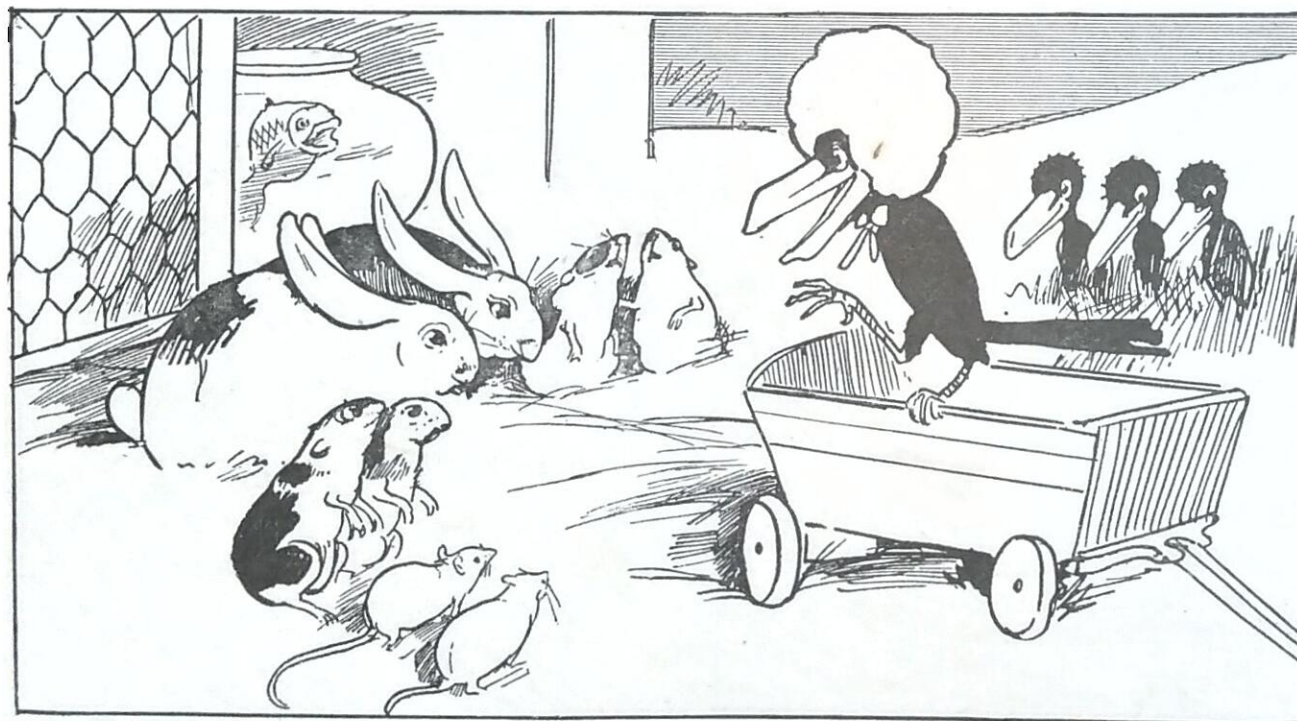
We were frightened, and we didn't know how to get her out, because none of us can swim. But it seems Dr. Rook's boys saw what had happened, so some of them jumped straight into the water and swam to Tweety's rescue, while the others rushed into a boat and rowed out to us. So we all got back safely after all! I wonder what we should do without those boys!

THE LITTLE SPARROWKINS.

DOLLY DIMPLE AND REGGIE—

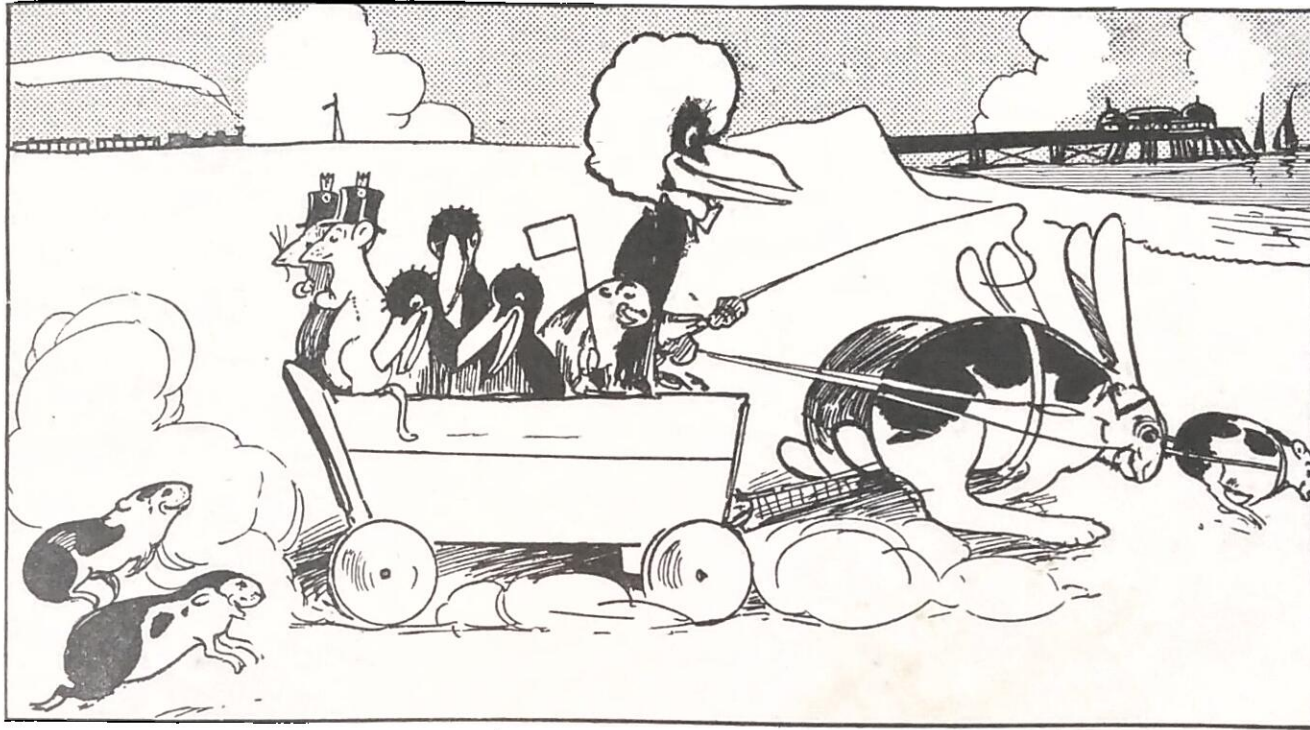


1 "Good-bye, Guinea-pig! Good-bye, Bunny!" cried Dolly Dimple and her brother Reggie, as they kissed their pets. "We are off to the seaside to-day, and we're awfully sorry that we can't take you with us"

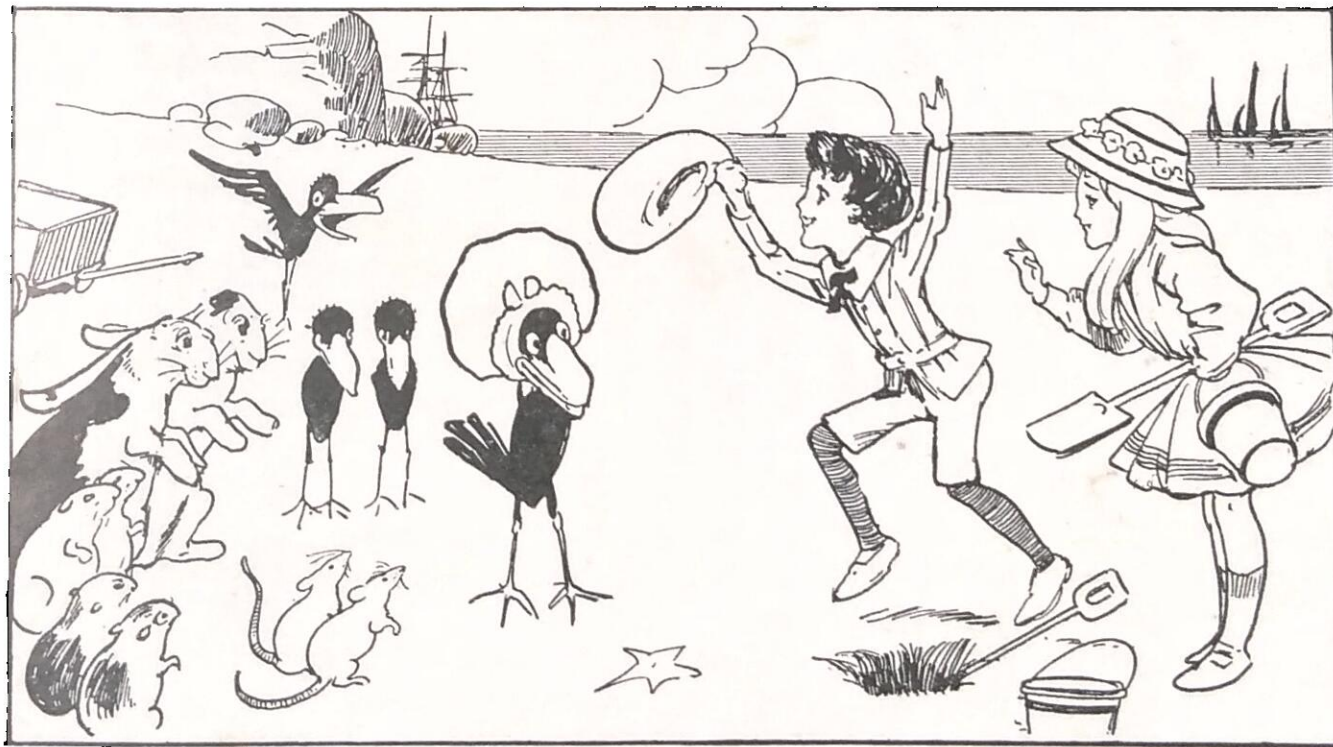


2 When the twins had departed, Mrs. Crow held a meeting of all the pets. "I vote we go to the seaside too," she chirped. "Here is the cart, and the Bunnies can pull." "We should only be too pleased," said the Bunny Rabbits

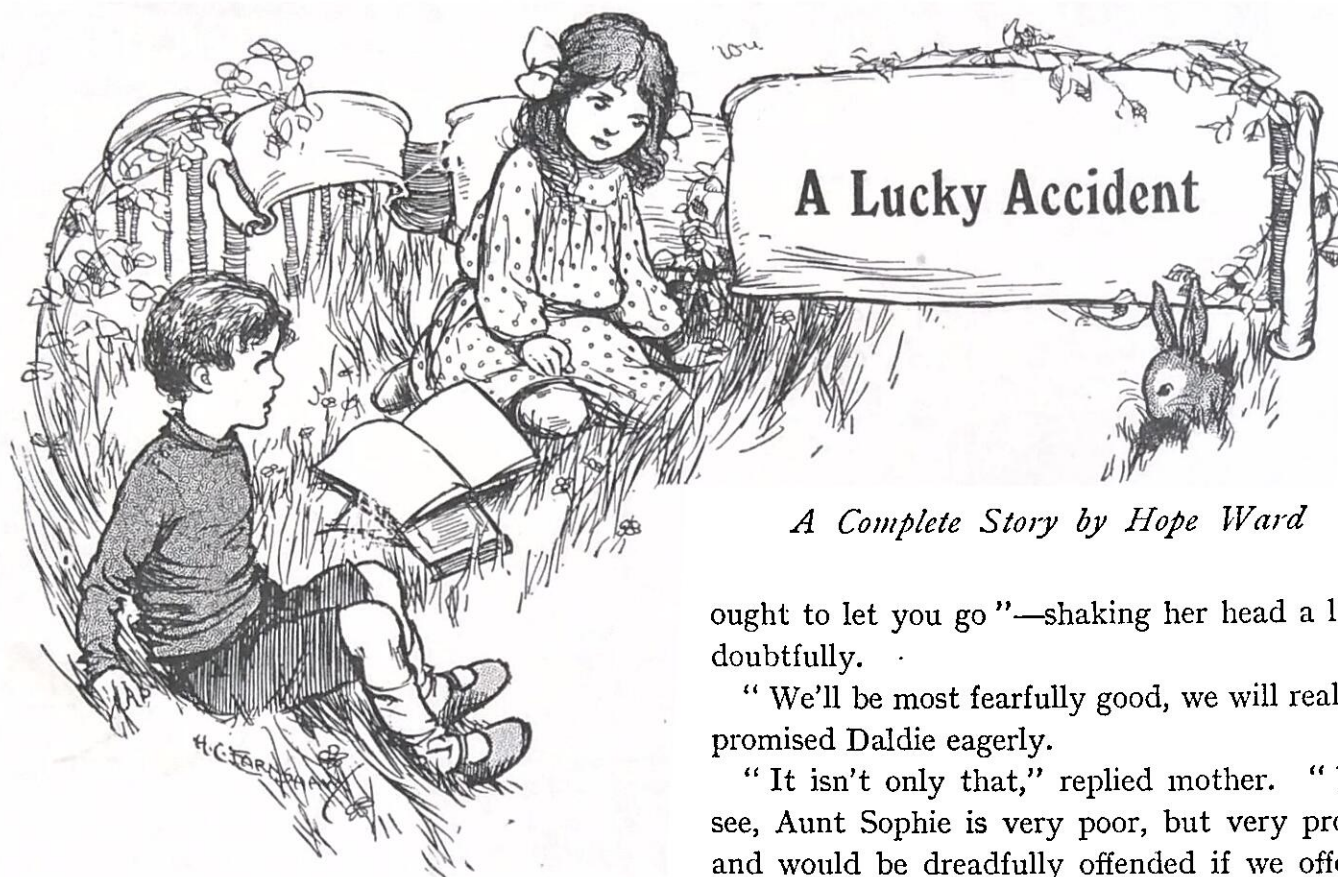
—HAVE A JOLLY SURPRISE



3 So they made up a smart coaching-party, and went down to the sea in fine style. "Why, we shall be there as soon as Dolly!" cried Mrs. Crow, delighted with the drive. "I can smell the sea air already"



4 Imagine the surprise of Dolly and Reggie when their dear little pets met them on the sands! They all sat in a row and begged, with pretty, pleading eyes, which seemed to say quite plainly: "*Please* let us stay! We *will* be good!"



A Lucky Accident

A Complete Story by Hope Ward

THIS story is all about Aunt Sophie. You see, it happened like this. Daddy had to go to Scotland for a month on business, and wanted mother to go, too.

Well, mother couldn't very well do that, as Miss Sterling—that's our governess—only comes for the morning; so she said daddy would have to go alone.

But Aunt Sophie heard about it, and wrote by the very next post, asking us to go and stay with her.

"Now, that is good of her!" exclaimed mother when she'd read the letter, "for she isn't at all used to children, and has lived by herself with old Hannah ever since——"

"Ever since what?" I asked, as mother stopped rather quickly and looked across at daddy.

"Oh, it was something rather sad that happened when she was quite young," said mother rather hurriedly, as she looked down at the letter again. "I don't know, I'm sure, whether I

ought to let you go"—shaking her head a little doubtfully.

"We'll be most fearfully good, we will really," promised Daldie eagerly.

"It isn't only that," replied mother. "You see, Aunt Sophie is very poor, but very proud, and would be dreadfully offended if we offered to pay for you being with her; and I'm afraid she'll find that two hungry people extra make a lot of difference in a tiny cottage."

"Yes," I admitted, sighing heavily, "Daldie and me, we do get awful appetites; and it'll be worse in the country! But, mother, tell Aunt Sophie to give us hunks of bread-and-dripping 'stead of butter and jam, and——"

"And big platefuls of porridge for breakfast, to stodge us up well, so that we don't want eggs and bacon and things," put in Daldie; "And I don't mind not having any sugar in my tea."

"Oh, Daldie!" I couldn't help exclaiming; "and you know you always want three lumps!"

Mother smiled.

"Aunt Sophie will give you plenty to eat, dears; you needn't be afraid of that! But you won't get the little luxuries you get at home!"

"No; we sha'n't have Liza there," I said, thinking of the apricot tarts she'd smuggled up to us only last night after we were in bed. She's our cook, and she's never grumpy or growly,

and not a bit the "come-into-my-kitchen-it-you-dare" kind. She's always making us cakes and pastries and new kinds of puddings, 'stead of everlasting tapioca and spotted dog!

"Well, Aunt Sophie seems to really want you to go," went on mother; and in that sweet little cottage and lovely garden you'd be as happy as sandboys, so I think I'll accept her invitation. But you must try and be as helpful and considerate as ever you can. Now I'll go and write the letter at once, as you'll have to start early on Monday."

"Why, it looks just like a story-book cottage!" cried Daldie, when we arrived at "Rosebank" on Monday afternoon.

"And what a ripping garden! Just look at the hollyhocks!"

"Yes; it is a dear little place," said Aunt Sophie, as she led the way indoors.

"Of course," went on Daldie, "it seems awfully tiny after our house, but——"

I prodded her with my butterfly-net.

"Come along in here, dears," said Aunt Sophie, opening the "parlour" door (there isn't any dining-room or drawing-room in a real cottage, you know), "and we'll have tea at once."

"Oh, Auntie!" I exclaimed, as I caught sight of the table—it was covered with things: two kinds of jam, buns, biscuits, a dish of plums, new scones, and goodness knows what—"you shouldn't have got such a big tea for us!"

"Bread-and-dripping is really quite enough for us," added Daldie. But she said it in rather a multiplication-table kind of voice, and I could

see her eyes were on the greengage jam and macaroons!

"That sounds very dull!" laughed Aunt Sophie. "You're on a visit now, you know, and visitors always have extra nice things."

"Not—not when——" stammered Daldie. But I stopped her just in time, by a kick under the table, from blurting out something awful about people who couldn't afford things! It really isn't safe to take her into your confidence over anything.

"Were there nice people in your carriage?" asked Aunt Sophie.

"There was an awfully nice, kind old gentleman," I said, "and he gave us some butter-scotch, and let us have his corner seat."

"Yes," put in Daldie; "and he looked so interested when we told him we were coming to stay with our Aunt Sophie! And he said



"Hallo! What's the matter?"

he'd got a lovely big house up in Scotland, but it was so lonely that he never went there, but just stayed at different places in England. Oh! and he had such a funny name—I saw it on the label—'Montresor.'"

"Montresor?" asked Aunt Sophie faintly. "I—I—er—once knew someone of that name."

"And he said that he'd once known somebody called 'Sophie,'" cried I. "Isn't it funny?"

"But this was many, many years ago," she added rather hurriedly. "It couldn't be the same. Now, dears, you'd like to go out into the garden, I know. And presently, when it's cooler, we might go for a walk."

One day Aunt Sophie had to go away for a few hours on business, and she let us go in the wood by ourselves.

Well, we'd been in the wood nearly two hours, I should think, taking it in turns to read stories out of our dear old PLAYBOX ANNUAL to each other, when Daldie suddenly jumped up and cried excitedly: "Oh, look! There's a darling baby rabbit!"

"So there is! Oh, do let's see if we can catch him! Come on!" And, throwing down our book, off we started after him.

The poor little thing had evidently lost his way, or of course he'd soon have darted into his own hole. As it was, he simply ran round and round in a sort of circle, and we thought we'd got him a dozen times—only we hadn't! He was just as slippery as an eel; and all you could see of him was his little, twinkling tail, bobbing up and down in the bracken like a Jack-in-the-box.

"Look! There he goes! Quick!" I screamed, as he darted right in front of Daldie. She ran forward; then something tripped her up, and down she fell with a bang!

"Oh! o-oh! I've hurt my foot! I've hurt my foot!" she sobbed. I tried to comfort her, and wanted to bind up her foot with my hanky (it was pretty clean), but she wouldn't let me

touch it, and just sat there and cried and cried.

We'd come a long way from the Wishing Well, and I was just wondering how I was ever going to get her home—for she couldn't put her foot to the ground—when a voice said suddenly: "Hallo! What's the matter?" And, looking up in astonishment, who should it be but our old gentleman of the train.

"Goodness gracious me! Little girl had a tumble? There, there; we'll soon make it well! Come, don't cry like that, but just tell me where it hurts. Is it very bad?"

"Y-yes, sir," sobbed Daldie; "an' I c-can't s-stand up!"

"Bless my heart! If it isn't the little friends I travelled down with the other day!" The old gentleman nearly sat down plump, he was so surprised. "Well, well! what a good thing I happened to come along this way! Now, just tell

me where you live, and we'll soon have you home."

"Rosebank Cottage, Etchingfold," I said. "It's at the other end of this wood."

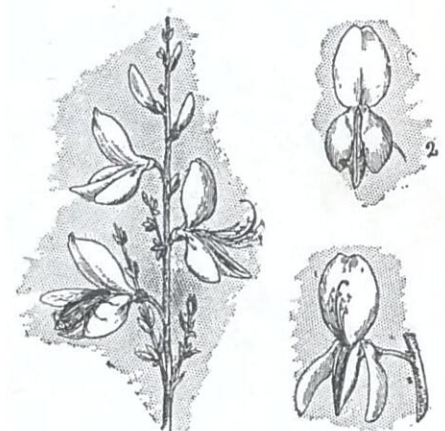
"Put your arm round my neck. That's it." And, picking Daldie up as if she'd been a baby, he started off with her.

Hannah was just coming out with the tea-

SOMETHING TO NOTICE



FIELD ROSE
A wild white rose which trails all over the hedges



BROOM IN FLOWER

When a bee flies down on a closed blossom (Fig. 2), he makes it fly open (Fig. 3)

basket as we arrived, and she let it fall, with a shriek, as soon as she saw Daldie being carried home.

"Don't excite yourself, my good woman—nothing very much the matter. Just fetch me some warm water and a bit of soft linen. There, little girl; you lie there and keep quite still, and we'll have you right in no time!"

He put her down on the sofa, and took off her shoe and stocking. Then he bathed her foot, and bandaged it up just like a real doctor.

"It's most awfully decent of you to have done this for 'us,'" I stammered, "and I'm——"

"Miss Daldie hurt herself! Oh! I trust not badly!"

It was Aunt Sophie's voice full of alarm, replying to Hannah, as she came hurrying through the porch into the cottage.

"My poor darling! How did you come to hurt yourself? What a merciful thing I was able to catch the early train back!" she cried,

as she knelt anxiously beside the sofa. "But why—who's bandaged it up for you?"

"That kind old gentleman," said Daldie, pointing across the parlour.

"Only too proud and glad to be of service, madam," he said, with a bow, as poor, bewildered Aunt Sophie got on to her feet and turned round.

"And he carried her all the way home,

Auntie," I put in. "And it's the same old gentleman who was so kind to us in the train!"

"Sophia!"

"John!"

Just as though they were in a dream, Aunt Sophie and the old gentleman stood gazing at each other across the room.

Then, with outstretched hands, he strode quickly forward, and, without uttering a word, took Aunt in his arms—and *kissed* her!

Daldie and I are fearfully excited, because we are going to a wedding to-morrow. Of course, you can guess whose!

Uncle John has given us each a splendid new bicycle; and we're going up to Scotland to stay with them as soon as they come back from their honeymoon.

It seems funny to think of Aunt Sophie as "Mrs. Montresor," but we're all so glad.

And Uncle John told mother we can spend

as many holidays as ever we like at "Lochmaben," because he says that if it hadn't been for us he'd never have found Aunt Sophie; and as he'd been trying to find her for fifteen years—ever since they quarrelled when they were both quite young, and went right away from each other—I really think Daldie's accident was rather lucky.



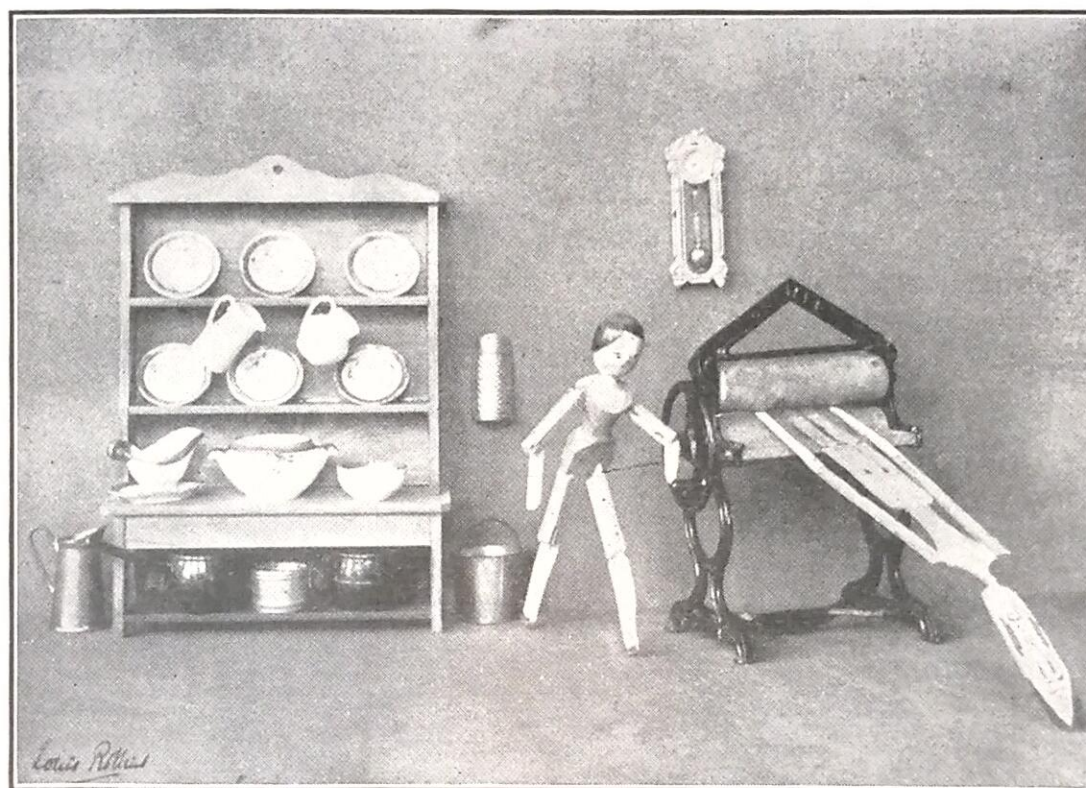
There was an old man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee;
When they said: "Does it buzz?"
He replied: "Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

THE END.

A STRETCHER



*Little Johnny Tompkinson was short as well as fat,
His mother thought him clever too (mamas are all like that).
“His talent was inherited,” so said his doting ma ;
“Wherever else he got it, though, it wasn’t from his pa.”
She said he’d be Lord Chancellor, or something just as great ;
Perhaps a great inventor, or a Minister of State.
But Johnny’s own ambition didn’t reach so near the top,
He thought he’d be a pirate bold, or keep a sweetstuff shop.
Now Johnny used to interfere with everything he could ;
His brother Tommy helped him, I’m sure most brothers
would.*



When he came out the other side he was rolled long and flat

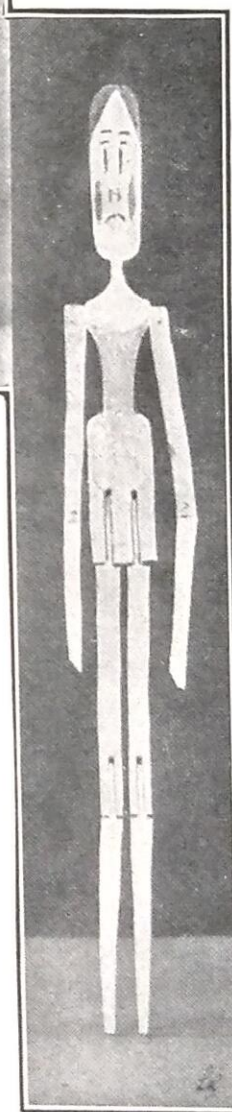
*If Tommy took his brother's toys, if only as a
jest,*

*John promptly knocked poor Tommy down, and
sat upon his chest.*

*One day they to the kitchen went, and there a
mangle stood.*

*They chipped the rollers with a knife, to see if
they were wood ;*

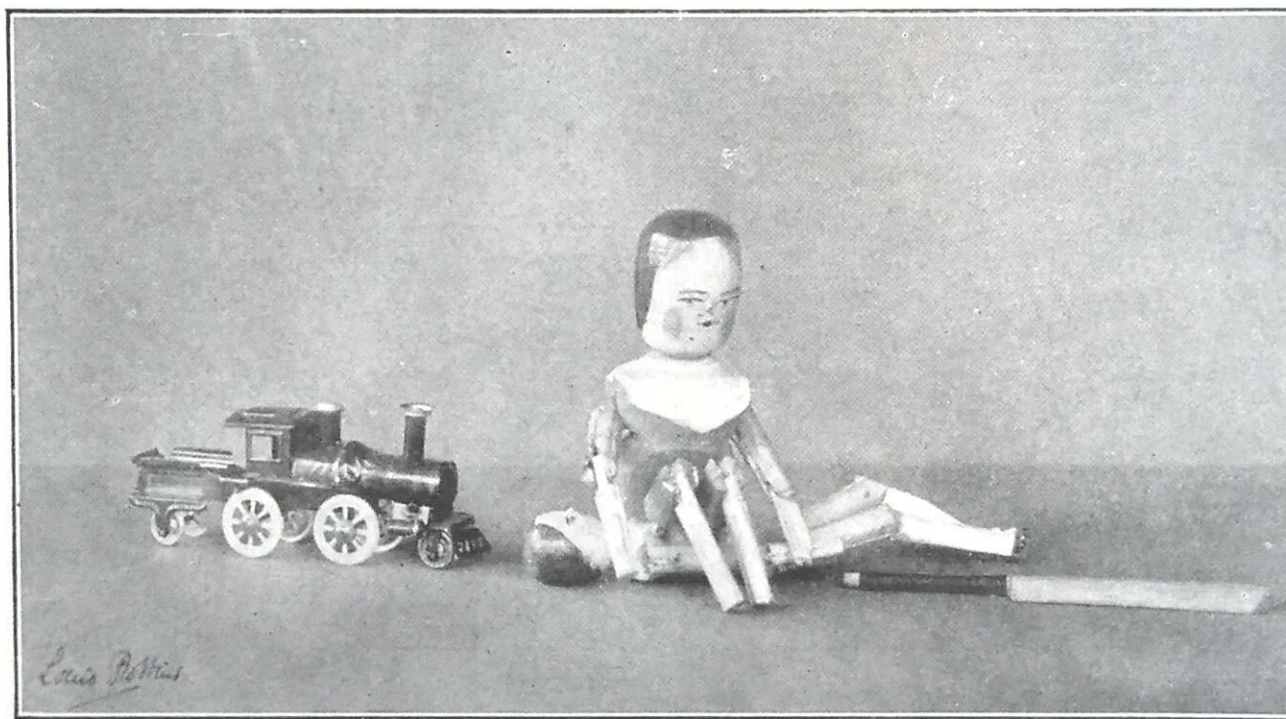
*And Tommy turned the handle round to see
which way it worked, .*



*And Johnny in the rollers caught, and off his feet was
jerked.*

*But Tommy didn't notice this, for still he turned the wheel,
And poor old Johnny Tompkinson, he couldn't even squeal.
And so his mother's darling boy, who was so short and fat,
When he came out the other side was rolled out long and
flat.*

*Now, all you little girls and boys, if you would not be flat,
Don't meddle with your mother's goods, if you are short and
fat.*



Sat upon his chest

HOW THEY HELPED THE DUCKLING

In Other Lands

Fancy finding your toothbrush growing on a tree! It sounds funny, doesn't it? But in the island of **TOOTHBRUSHES** Jamaica there **ALL A-GROWING** is a plant which the people there call the "toothbrush plant," because, by cutting a piece of the stem and fraying the ends, they can use it as a toothbrush. And they actually get some tooth-powder from the same tree by drying another part of the stem and then beating it into powder!

In the same island, too, they have another wonderful tree, from which some of the people make strong **WHERE WHIPS** whips, with the **GROW** handle and lash all in one!

They cut a very long piece of one of the branches, and on one part they leave the bark, or skin—that makes a nice firm handle.

Then for the lash they strip off the bark from the rest of the branch, split the inside part into



1 "Oh dear! oh dear!" wailed the Duckling. "How can I get up into the loft when two rungs of the ladder are missing?"

strips, and then plait the strips together, and the whole piece is then made into a fine strong whip!

"Needle-and-Thread" Trees

Wouldn't you be surprised, Chicks, if you found in your garden a tree on which needles and thread grew?

There are such trees, though, in nearly all tropical countries, and very useful they are.

At the tip of the leaf there is a sharp thorn, which is the needle. If you grasp it firmly, and pull it out, a long thread of fibre comes with it, and there you are—with a needle all ready threaded for your sewing.

The fibre thread is very strong; and the people who live in the country called Mexico use it for weaving a coarse kind of cloth, as well as for sewing.

The leaves of the tree they use instead of tiles for making roofs to their houses; and fine roofs they make with them—strong and waterproof—just the sort that are needed in a country where the rain pours down in sheets.



2 Then Whiskers and Nibbler drifted up. "We'll help you!" they squeaked. "Just you wait a moment!"

A Strange Nesting-Place

Not long ago, at a colliery in Yorkshire, a thrush's nest was found between the spokes of a waggon-wheel, and the mother-bird was hatching four eggs.

One day it was found necessary to move the waggon, which was loaded with coke, and the nest fell out, but, strange to say, not one of the thrush family was injured at all.

The workmen carefully put them all back, and kept a close watch over the nest to see that no harm came to the little family, and no one was allowed to move the waggon till the baby-birds had been hatched and were able to take care of themselves.



3 So they quickly made a couple of new rungs with their tails!

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA

A Complete Story by
EDITH E. CARTER

"WILL and Jenny, you must hurry home from school this afternoon. Yer feyther says you're to carry some fish round to sell."

"Oh, mother? Can't we play with t'other children after school on the green?" asked the little ones sadly.

"No!" answered their mother decidedly. Then she added in softer tones: "Times are very bad for poor fishermen. What with rough seas and scarcity of fish, and a lot o' little ones to feed, yer feyther and I have got enuff worries, and you must learn to share them, and not be always thinkin' 'pon amusement. But, if you're good children, and go off without murmurin' to sell the fish after school, yer feyther maybe'll give you a treat when you come home."

"What treat?" cried Will and Jenny excitedly.

"Wait and see!" said their mother, who had not the least idea at that moment what reward would be forthcoming.

However, the promise of a treat was quite enough for the fisherman's children. They came running home from school at four o'clock; and very soon after, rosy-cheeked Will, aged nearly nine, and his sturdy little sister, aged seven, toiled up the steep cliff path which led from the cove to the village, Will carrying a basket containing three or four crabs and a lobster, Jenny with a flat-fish and a pollack. These were the first fish that had been brought ashore for many a long day, owing to rough weather. But



"Look!" exclaimed Will, "there's the French lugger!"

I'm writing this story by my window, Chick, and I can see right over the sea to where the French fishing-boat is lying at anchor.—E.E.C.

they were all large fish, and it was as much as the little ones could do to carry them.

"Let's sit down and play at 'soldiers,'" said Jenny, throwing herself on a grassy slope and plucking long "soldier" grasses, as the children called

them, from a clump close by.

"All right!" cried Will, readily yielding to the temptation of a game.

For a few minutes a fierce battle raged between "French and English." Suddenly Will threw down his remaining "soldiers," exclaiming: "I say, Jenny, we sha'n't get no treat if we don't make haste and sell this 'ere fish!"

With great alacrity the children started off towards the village, and tramped from house to house. After some time they started joyfully for home with empty baskets. For a minute only they sat down by the wayside to count their proceeds.

"Six shillin' and fivepence!" announced Will, after much deliberation.

"Oh, my! What a lot o' money!" gasped Jenny, watching her brother with large, wondering eyes, as he securely tied the precious coins in his grubby red pocket-handkerchief.

"Look!" exclaimed he, suddenly stuffing the handkerchief in his pocket, springing up, and pointing seawards. "There's the French lugger to buy the lobsters!"

The two children ran towards home as fast as their sturdy legs could carry them, down the rough cliff path.

Meanwhile, away in the west, where the sun was shining in dazzling splendour, a graceful French fishing-smack, with brown sails, came swiftly sailing towards the fleet of fishing-boats now anchored in the bay. The smack was known to the fishermen as the "Frenchman." This vessel called weekly, and bought all the lobsters and crayfish they could get, and at a good price, so the men looked forward eagerly to the arrival of the "Frenchman."

For many weeks now the weather had been too rough for the smack to come, and times had been very hard. But here was fine weather at last, and with it the "Frenchman."

"Feyther! Mother! Here's six shillin' and fivepence!" cried Will, excitedly bursting into the kitchen, and flinging his treasured pocket-handkerchief on the table. "And, feyther, please take us to see the 'Franchies.' Mother promised us a treat, if we was good!"

"Splendid, children!" exclaimed their father; "but I didn't promise you no treat!"

"No! But I did for you, if they was obedient, and sold the fish. Now they deserve to be rewarded!" said their mother, giving them each a huge piece of bread. "You've done just capital," added she, counting the money.

"Come along o' me, quick, children! You can come and help me clear my store-pots, and we'll take the fish aboard the 'Frenchman.'"

Will and Jenny almost tumbled over a group of small brothers and sisters who were playing at mending their father's nets, in their eagerness to follow their father.

The French lobster-smack had just come to anchor outside the cove, and the children's father was busy clearing his store-pots, and transferring the lively fish to the well of the "Frenchman."



"Feyther! Mother! Here's six shillin' and fivepence!" cried Will, excitedly bursting into the kitchen

Oh, what a sight was that well on board the smack! It was crowded with monster crayfish, with their rich orange and brown coats, and lobsters all in blue and orange.

"Just look into the well and see the hundreds of lovely fish swimming about!" said the fisherman. "I'm just goin' off in the punt to fetch another lot o' fish from the store-pots. If you've a mind to stop on board the 'Frenchman' an' watch all t'other fishermen tippin' their lobsters and crayfish into the well, why, you can—so long as you're good children!" added he, as he slipped over the side of the smack into his punt.

Will and Jenny were delighted at the idea of seeing all the punts, which now surrounded the smack, discharge their fish into the well.

For some minutes they stood hand in hand slyly watching the good-tempered captain as he and his sailors laughed and chatted away together as they counted the Cornish fishermen's fish and entered their number into a book. But

soon the children grew bolder, and began to play hide-and-seek on the deck of the smack. They were tired of watching the countless lobsters and crayfish which were still being carried on board from the punts.

They darted in and out between French and English, without fear and without attracting much notice from the busy throng.

At last this game became a little wearisome.

Suddenly Jenny looked landwards, and saw at some distance her father returning in his punt with more fish from his store-pots.

"Feyther's coming, but I don't want to go home yet!" said the child.

"All right! Let's hide!" said Will, with a mischievous twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Iss fey! But where can us hide? There ain't no good place here on deck!" exclaimed Jenny, looking round.

"But there's cabins somewhere, I 'spect. Let's go and find 'em!"

So saying, Will set off with the fixed purpose of finding a hiding-place, followed by Jenny.

"I say, Will, sha'n't us catch it for creepin' into other folk's cabins?" asked his sister anxiously.

"No; 'cos we're out for a treat, and we ain't going to touch nothin'," was Will's reassuring answer.

They came to a cabin-door and peeped through.

"Hurrah! Here's a step leadin' down to the cabin!" cried Will joyfully.

The children descended three or four steps, edged with brightly polished brass treads, into a small cabin, which proved to be the

captain's. It contained two bunks. Underneath these were lockers furnished with brass handles. In the centre of the tiny cabin was a narrow table. All the woodwork and brasswork was so highly polished that the cabin seemed to be surrounded with mirrors.

"Oh, my! Don't it all shine bootiful!" remarked Jenny, with a deep sigh of pleasure.

"Iss! But I can hear feyther's voice up on deck! He's comin' this way! Let's get behind them oilers!" whispered Will, creeping towards



"Hurrah! I've just won the prize for being the best dressed boy in the Fluffkins School."

some heavy seamen's oilers which were hanging up in the corner.

"He's comin'! Sh-h-h-h—"

Will gave Jenny a nudge in the ribs, which made her begin to giggle violently.

"Sh-h-h, Jenny!" said Will severely.

"Zee little childers are departed with ze fishermens probablement! You see, zey are not here!" shouted the French captain to their father, as if he were deaf.

"Thankee kindly. Tired o' waitin', I suppose, poor little critters!" shouted back the fisherman.

"I will pay for ze langoustes that you have bringed zis evenin',"

said the captain, counting out the money for the great crayfish (called by the captain "langoustes"), which were so large that their father's big hand could scarcely span them.

"Thirty long goose, please, sir," said the fisherman.

Will and Jenny put their hands over their mouths, and Will stuffed his handkerchief into his, but the laughter came out in bursts and squirts and fizzes at each corner. The words "long goose" amused immensely, and their slight forms quivered with laughter.

"Vat is dat? I 'eard a noise!" said the captain, looking round.

"Somethin' like a squeak, I 'eard! So I did! So I did!" repeated the fisherman; but, as no further sound was forthcoming, he said again: "Thirty long goose!"

Again the children tittered.

"Sure I 'eard somethin' then," said the man; "but I 'spose 'twas the wheel movin' up above."

The captain gave the fisherman his money, and left the rest lying on the table. The two men then left the cabin.

The children burst out laughing. "Long goose! Long goose!" cried Jenny. "Oh, how funny they Franchies talk!"

"Iss, don't 'em? But we'd better go and find feyther, else we shall be left behind," said Will when their merriment had subsided.

They tiptoed slowly out of the cabin, stopping at intervals to look at some curious objects unknown to them, and at the pile of money lying on the table, but without ever a thought of

touching it. Then they crept up the stairs on to the deck.

"Jenny," gasped Will in dismay, "the smack's movin', and we're going to be carried away to France! Oh, what shall we do? And we sha'n't get nothin' but frogs and snails over there to eat!"

"Boo - oo - oo!" wailed Jenny. "I wish we hadn't played hide-and-seek! Take me home, Will! There's a Franchie comin' along the deck. I'm so frightened!"

Will clutched his sister tight by the hand, and prepared to defend her and himself against the formidable "Franchie."

"Ze leetle childers—cache-cache?" said the sailor, smiling.

"Ain't touched no cash! Have us, Jenny?" cried Will, with flushed cheeks.

He heard the word "cash," and thought it referred to the money on the cabin-table. Poor little fellow! He would have been greatly relieved if somebody could have told him that "cache-cache" was the French for "hide-and-seek."



"And I've just won the first prize for Mouseology. I had not a single mistake."

Jenny began to sob. "Where's feyther? I don't want to go to France," cried she.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and then took the children by the hand and led them to the captain, who was at the wheel.

The captain gazed at the children for a moment in astonishment, and then came forth a perfect volley of French words accompanied by gesticulations. He saw the look of fright and dismay on their faces, and ended up by saying kindly: "Poor leetle childers played 'cache-cache,' but we give zem something to eat and send zem 'ome."

"I didn't take no cash, please, sir," cried Will in distress.

"I don't want no frogs and snails," wailed Jenny.

"Quelque chose à manger—vite!" cried the captain. "Something to eat—quick!" translated he.

In a very short time the steward came running along with some bread, and something else in paper.

Jenny shut her eyes tight, and refused to open them, for fear she should gaze on frogs and snails.

"What has she, ze leetle one?" asked the captain, turning to Will.

"Open yer eyes, and don't be stupid, Jenny. 'Tain't frogs and snails—'tis chocolate!" said Will, giving the child a nudge.

"Fwogs and snails!" repeated the captain, thinking hard. Then a broad smile illumined his face, and he burst out laughing, and gave an explanation to his crew in French which set them all laughing too.

"Open ze eyes, leetle one. It is chocolat!" said the captain, taking Jenny gently by the hand.

At last she ventured to half open one blue eye and peep. Brown and long and hard! Yes; it was all right! Chocolate! The blue eyes opened wide; so did the rosy lips.

She nearly took a bite, then remembered that they were sailing for France.

"Will," cried she, throwing herself into her brother's arms, "I want to go home to feyther an' mother!"

The captain had children of his own, and understood.

"A fishin'-boat comin'!" cried he. "I signal it to take you 'ome!"

Jenny's fears disappeared, and she and Will made a hearty meal of bread and chocolate.

"I bring you fwogs and snails from France the next week!" laughed the captain as he lifted Will and

Jenny into the passing fishing-boat he had hailed.

The fishing-boat and the French smack parted company, and the children were soon at home once more.

Their parents were too happy to have them back again to scold them, and listened with delight to their adventures.

Needless to say that Will and Jenny and the captain became firm friends; and before many weeks had passed Will understood the meaning of "cache-cache."

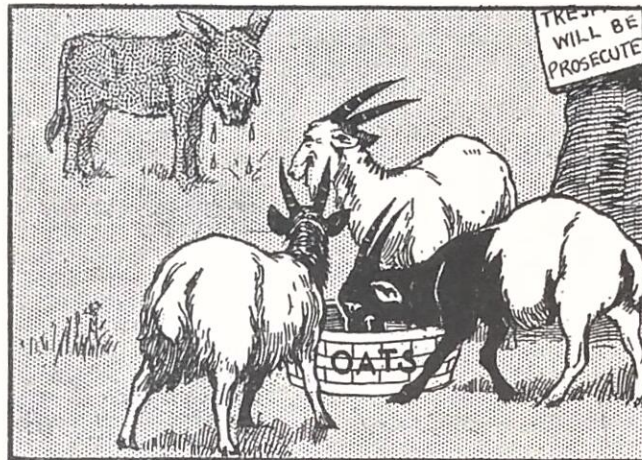


Mr. Monkey: "There, my dear, you don't need a ferry-boat when you have Mr. Giraffe."

Mrs. Monkey: "No, indeed; I think it's better than crossing by aeroplane."

THE END.

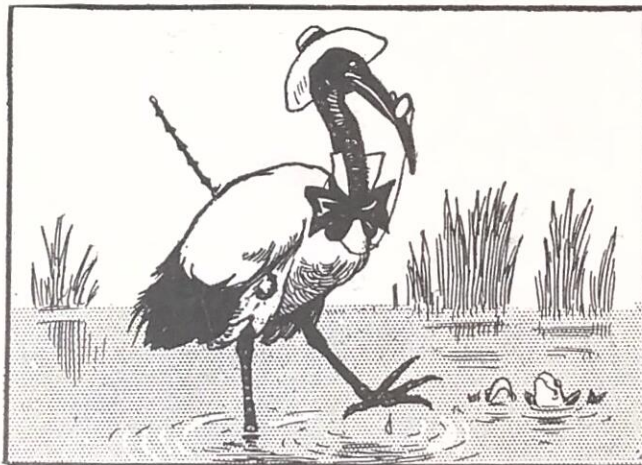
AN ANIMAL ALPHABET



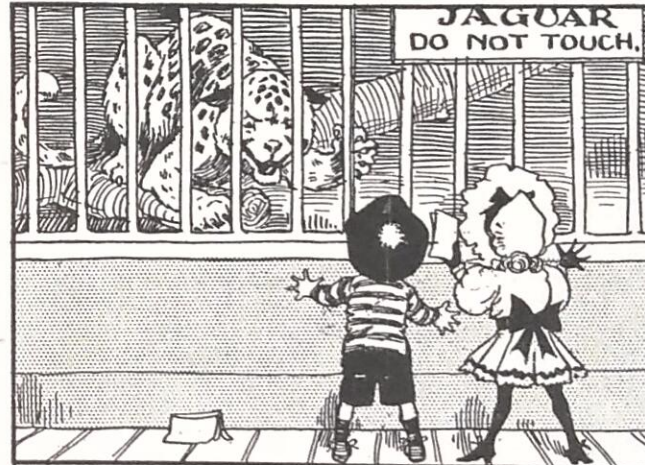
G for the greedy, greedy Goats,
Eating the baby donkey's oats.



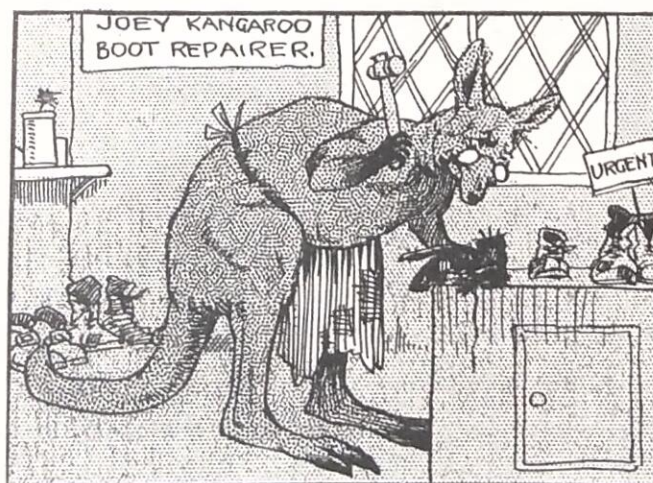
H is the Horse, who comes along,
Scolding the goats for doing wrong.



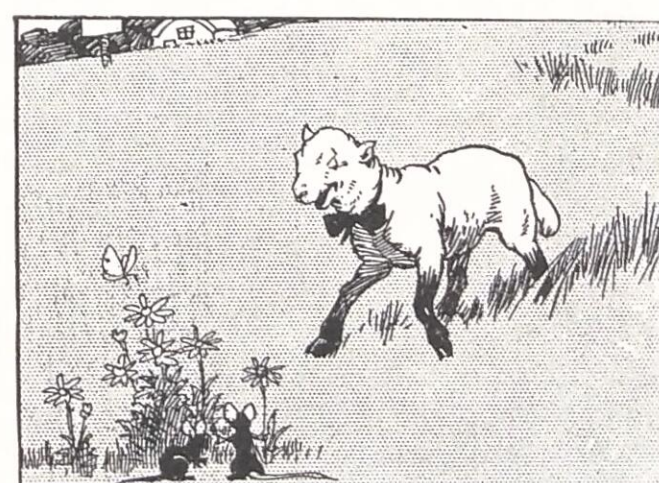
I is the Ibis; have you heard,
He is a sort of wading bird?



J is the Jaguar, fierce and wild;
Not a nice pet for any child.

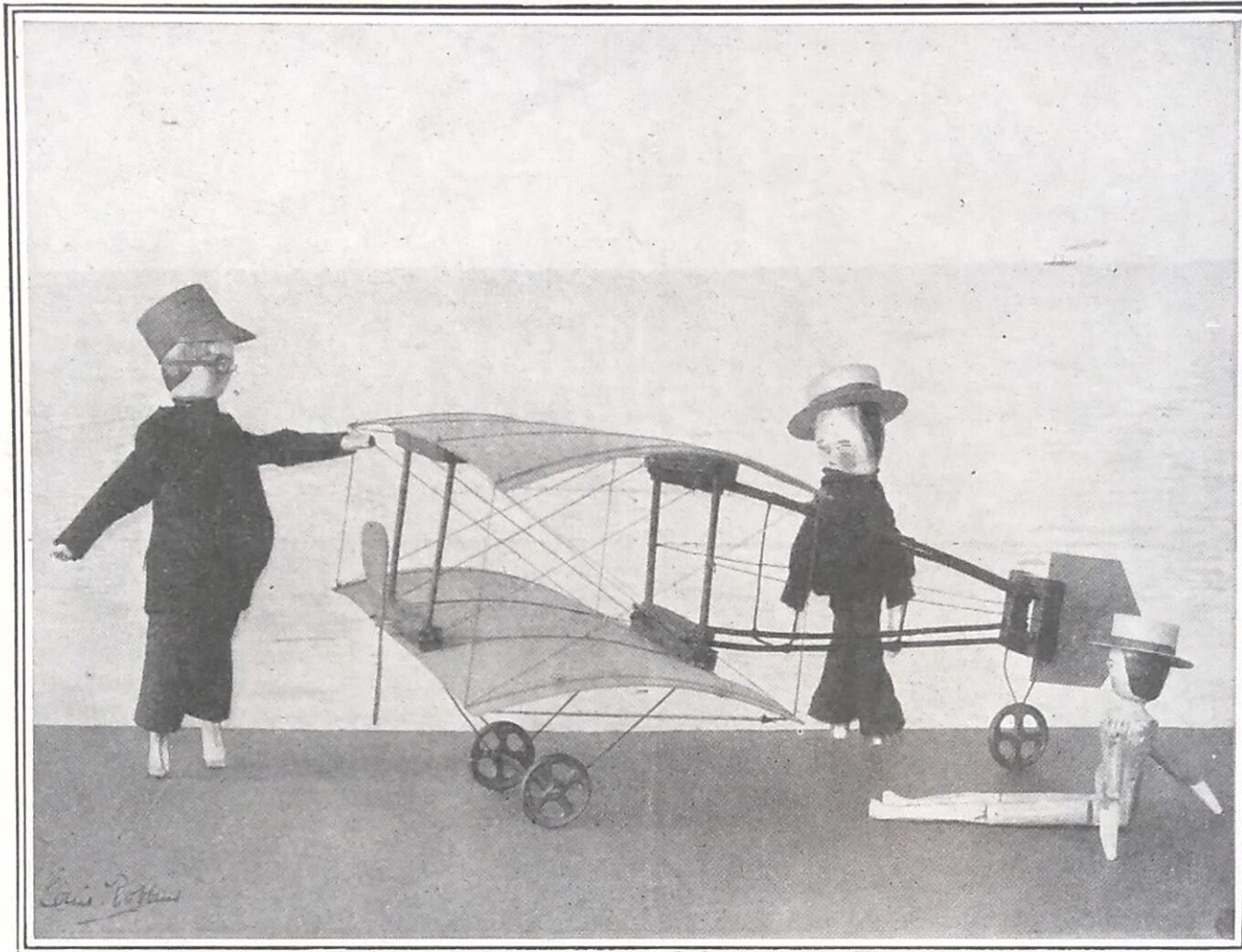


K for the busy Kangaroo,
Trying to mend a worn-out shoe.



L for the Lamb, who strayed one day,
Into a meadow full of hay.

A CHANNEL FLIGHT



A CELEBRATED AIRMAN WHO RESOLVED TO HAVE A TRY

A big prize had been offered (it
was a splendid chance),

To he who on an aeroplane, should
fly across to France.

The prize to be a million pounds
in bags of shining gold,

The man to do so great a deed,
must be both strong and
bold.

A celebrated airman who resolved
to have a try,

Had brought his well-built aero-
plane to Dover, or nearby.

He had to wait for days and days,
the weather being bad,

Rough winds were blowing all the
time, which nearly drove him
mad.

At last he had a chance to start,
the weather was sublime,

He blew his nose, pulled out his
watch (of course to see the time).

And then to prove that nought
was left, and see that all was
right,
He started off the motor, and made
sure the nuts were tight.

To his surprise the
aeroplane, which he
thought anchored
fast,
Began at once to fly
away, while he looked
on aghast.
Now Obadiah O'Bleary
had been standing
looking on,
The aviator, looking
round, found Obadiah
had gone.

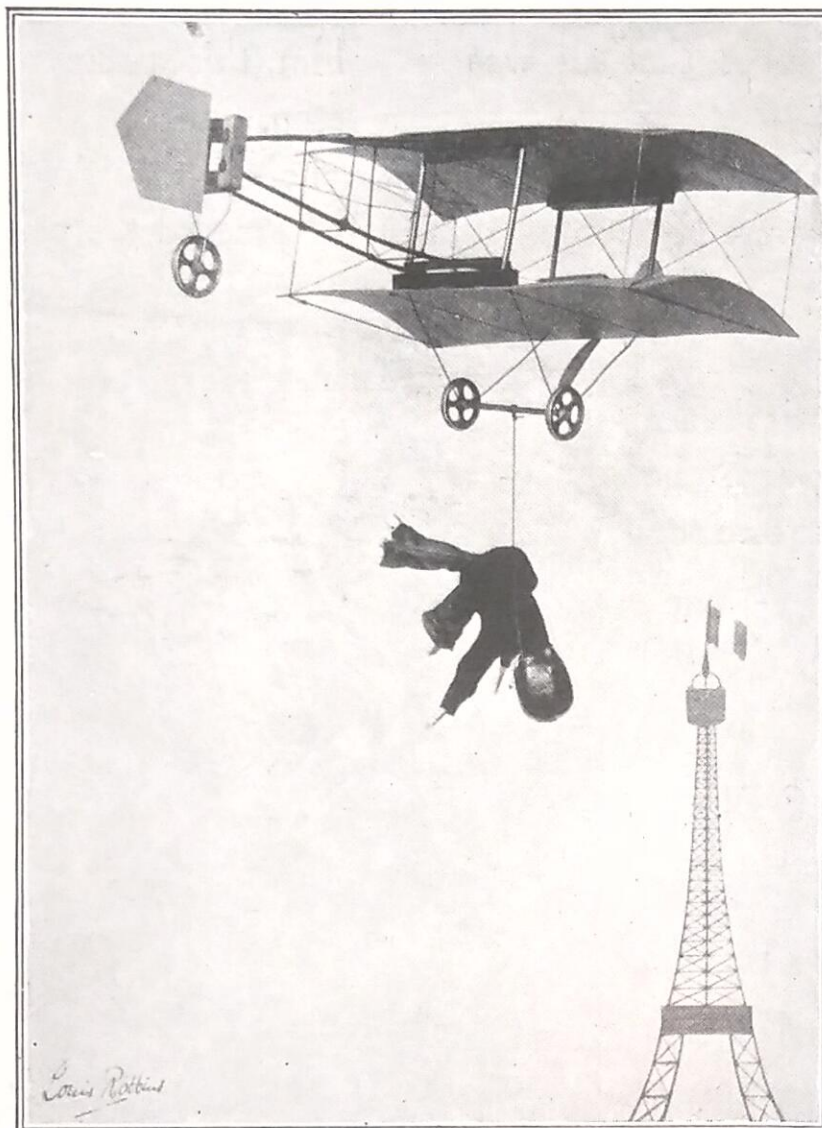
The hook which should
have held the thing,
had caught his pants,
and he
Was hanging to the aero-
plane now flying out to sea.
But after poor O'Bleary had been
flying quite an hour,
He noticed straight ahead of him,
the lofty Eiffel Tower.

The thought then quickly struck
him, this would be the place to
stop,
So boldly thrusting out his hand,
he grasped the pole on top.



THE HOOK HAD CAUGHT HIS PANTS

He held the pole with all his might,
so high above the town,
Till four and twenty brave gen-
darmes went up and brought
him down.



HE NOTICED STRAIGHT AHEAD OF HIM THE LOFTY EIFFEL TOWER

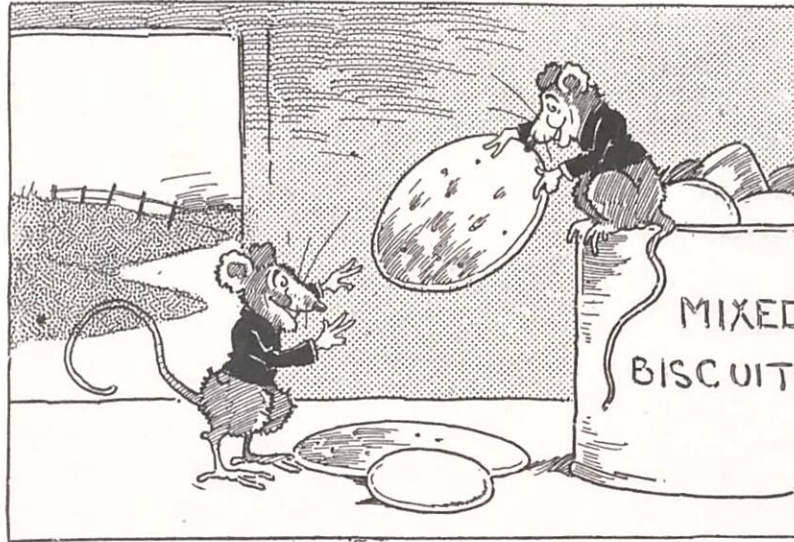
He hurried back to London, and
created much surprise,
By calling at the Aero Club,
to claim the great big
prize.
Of course, they tried to put him
off ; but then said Obadiah :
“ You can't deny I flew
across. What more do you
require ? ”



O'Bleary's
marble bust

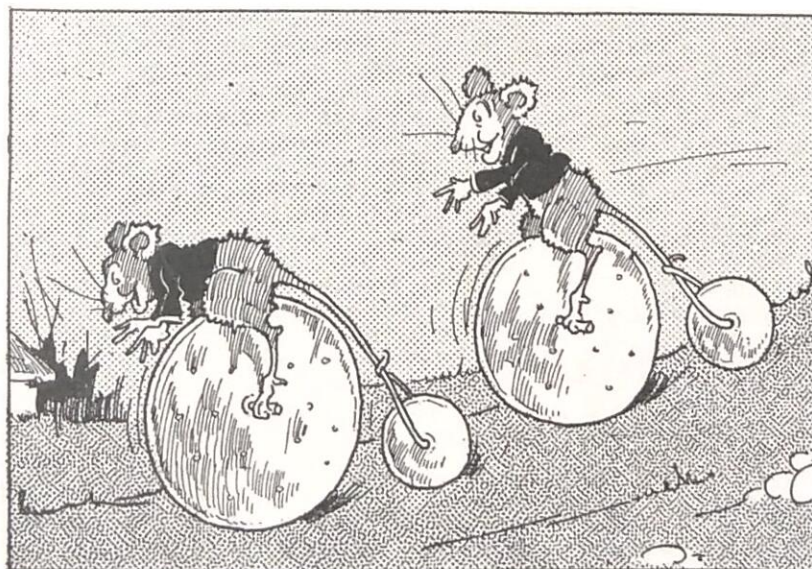
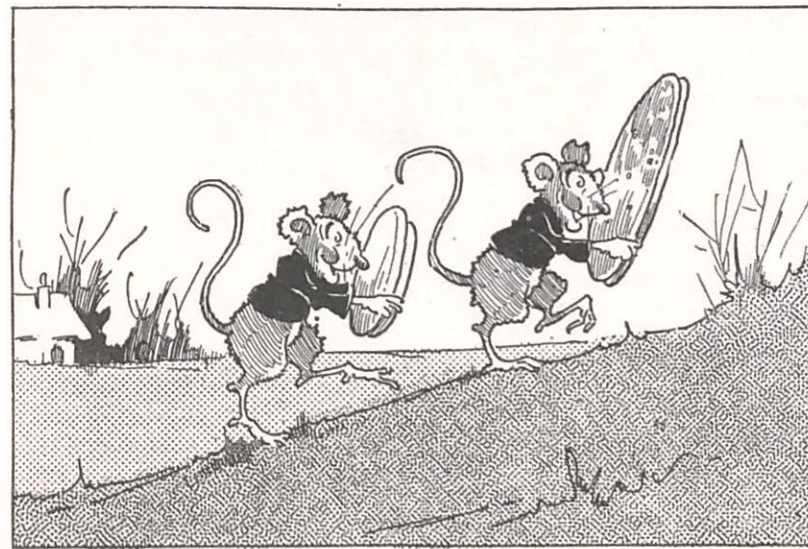
“ It's true that when I did it, it
was much against my will,
But here I am to tell the
tale, alive, and kicking still.”
The Aero Club said, “ Facts
are facts, and pay, of
course, we must.”
And now they've put a laurel
wreath upon O'Bleary's
bust.

THEIR NEW GAME

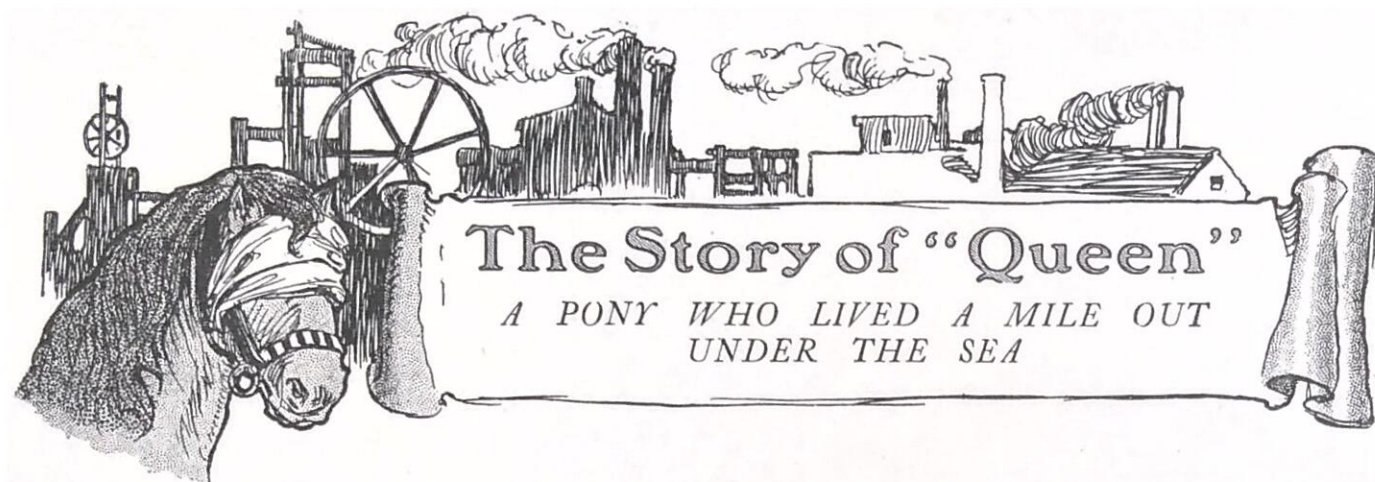


1 "Are you hungry?" said Whiskers. "No," squeaked Nibbler. "Well, as we don't want to eat, we'll have a game here. Catch hold of these biscuits, and I'll show you a lovely new trick. Come on, off we go into the garden.

2 "Now up the hill," said Whiskers. "It does seem a long way, but it won't be nearly so hard coming down again. If you want to know what I'm going to do, you must wait and see." "Oh, I *am* tired," sighed poor Nibbler.



3 "Now are you tired?" "I should think not," chirped Nibbler. "I had no idea you could make such lovely bicycles out of biscuits. I believe I'm going at a hundred miles an hour. I hope there won't be a police trap at the bottom of the hill."



Did you know that ponies are sometimes used in mines? In Cornwall there is a copper and tin mine called Levant, which runs right out under the sea. There are ten or twelve ponies, as a rule living in Levant Mine, half a mile down below the ground, and their stables are a mile out under the sea! A "mine" pony can find its way about in the dark quite as well as a pony above-ground can in the light. Often they trot through the narrow, dark passages of the mine to their stable quite alone they need no guide. The miners and stablemen get very fond of the ponies, and pet them a great deal; and when they have lived down below for about ten or twelve years they are brought up to the surface. When they first come up their eyes are heavily bandaged, because they cannot stand the strong sun or even the light of the upper world after living in almost complete darkness for so many years. This story tell you all about one of these "pit" ponies, who was quite happy working deep down in the mine.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

"QUEEN'S" EARLY LIFE.

THE day's work was over, and Queen, the pretty little plump pony, and two of her companions, were enjoying their well-earned supper in their comfortable stable right down in the mine, a mile out under the sea.

As a rule, the ponies soon fell asleep after their supper, but to-night the air in the mine seemed unusually hot and heavy, and they were all restless and disinclined to sleep.

"What wouldn't I give for a whiff of fresh air!" said one pony, called Charlie, who had only been in the mine a week, as he violently kicked the side of his stall.

"It's no good to get impatient," remarked Queen gently.

"It's all very well for you!" grumbled Tom. "You've just come back from a six months' holiday up there in the world, whilst I, poor creature, have been toiling and moiling down in these depths."

"I hate this life! I shall never get accustomed to it," cried Charlie, in despairing tones.

"Oh, yes, you will! I felt like that at first," answered Queen. "I'll tell you the story of my life if you like; it will pass the night quickly."

"That's a splendid idea!" cried Charlie and Tom together.

"I will try to make my story interesting," said Queen, in a pleased voice. And she settled herself comfortably on her straw bed and began:

"As you know, my name is Queen. Until about two years ago my home was a farm on a breezy common near the wild, rocky coast of the Land's End in Cornwall. What happy days I have spent on that common in company with other ponies, donkeys, and sheep! What a beautiful place it was in spring—a perfect blaze of golden gorse! In autumn, a mass of purple heather intermingled with the deliciously-scented gorse, which blooms nearly the whole year through. Beyond, the beautiful Cornish sea, which is everywhere noted for its glorious blue.

Often have I galloped over that common in sheer delight at being alive. A sniff at the gorse seemed to fill me with excitement, and away I would scamper over the common to the edge of the dangerous cliffs which looked as though they went sheer down into the sea. There I would stop for a few minutes to watch the fishing-boats far down on the blue waters below, or to look at the miners hurrying to or from the mine near by.

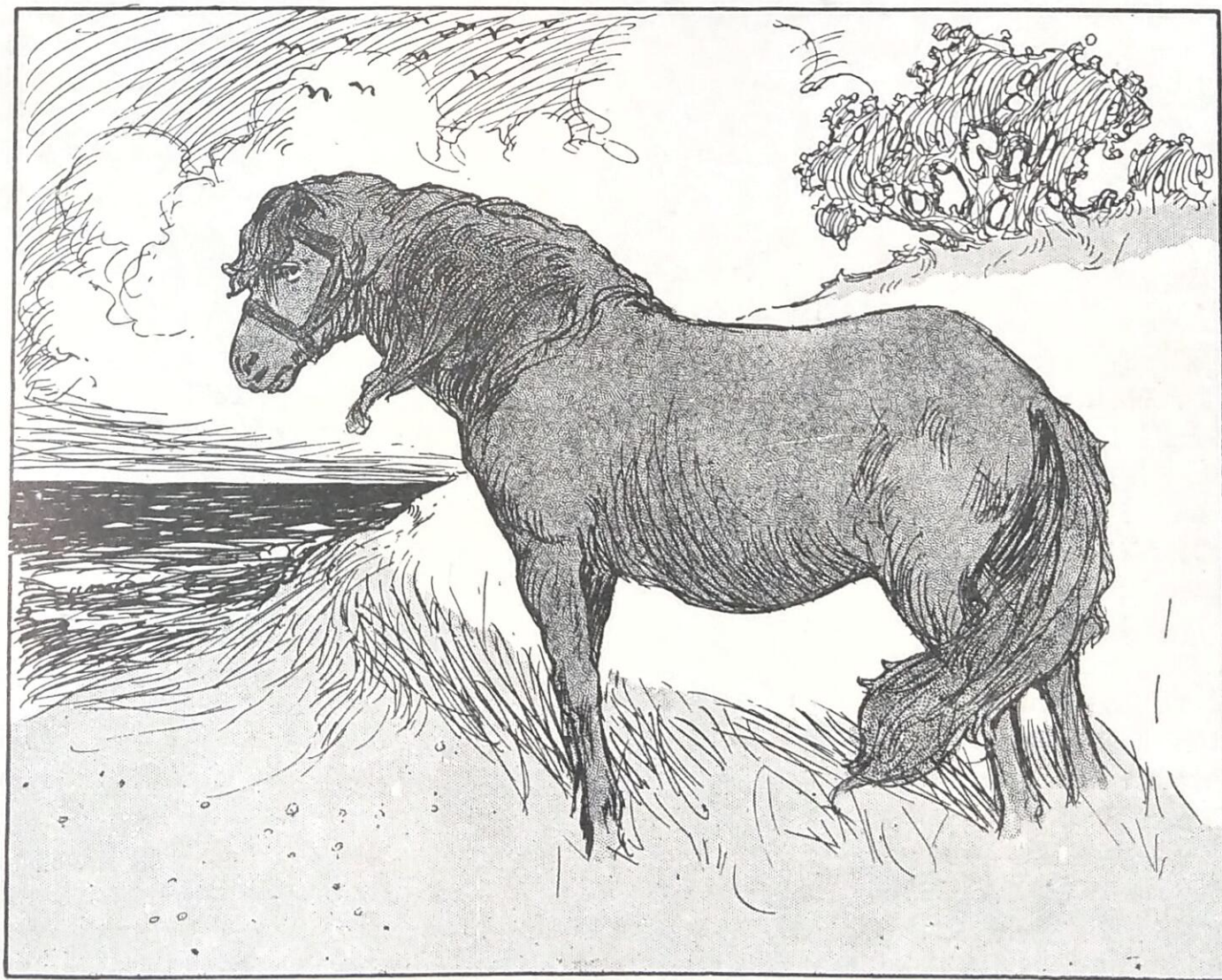
"This part of Cornwall is noted for its mines, and this one, by name Levant, is very famous. I took great interest in this mine, for I often heard my master talk about it. He was much interested in it, too. I don't understand how, but I know it brought him in a lot of money somehow every year.

"My master used to drive me about a great deal in his smart little pony-cart ; and as he generally had a friend with him, I heard a good deal about his affairs and his connection with the mine.

"One day, when I was about five years old, I was pulling my master and a stranger, who turned out to be the new manager of the mine, up a steep hill between Penzance and St. Just, when I heard the stranger remark :

"'That's a strong pony of yours, Mr. Trehane ! How splendidly she is taking us up this steep hill ! We're no light weight, I am sure !'

"'Queen is a first-rate little pony. She is strong, willing, and as good-tempered as possible,' answered my master, giving me a gentle flick with his whip, which I knew was meant for affection.



"A sniff at the gorse seemed to fill me with excitement, and away I would scamper over the common to the edge of the dangerous cliffs."

"The two men were silent for a moment, then the stranger remarked suddenly :

" 'I'll give you a good price for your pony if you'll sell her to work in the mine yonder. Of course, she'll be well fed and well treated,' continued the man.

" 'Sell Queen to work in the mine! Not if I know it!' said my master decidedly.

"As for me, I stopped dead in the middle of the hill at the very idea of such a thing! It was not until I heard the stranger ask 'What the pony meant by stopping so abruptly' that I came to my senses and went on.

"I, Queen, the pony who had been accustomed from birth to the fresh, invigorating air and the springy turf of the common by day, and a comfortable stable at night, to be sold for work in a horrible mine, where everything looked dismal and barren—the idea was intolerable! I had never been in a mine, but from a distance I had seen the miners in their working dress of a brownish-yellowish hue, and I had often heard them talking about the depth of the mine as they left work and trudged home across the common. I knew my master would never dream of selling me!

"The days passed rapidly. The weather was lovely, and I was kept busy taking some visitors, who were staying with my master, about to the different places of interest. I quite forgot that dreadful proposition, and gave myself up entirely to the enjoyment of these excursions in the delightful summer weather.

"At night, instead of being shut in my stable, I was allowed to roam at will with my companions—horses and donkeys—on the common.

Only those who have slept in the open on a warm summer night on tufts of springy heather and sweet-scented thyme can realise the joy of it.

"But, alas! there came an end to all this delightful freedom. For days and days I saw nothing of my dear master. At last I understood from various remarks that he had been very ill, and had died. My grief was great, and my heart sank within me at the loss of so kind a friend. I felt certain that I should be sold to work in the mine.

"It was as I thought. One dismal day in

October I was harnessed and led away to the mine. The man who led me petted me and made a great deal of me, but I did not return his kindness. I only wished I could die.

CHAPTER II.

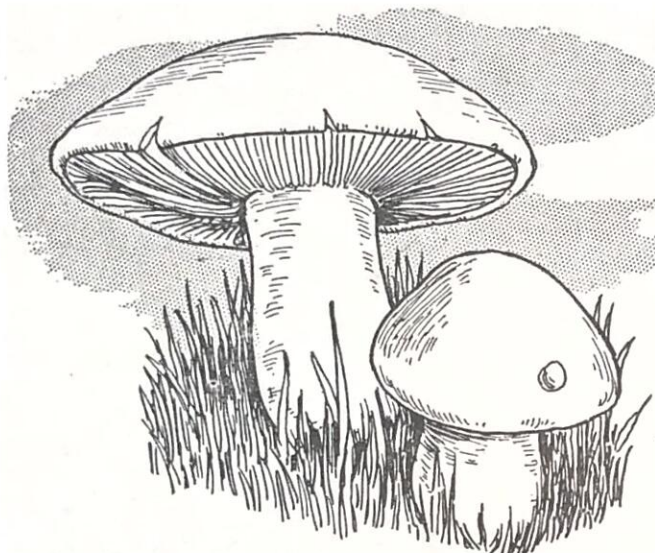
LIFE IN THE MINE.

"WHEN we got to the pit's mouth I was blindfolded, and put into a sort of cage which they had made for me, and then I was lowered down, down, down. I thought the

descent would never come to an end. Then my bandage was taken off, and I was led along dark passages, lit up here and there by flaring lights. Overhead there seemed to be an unceasing roar and rumble.

"We passed groups of men in miners' costume. One man remarked: 'Poor crittur! it'll take her some time to get accustomed to the darkness and the noise of the sea overhead.'

"I could not understand how the sea could be overhead, but I soon learnt that the mine ran under the sea, and that my stable was right out a mile under the water. And a very comfortable stable I found it, too, shared by five



"ST. GEORGE'S MUSHROOMS"

You may find some of these in the fields in April, although it is too early for ordinary mushrooms, which are pink underneath. These are white all through, and have a nice "mealy" kind of smell

other ponies. A good bed of straw was laid out for me, and a good feed of corn and hay was ready in my crib; but do you suppose I cared to touch it, or to respond in any way to the soothing caresses of the man whose duty it was to look after me? No! I would not touch my food, or lie upon my straw.

"If ever a pony shed tears I did that night!"

"Poor Queen! We know exactly how you felt!" interrupted Charlie and Tom, who were listening with rapt attention to Queen's story.

"Yes," continued Queen. "I believed my

heart was broken! My kind master was dead, and the beautiful world of sunshine and light was taken from me, and I was condemned to live down in a dark mine under the earth—nay, under the sea!

"For three whole days I refused food and comfort. At last I began to take notice of you, my companion ponies, and of the kind way in which we were all treated, and I noted the special attention paid to me by the tender-hearted stableman.

"Poor Queen! you'll soon get accustomed to it, and find kindness below the earth as well as



The little Princess of Happyland gave a lovely picnic in the country, and all the children enjoyed themselves enormously. So did the princess's toy spaniel!

on it,' he said one day, as he was trying to induce me to take some food.

"Well, he succeeded, for I thought perseverance and attention ought to be rewarded.

"From that day I began to recover my spirits a little. I determined to eat my food, work hard, and be pleasant, for then there would be more chance of returning to the land of light and air. So I tried to do my duty bravely, and I pulled truck after truck load of mineral through the narrow mine-passages. The mineral passed through many stages before it left the mine.

"Strange to say, I got quite accustomed to my new life, and very fond of my attendant and the men and boys who drove me and of my stable companions. We were all most kindly treated.

"I stayed down in the mine for over two years, then I began to feel languid and pine for fresh air. The veterinary came to see me, and ordered that I should be sent back to my dear old common for six months. I needed sunshine and fresh sea-breezes. How joyful I

was when I heard the good news! A scamper once more on the breezy common, a night on the heather under the shining stars! What delight!

"But, alas! when once I was hoisted up the mine-shaft I could not bear the strong light. Again my eyes were bandaged, but this time to keep out the light.

"When I got accustomed to the sunshine, the world above seemed to have lost some of its charm. My old friends the horses and donkeys were all gone, and motor-cars and motor-

omnibuses came whizzing over the common road. The excitement of the world above was almost too much for me. I began to feel that my home and my friends were in the mine down under the sea, and that I should be quite content to return to them once more.

"At the end of six months I again descended the shaft to my gloomy home. And here I am likely to be. Visitors sometimes come to Levant Mine, and they are generally brought to see us

in our stable under the sea. We often get tit-bits — carrots, sugar, apples, etc., from these kind people.

"Here I wish to spend the rest of my working days; but when I am too old to work I hope I shall be allowed to die in the warmth and sunshine of a beautiful summer on the lovely Cornish common where the first years of my life were spent."

"Thank you, dear Queen, for your story," said Charlie. "You have already made us more contented with our lot."

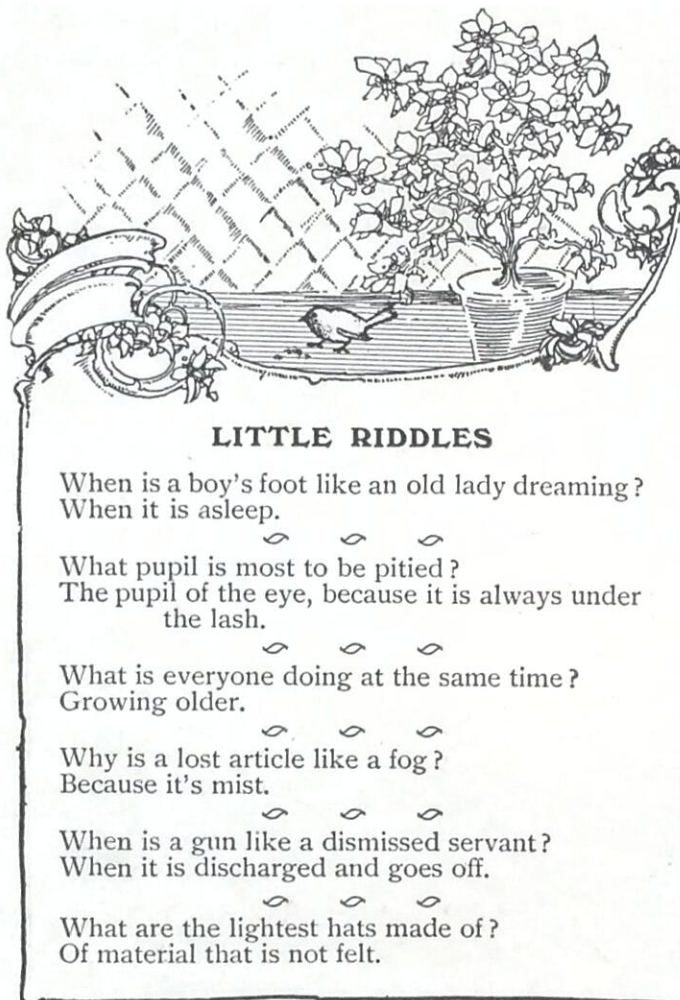
"Yes," cried Tom; "and if we work hard and are good-tempered,

perhaps our masters will reward us by letting us end our days in the light and sunshine of the world above!"

"I am sure they will!" answered Queen drowsily.

A few minutes later the ponies were fast asleep, doubtless dreaming of the beautiful gorse-scented common bathed in warm sunshine, and of the fresh, invigorating sea-breezes which blow over the rockbound shores of lovely Cornwall.

THE END.



LITTLE RIDDLES

When is a boy's foot like an old lady dreaming?
When it is asleep.

What pupil is most to be pitied?
The pupil of the eye, because it is always under the lash.

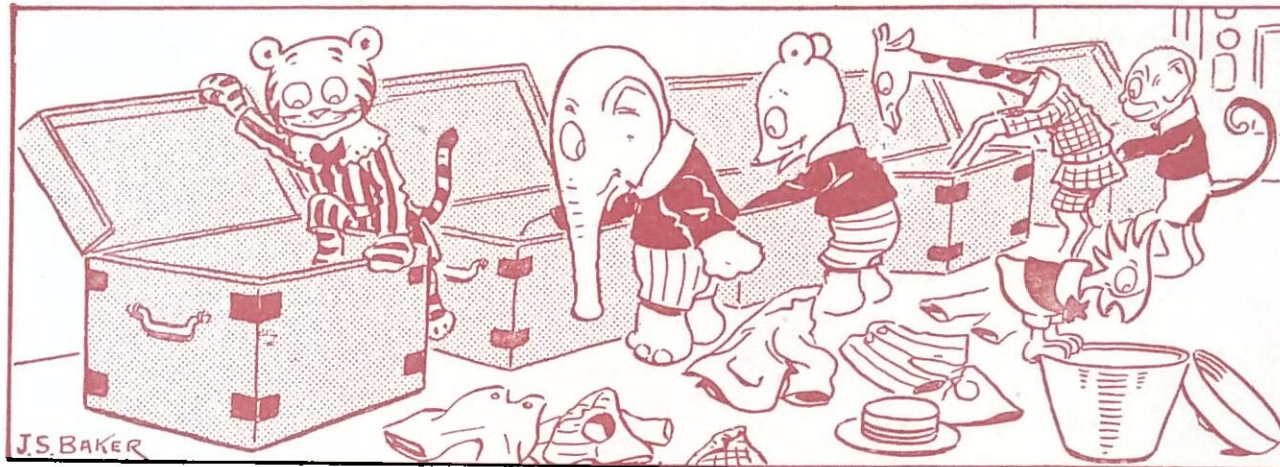
What is everyone doing at the same time?
Growing older.

Why is a lost article like a fog?
Because it's mist.

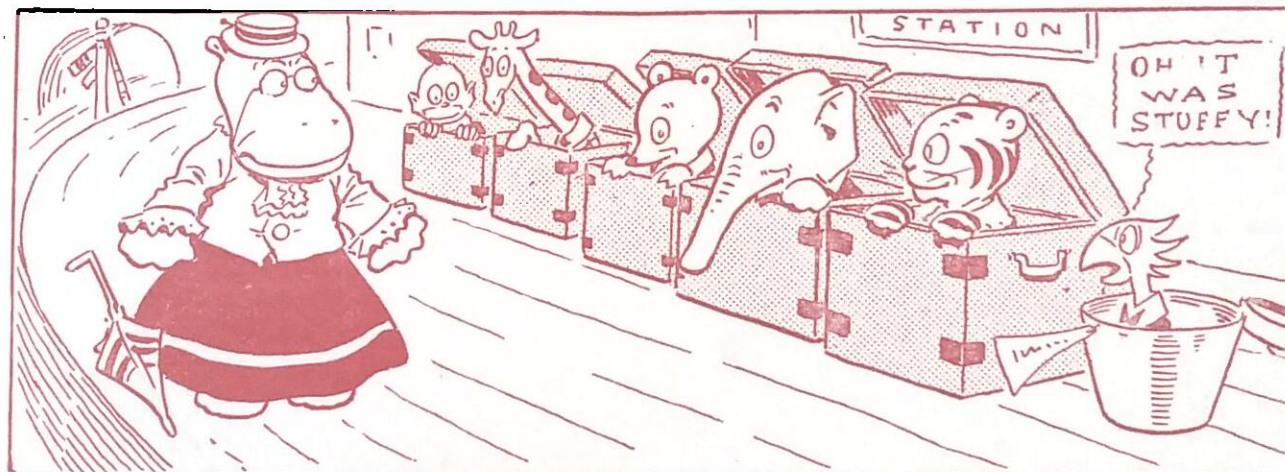
When is a gun like a dismissed servant?
When it is discharged and goes off.

What are the lightest hats made of?
Of material that is not felt.

MRS. HIPPO'S BOYS DISOBEY ORDERS



1 "Boys," said Mrs. Hippo, "I think I'll take you all down to the seaside earlier than usual. Some of you are not looking at all well lately. Pack up all your boxes, so that I can take them to Jungle Sands in advance. You can all come down to-morrow when I have obtained lodgings for you." "You don't catch me staying behind while my box goes off to the seaside," said Tiger Tim, climbing into his trunk

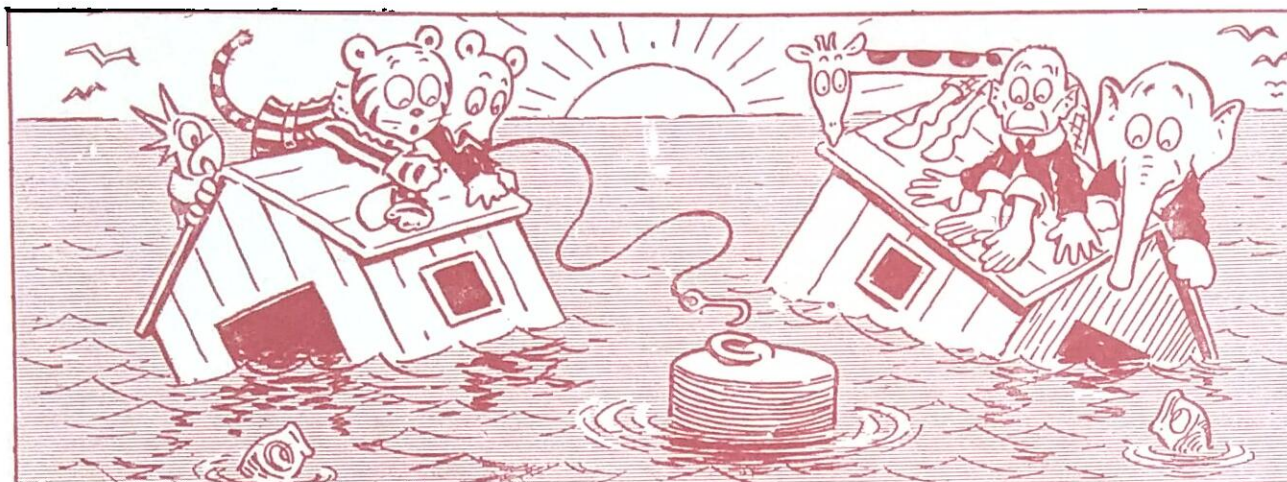


2 Of course, when Tiger Tim does anything naughty, all the other boys feel bound to copy him; and as he's a very mischievous boy, they often get into difficulties. So it came about that when Mrs. Hippo arrived with the boxes at Jungle Sands Station she was astonished to see the lids of the boxes pop up, and six naughty boys cry: "Peep-bo! I see you!"

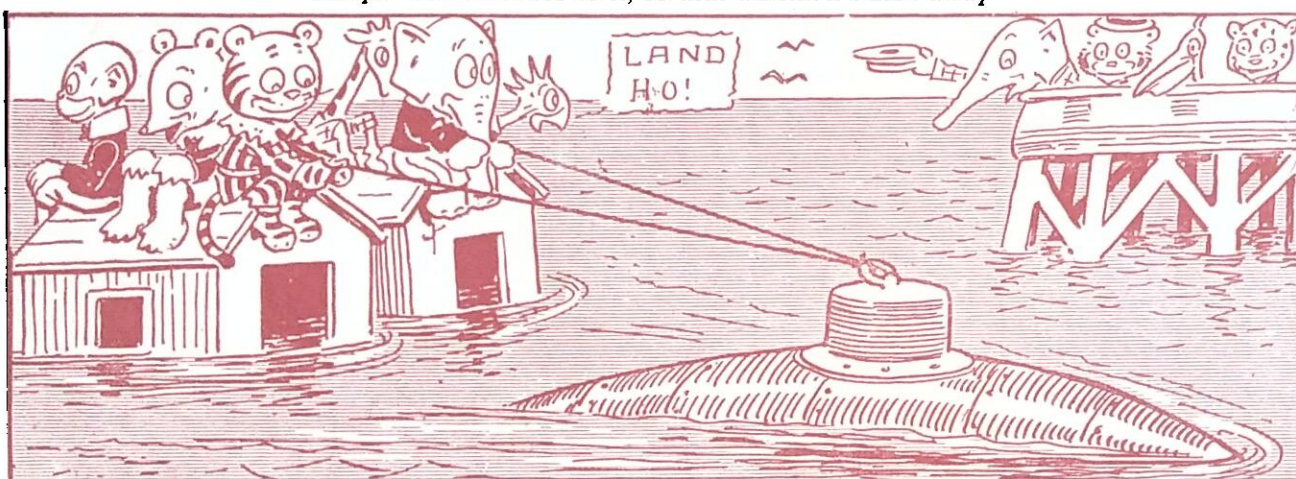


3 "Oh, you *bad* children! How *dare* you follow me down here? The porter says the town is full of visitors, and there is not a lodging to be had anywhere. What *are* we to do? There is no train back." It was quite true, too. When night came, and they were still without lodgings, Mrs. Hippo had to hire a row of bathing-machines for them to sleep in

THE BOYS ARE WASHED OUT TO SEA



4 Unfortunately, the sea has a most *untidy* habit of going in and out just when it thinks it will; and the boys awoke in the morning, to find themselves being washed far out to sea. "I vote we climb on the roof. It's not quite so damp!" suggested Joey, the parrot. "Oh, look!" cried Jacko, "there's a buoy! Let's anchor to it, so that we sha'n't drift away"



5 Imagine the surprise of the boys, a moment later, when the "buoy" came up out of the water and revealed the top of a submarine boat! "Oh, I say, it is one of those boats that dive down under the sea like fishes. Isn't this exciting, boys? Hooray! hooray! It is tugging us back to the harbour. We sha'n't be shipwrecked after all!"



6 But the queerest thing of all was the discovery Mrs. Hippo made after her boys had been towed safely back to shore. "Why, if it isn't my sailor brother Jack!" she cried, when Captain Hippo poked his head out of the trapdoor. "We haven't seen one another for years. I *am* glad we've met. I must see that you get a medal for gallant life-saving at sea. Give him three cheers, boys!"

THE NEW TENANT

A story about some children who made up their minds they were going to dislike a certain person long before they ever saw him



"What's that?" said someone coming up behind the children

THE Somerton children—Eric, Mab, Jim, and Trix—lived in an old-fashioned house, called The Gables, in the village of Midwell, in Devonshire. They enjoyed themselves very much indeed on the whole, though they never had very much money to spend.

Up till quite lately the Somertons had lived in London, but Mrs. Somerton decided that it would be cheaper to live in the country, so she brought her children to Midwell, as she had one or two friends living near there.

One day, as the children were walking over to a farm close by, to get some eggs, they passed the

old Manor House, and stopped to look through the lodge-gates at the beautiful flowers still blooming in some of the flower-beds.

"Doesn't it seem a pity they should be left there to die?" said Jim. "I wish we could go in and pick some."

"What's that?" said someone, coming up behind the children. "You'd like to pick some of them flowers? So you shall, my dears; so you shall."

"But——"

"But how can I give you permission, you were going to say? Well, my dears, I'm the caretaker.



Many a jolly game they had

My wife and me only came the day before yesterday; but the Squire says so long as we're here, we can do what we like with the flowers."

"But wouldn't your wife like them herself for her house?" asked Mab.

"Why, bless you, miss, she's got every room simply chock-full o' flowers, as it is! And it certainly *do* seem a pity to let the rest bloom there and die, with nobody—as you might say—any the better for 'em."

"Thank you very much, then," said Eric. "We'll just run over to the farm for the eggs, then we'll come back and pick some flowers to take home to mother, if you will let us."

"You're very welcome, little sir. Just ring this

bell when you come back, and either my wife or I'll open the gate for you to come in."

And that was how it came about that the Somerton children "had the run" of the Manor House gardens. Many a jolly game they had there, and very often they would finish up by having tea with the lodge-keeper—or, rather, caretaker—and his wife.

They were called Dornford, and they had no children of their own, so I'm afraid they did their best to spoil their happy little visitors.

Mrs. Dornford would bake perfectly lovely cakes for tea when she knew they were coming, and her home-made jam seemed likely to last for ever.

One day Mr. Dornford, after letting the children in at the lodge-gate, walked with them up the drive. He was carrying a large bunch of keys in his hand, and somehow he seemed rather sad and silent.

"Are—aren't you very well, Mr. Dornford?" asked little Trix, rather shyly.

"Yes, my dear; yes, thank you," he replied hastily. "I—I was wondering if you'd like to see over the Manor House to-day? I've got the keys here."

"Oh, yes, please!" they all cried together; "we *should*! Will you take us?"

"Yes. Come along, then," said the old man. He walked up the wide, stone steps to the big front door; and as it slowly opened inwards, he beckoned to the children to walk in. They went in, feeling very awed as they looked at the great oak-panelled hall and the big staircase that faced them.

Mr. Dornford took them all over the lovely old place; and though they didn't say much, they thought how delightful it would be to live in such a grand old house.

At last, when they came again into the oak-panelled hall on their way out, Mr. Dornford said:

"Well, my dears, I thought I'd like to take you over the Manor House to-day, because—because to-morrow my wife and I are goin' away."

"Going away?" gasped the children, in dismay. "Oh, Mr. Dornford dear, why?" added Mab.

"Because the Manor House is let to a gentleman who's coming down here to live in it in a week or two."

"But—but won't he let you and Mrs. Dornford stay?" asked Jim. "He'll want a lodge-keeper."

"I'm very much afraid he won't want us, though," said Mr. Dornford. "I expect he's got some servants of his own he'll want to put in our places. At any rate, we've to go and see him in London to-morrow—him or his agent, or someone." And poor old Mr. Dornford sighed deeply as he finished.

The next day, four doleful little children went to the station to see their two old friends into the London train; and when they had gone, Eric said, as they trudged back home:

"Well, I do think that new tenant must be the meanest, horriest old man that ever lived. He'll be sure to keep everybody out of the grounds! And I shouldn't wonder if he's a miser, who won't even pay to have a lodge-keeper; and very likely he'll keep a big, fierce bulldog to tear people to pieces!"

"Oh, Eric! Why, he mightn't be so bad! P'r'aps he's going to let Mr. and Mrs. Dornford come back, after all!" said Mab.

Suddenly the children heard the sound of a horse-and-trap behind them; and as they stood back close to the bank at the side of the road, a big bay mare drawing a high dogcart came into view.

"I say, young people," came in cheery tones from a gentleman who was driving, "am I going in the right direction for the Manor House?"

"Yes; keep straight on," said Mab; "then turn to the left, and you'll see the lodge-gates right in front of you."

"Thank you," said the stranger, as he bowled merrily along.

When the children reached the lodge-gates a few minutes later, they were surprised as they peeped through, to see the stranger walking up the drive.

"Oo-ooh!" whispered little Trix, "p'r'aps he's the new man who's taken the Manor House!"

"No fear!" replied Eric. "I expect he's just got permission to go in and look at the house, or something."

At that moment the stranger turned round, and, seeing his little friends who had directed him a few minutes before, he smiled.



Mr. Dornford walked with them up the drive

"I say, wait a minute!" he cried. "Would you like to come in?"

He hurried down to the gate, but when he opened it and smiled encouragingly at the children they drew back.

"I don't think we'd better come in, thank you," said Mab. "You see, the new tenant mightn't like it."

"Oh—er—I don't think he'd mind," said the stranger—rather nervously, as Eric thought.

"You don't know!" cried the boy. "Why, he'd be simply *ragey* if he thought we'd been inside his grounds!"

"But you see, I—er—know him—slightly," said the stranger.

"And that's why you're half afraid to ask us in!" said Eric triumphantly. "I can tell you are, by the way you're speaking. The new tenant is an old beast—now, isn't he?"

"Well, I don't know that I should go as far as saying he's an old beast. He's rather—er—— But what makes you so *sure* he's an ogre?"

"Why, if he weren't," Jim chimed in, "he'd never have turned Mr. and Mrs. Dornford off!"

"How do you know he's—I mean, who *are* Mr. and Mrs. Dornford?"

"They were caretakers here, and he's sent for them to go and see him, or his agent, or someone in London; and of course that means he's going to pay them their wages and turn them off. And I think it's a mean shame!" Eric ended angrily.

"I really don't see—— Do you know, now I come to think of it, I believe I heard something about them being sent for, so that they could choose new furniture for the lodge. I do really believe they're going to be kept on."

The children could find nothing to say to this, so the stranger went on:

"By the way, what are your names?"

"Mine's Eric," began the eldest brother; "this is Mab, that's Jim, and the littlest one is Trix."

"Oh, I see! And what's your other name?"

"Somerton."

"Why, I wonder—— Did your mother live near here a long time ago, when she was a girl?" asked the stranger eagerly.

"Yes, I believe she did," said Mab. "That's why she came back to live here after father died, because mother had some old friends living near here."

"I believe *I'm* one of her old friends, too.

I know the lady I mean married a Mr. Somerton. Will you show me where you live?"

The children were quite excited as they walked along at the stranger's side. They soon reached The Gables; and when mother came out to meet them she gazed in astonishment at the stranger for a moment,

"You seem very unhappy, my child?"
"Yes, sir. I sometimes wish I had been boiled when I was an egg."

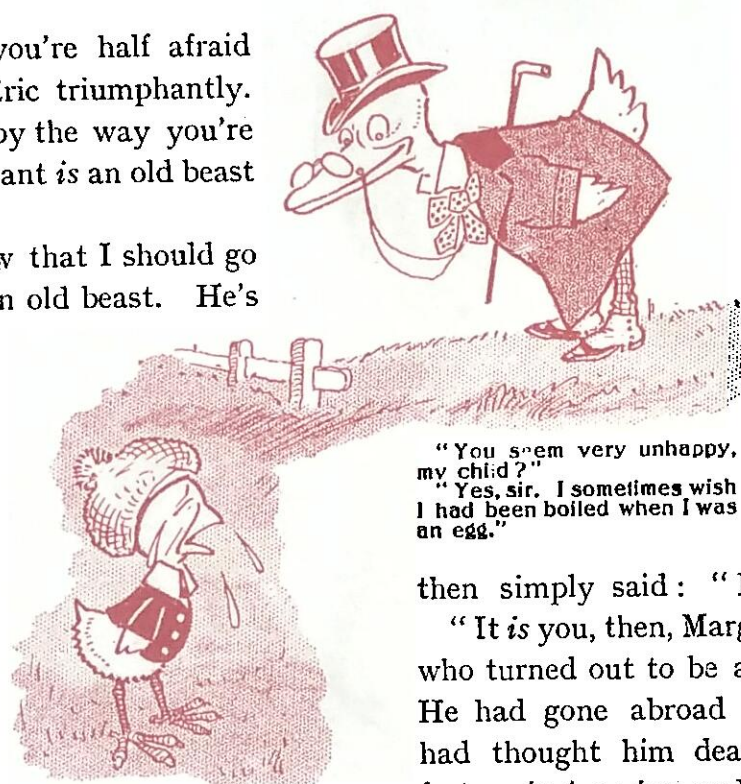
then simply said: "Harry!"

"It is you, then, Margaret!" cried the stranger, who turned out to be an old friend of mother's. He had gone abroad years ago, and everyone had thought him dead. He had made a big fortune in America, and had come home to settle down near his old home in Midwell. "And," as Eric said, "he *isn't* a stranger now, but he is 'the new tenant.'"

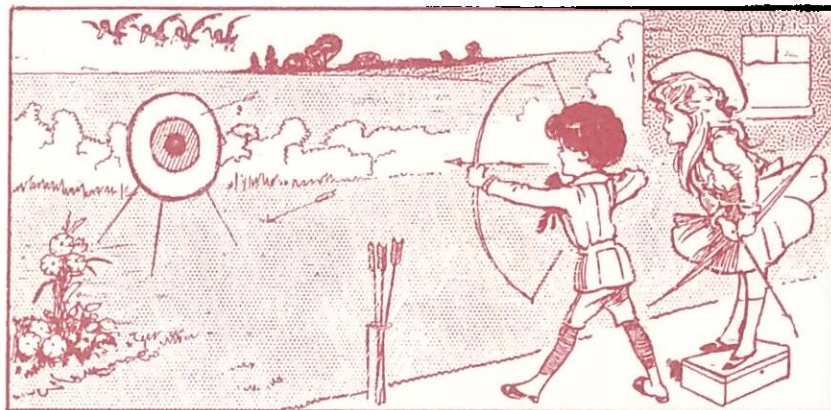
"At any rate, whatever I *am* or am *not*, I hope you'll all come and keep me company whenever you can at the old Manor House," said "the new tenant"—whose name, by the way, was Mr. Clifton—and perhaps one day you'll come and live there altogether."

The children eagerly cried in chorus: "Oh, yes, *rather*!"

THE END.

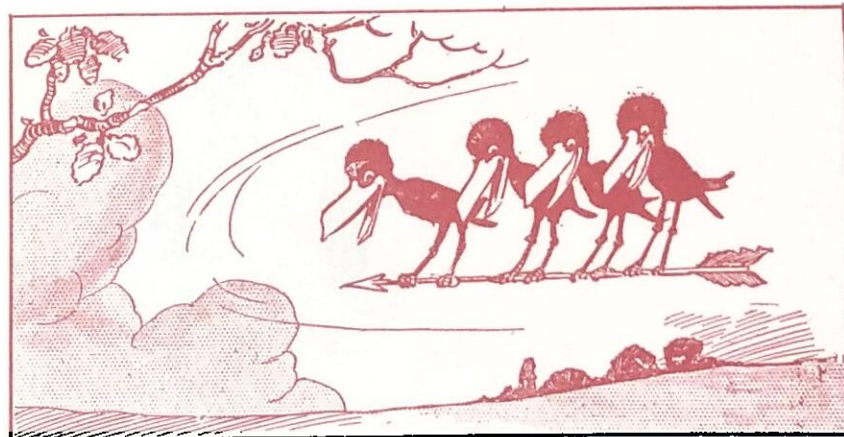
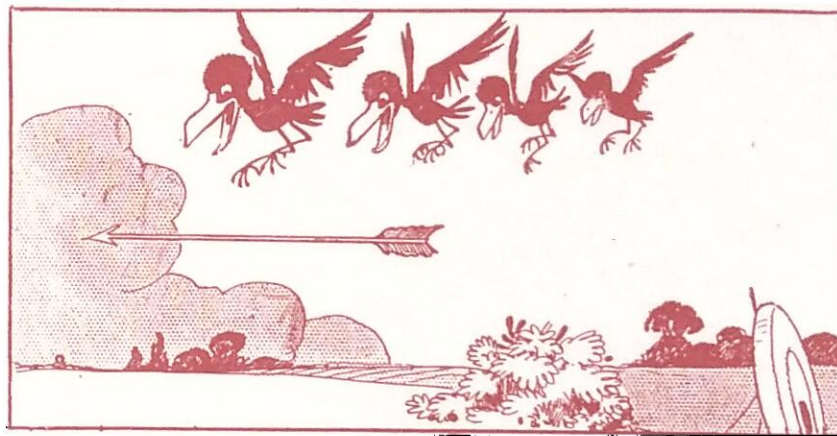


JIM CROW'S AIRSHIP



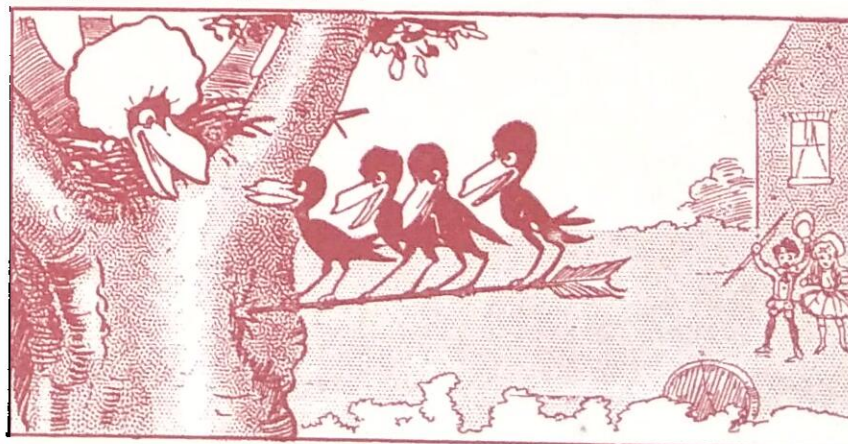
1 "Wasn't it kind of Uncle Dick to send us an archery outfit?" said Dolly Dimple. "I must give him a nice kiss when he comes to see us next week." "Yes," agreed Reggie; "he is a jolly good sort! Now watch me hit the bullseye!"

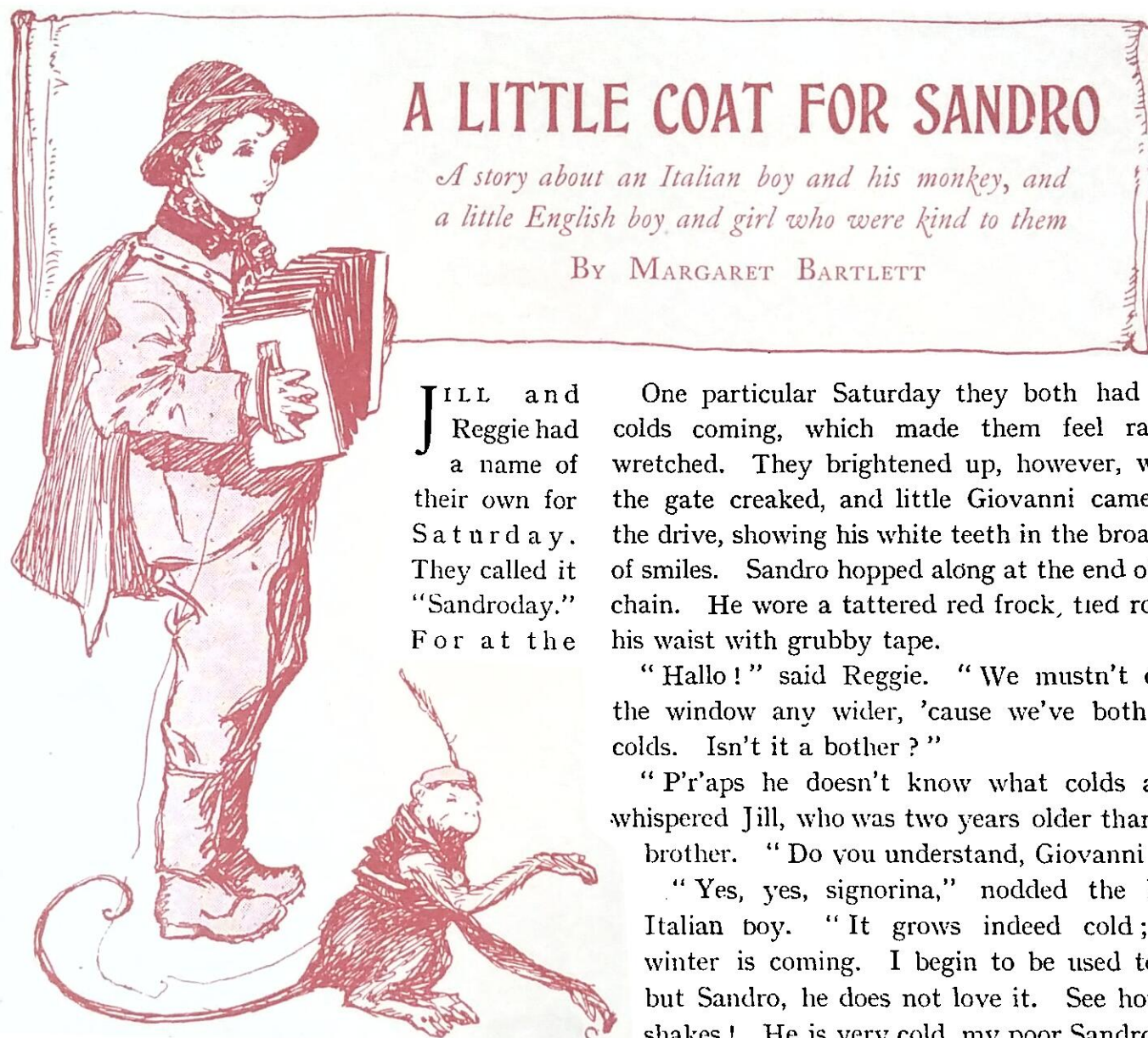
2 But Reggie's arrow went very wide of the mark; and Mrs. Crow's chicks, who were out for their afternoon fly, had rather a narrow escape. "Hallo, chicks! We need not trouble to fly home. Here's the last 'bus," chirped one of the party. "Jump on, quick!"



3 So the four little Crows perched on the flying arrow and had a rest. "This is a much nicer way of going home," piped Jim Crow. "These airships are all the fashion now. I must ask mamma to buy one."

4 Wonderful to relate, the arrow sped through the air till it struck the very tree where Mrs. Crow has her nest. "Why, my dears, you are home early!" cried Mrs. Crow. "Yes, mamma," chirped little Jim; "Reggie Dimple lent us his airship."





A LITTLE COAT FOR SANDRO

*A story about an Italian boy and his monkey, and
a little English boy and girl who were kind to them*

BY MARGARET BARTLETT

JILL and Reggie had a name of their own for Saturday. They called it "Sandroday." For at the

One particular Saturday they both had bad colds coming, which made them feel rather wretched. They brightened up, however, when the gate creaked, and little Giovanni came up the drive, showing his white teeth in the broadest of smiles. Sandro hopped along at the end of his chain. He wore a tattered red frock, tied round his waist with grubby tape.

"Hallo!" said Reggie. "We mustn't open the window any wider, 'cause we've both got colds. Isn't it a bother?"

"P'raps he doesn't know what colds are," whispered Jill, who was two years older than her brother. "Do you understand, Giovanni?"

"Yes, yes, signorina," nodded the little Italian boy. "It grows indeed cold; the winter is coming. I begin to be used to it; but Sandro, he does not love it. See how he shakes! He is very cold, my poor Sandro!"

The little monkey looked up at them, with his bright hazel eyes, on hearing his name; and Jill threw him a handful of nuts. He scrambled for them, but not quite so eagerly as usual; and when he went through his performance of saluting, somersaulting, and dancing, the children saw that he was not happy.

After Giovanni had gone, Jill said to Reggie: "I've got a most beautiful idea."

"Well?" said Reggie, settling down to his fretwork once more.

"It's a little coat for Sandro!" said Jill, very slowly and impressively. "A nice warm coat, you know, with little trousers, and proper sleeves.

same time each Saturday morning a little Italian boy with an accordion would trudge up to the dining-room window, and behind him would come Sandro, his monkey. The boy's name was Giovanni, which sounded very grand indeed to Jill and Reggie; but then, you see, they didn't know that it just meant "John."

Their house stood back from the road in a quiet part of North London; so that when Giovanni put Sandro through his tricks on the window-sill, it was quite as good as having a private monkey-boy of their own. And, as both Jill and Reggie were chatterboxes, Giovanni's English grew better every week.

I'm sure I could make it, if mother and Miss Dykes would help me. Oh, *won't* Giovanni be pleased?"

"Rather!" said Reggie. "We'll give it to him next time he comes."

Next Saturday they sat for a whole hour at the window, with the finished coat between them. But no Giovanni came.

"It's the first time he's *ever* missed," Reggie said, over and over again, pressing his chubby face against the glass.

Jill said nothing, but a tear fell on to the gilt buttons.

At last mother said they must not stay indoors any longer; and so two very gloomy little people put on their warmest clothes and went into the park. And there it was that they met their big cousin Tom on his bicycle.

"What a pair of fiddle faces!" he cried. "Tooth-ache again, Reg?"

"No; only a bit of a cold," replied the little boy, trying to put on a jaunty air, for he much admired Tom.

"Well, that won't prevent you two youngsters from coming with us to the Crystal Palace this afternoon, will it? There's

to be an airship trial, you know, and——"

"Oh, how ripping!" cried Reggie. "Just what I've always wanted to see. Mother will let us go, won't she, Jill?"

"I do hope so, but I'm not sure she will," said Jill. "My cold's nearly better, but yours isn't; and of course I couldn't go without you. Thank you ever so much, though, Tom."

"Well, I've got to hurry home," cried Tom, who lived fourteen miles away. "You could meet us by the bookstall at Liverpool Street,

three o'clock sharp, couldn't you?" he went on briskly. "If you're not there, we shall know it's because of Reggie's cold. See?" And, with a careless nod, Tom rode away.

To their great joy, mother said they might go if they were very careful to keep off the wet grass. "Dad shall put you into the train; and when you get to Liverpool Street, just wait by the bookstall till your cousins come. I think you're old enough to manage that quite nicely."

Jill and Reggie were at Liverpool Street by ten minutes to three, and so had plenty of time

to get used to the noise and hurry. They enjoyed looking about them so much that they quite hoped Tom would be late.

"Reggie, look, look!" breathed Jill suddenly, pointing to the doorway. "There's Giovanni!"

Reggie looked. He saw a shabby little boy, with a very brown face and a very black head, a little boy who clasped something tightly to him.

"Yes, I declare it is," he said, after a moment. "But doesn't he look miserable! Let's go and ask him what's wrong."

Reggie darted off, and Jill could not but follow him.

"Oh, Giovanni, why didn't you come this morning?" Reggie cried.

"Sandro very sick," said the other boy, hugging the ragged bundle more closely to him. "His cold get worse and worse—he lie all curled up like leetle snail. I take him out, but he do no treaks. I never take him out again, I think," said Giovanni, beginning to cry.

"But why don't you let a vet.—that's a sort of doctor—see him?" asked Reggie.

"We have not much money," replied Giovanni,



1 "Here is a lovely place to fish! I'm sure to catch something to-day, then my wife won't be angry." But she was, after all.

"and Sandro is too ill. My father had a monkey before he became a seller of ice-cream; and that monkey fell sick just as mine has done, and it died. Sandro also will die, signorina."

The two children looked at each other in dismay. They were thinking of the beautiful little coat.

And Jill made a bold resolve.

"Look here, Giovanni dear," she said, "there's a Mr. Neale who lives near us, and he's simply splendid. He set Fido's leg. He's not a proper vet., but he knows all about animals. He's kept two monkeys, he told us. If we took Sandro to him, I'm sure he'd cure him. Wouldn't he, Reggie?"

"Ye-e-es," said Reggie. He thought of the airship trial, and sighed. "I s'pose we ought to take him d'reckly, then?" he faltered.

"Of course," Jill answered bravely. "But *you* needn't come, you know. You stay here and wait for Tom. Giovanni and I will go together. I don't mind so very much about the Crystal Palace."

"Nor do I—at least, I don't think so," said Reggie, staring at the ground.

"Don't be silly, Reggie! Of course you do."

"I'm coming, though," retorted poor Reggie desperately. "We must make haste, or Tom will see us. Let me get the tickets, Jill," he begged, for he was afraid that if he did not do something he would have to cry. And Jill, who was a thoughtful little woman, said: "All right; here's half-a-crown."

Giovanni looked far more hopeful than before as they rattled homewards; but Jill and Reggie were silent. They looked at the poor little

monkey, and tried to forget what a jolly time they had meant to have at the Crystal Palace. But it was dreadful hard work. And they felt really miserable.

The Italian boy told them all about his family. How his father's name was Pietro Apacelli, seller of ice-cream; how his mother kept a pair of love-birds, which read fortunes by cards; how his uncle had one of the finest street-organs in the City; how he himself had sat as model to a School of Art, now and again, ever since he was five years old. "And I hope they will let me do so next week," he said, "for I must earn some money without Sandro."

Meanwhile Reggie and Jill looked very hard out of the window.

But they were all very happy when Mr. Neale examined Sandro and said: "You've brought the poor creature to me just in time, young people. Another day, and he'd have been too far gone for the cleverest vet. in the land to cure him. But I think I can nurse him back again all right in a week or so. Will next Saturday do?" he asked of Giovanni.

"Yes, indeed, signor," nodded the little boy, with a sunny smile. Then, suddenly realising his good fortune, he broke into a shower of thanks in his own pretty language.

"We will call for him next Saturday, then," said Reggie; "and when you come round, Giovanni, you shall have him again." And he nudged Jill as a reminder of how surprised Giovanni would be when he saw the coat.

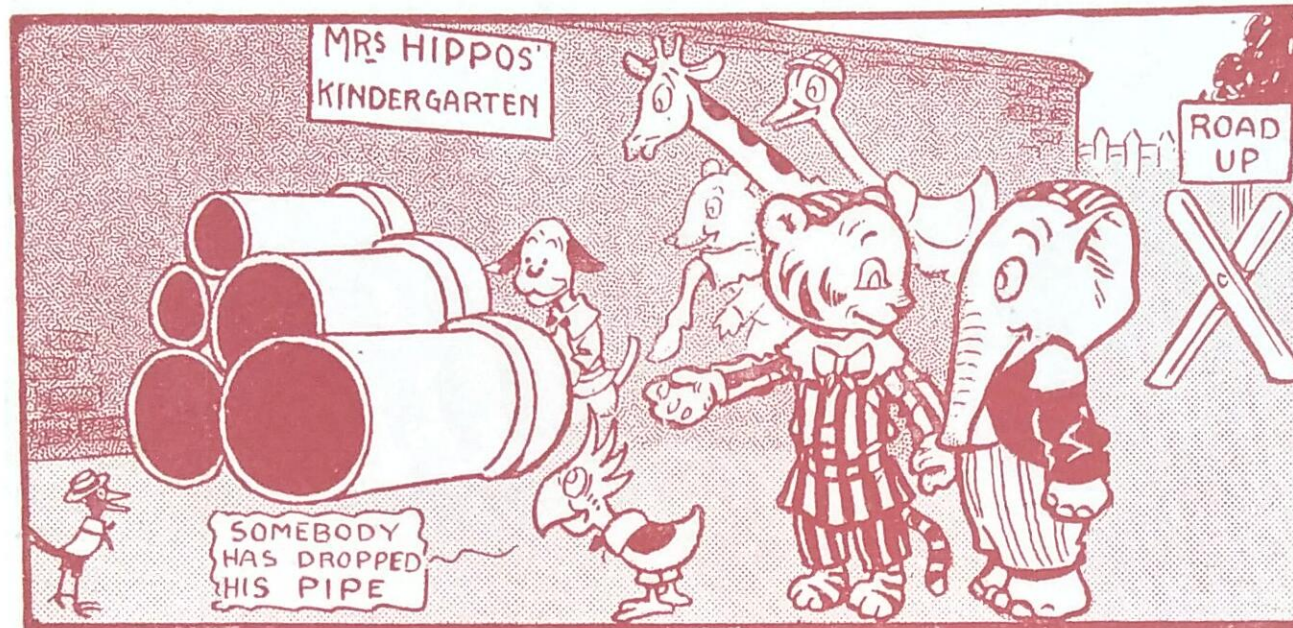
And the next Saturday little Giovanni carried Sandro home, bright and well once more, and dressed in the very loveliest of red coats.

THE END.

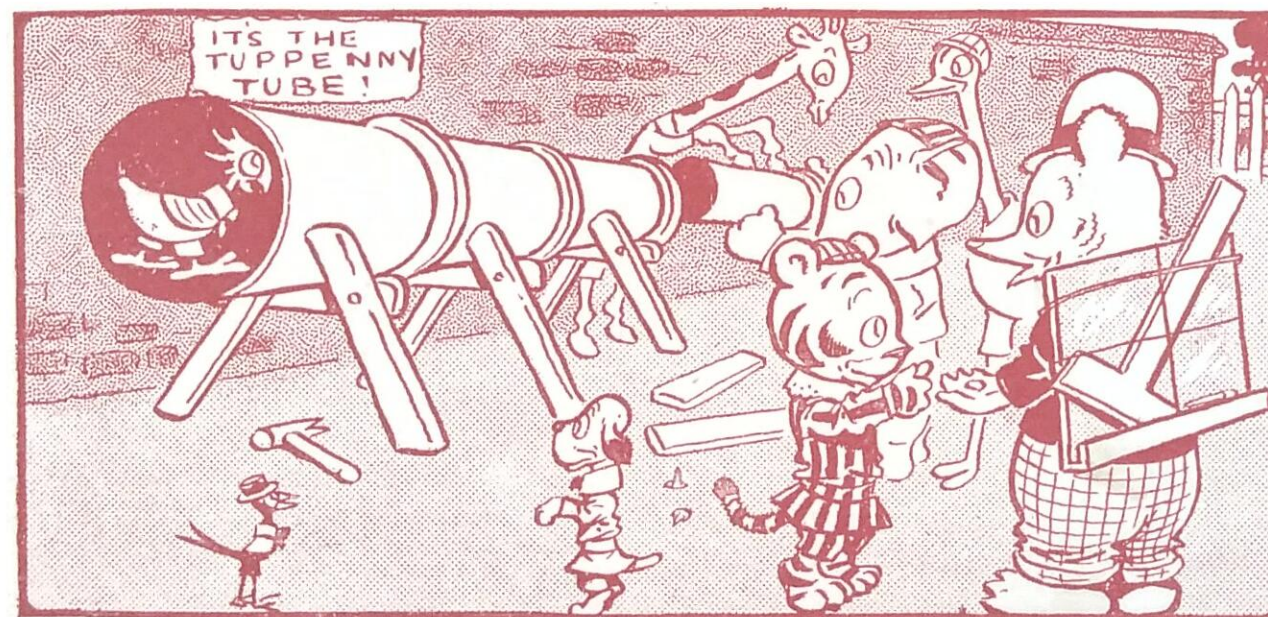


2 Mrs. Froggie (appearing out of the water): "What a stupid you are! Here you have gone and ruined my new spring bonnet all through your silly carelessness! I never saw such a man!"

TIM'S NEW TELESCOPE



1 When Mrs. Hippo's pupils returned from their holidays they were surprised to find the road up outside the Kindergarten School. "It's a pity to see all these pipes idling their time doing nothing," sniggered Jumbo. "Can't we do something useful with them?"



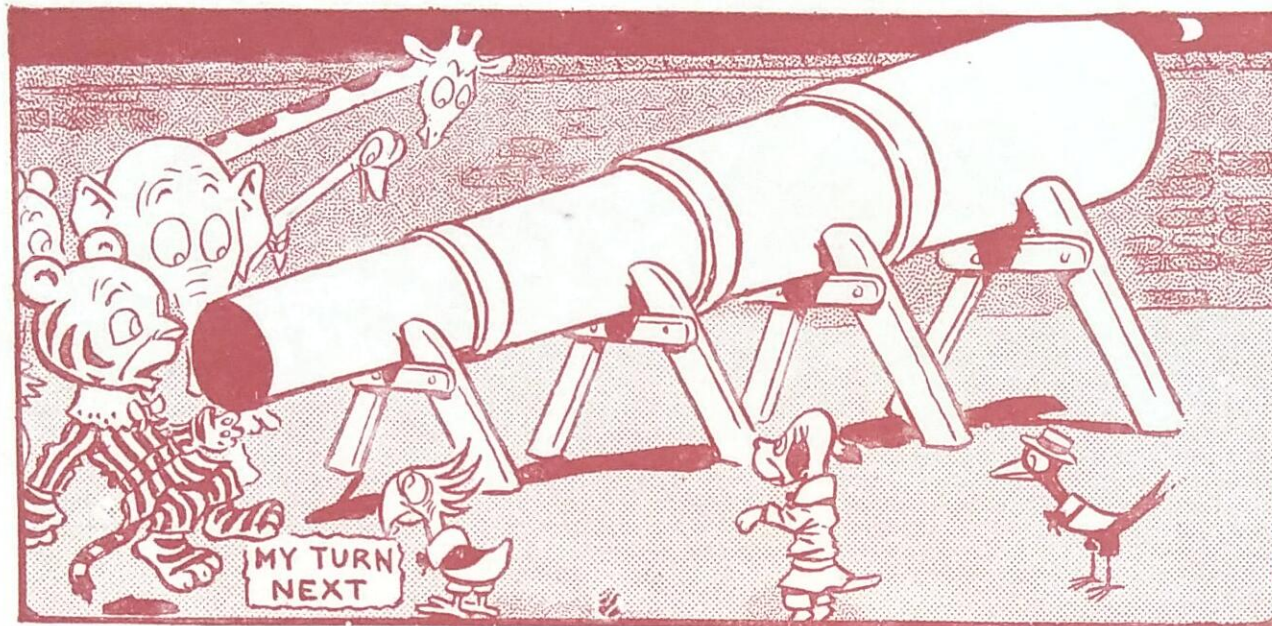
2 "I've got an idea!" shouted Tiger Tim. "Let's fit them all together and make a giant telescope." "Hooray! that is the very thing!" agreed the others. And while they fixed the pipes together Tiger Tim asked Mr. Bruin, the glazier, to fix a glass in each end, just like a real telescope

ARTFUL MR. BRUIN



3 Just then the school-bell rang, and the boys had to hurry indoors. "I'll have a joke with those boys," laughed Mr. Bruin. "I'll paint a portrait of Mrs. Hippo on the glass; and when the youngsters peep through they will get a surprise"

OH, WHAT A FRIGHT!



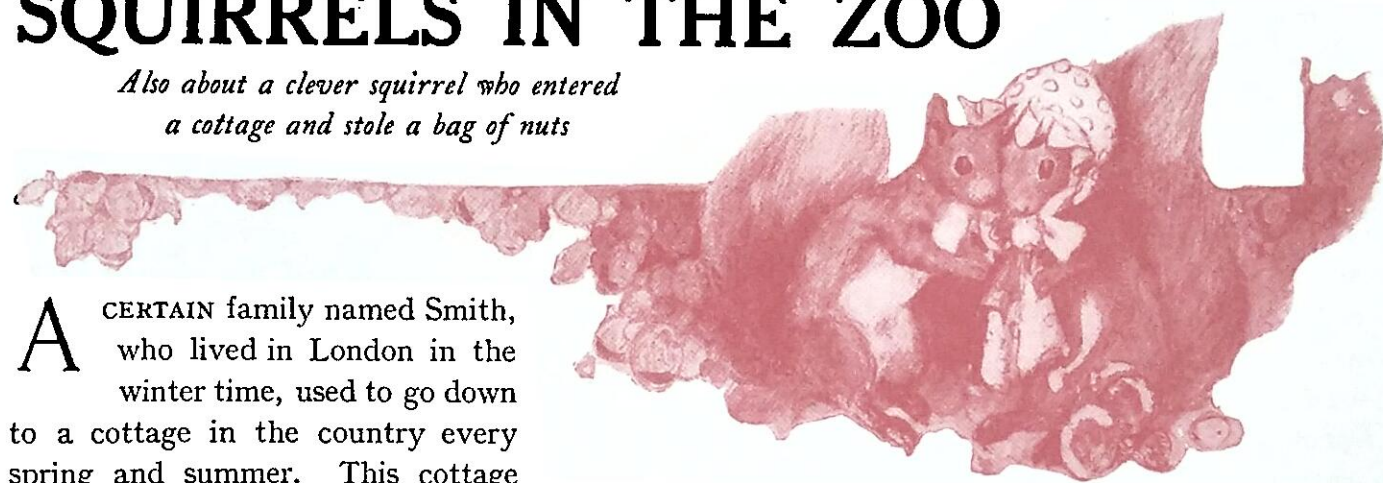
4 And, sure enough, when the boys crept out that evening after school, without leave, to have a peep at the moon through their telescope, they were amazed to see Mrs. Hippo, as they imagined, coming after them with a birch. It gave them quite a shock



5 This picture on the left shows you just what the boys saw through the telescope ; and it is not surprising that they all turned and scuttled off to bed, is it ? Perhaps **you** would have done the same if Mrs. Hippo had chased you with a birch

SQUIRRELS IN THE ZOO

*Also about a clever squirrel who entered
a cottage and stole a bag of nuts*



A CERTAIN family named Smith, who lived in London in the winter time, used to go down to a cottage in the country every spring and summer. This cottage was quite near some woods, and the children used to love gathering flowers there in the spring and early summer, and nuts later on.

One year they happened to leave behind them some nuts they had gathered. They were in a bag, and the children had meant to eat some of them in the train, but they forgot all about them. The windows were all closed and fastened, the door locked, and the cottage was left quite empty until their return the next spring.

When springtime came they went back, and to their surprise they found nutshells all over the kitchen floor. "There's been a mouse here!" cried someone.

"Or a squirrel!" said someone else.

"Oh, it couldn't have been a squirrel!" said the first speaker; "he couldn't have got in."

But the next morning, when Mrs.

Smith was going to put on her boots, she felt something hard in the heel. Putting in her hand, she felt a heap of nuts.

"This looks like Mr. Squirrel's work!" she thought. "He's found some nuts somewhere in the house, and he's eaten some and hidden the

rest in my boot, to keep for a rainy day! But how did he manage to get in?"

This question puzzled the family for a long time, until one evening, when Mr. Smith was sitting quietly reading, he saw a bushy tail disappearing up the chimney!

"So *that's* how he's been coming in and out!" he thought. "Lucky for him there wasn't a fire!"

The others all laughed very heartily when they heard about Mr. Squirrel's cleverness. He had evidently "dropped in" one night when the house was locked up, found the bag

THE SQUIRREL'S DREAM

A little squirrel had a dream,
And terrified was she;
She thought by chance she met a man,
But couldn't climb a tree.

But that was not the worst of it—
She couldn't even run,
Although he whistled for his dog,
And at her aimed his gun.

"I never miss!" he cried. And as
He shouted this remark,
The gun went "Bang!" and then the dog
Rushed at her with a bark.

At last she felt that she could climb,
But when she turned to flee,
Her own dear wood had disappeared
And hadn't left a tree!

The squeak she uttered woke her up,
And she was very glad
To hold her mother's paw, and tell
Of what a dream she'd had.

"I'm not surprised, my dear," was all
That Mrs. Squirrel said;
"You ate a pint of hazel-nuts
Before you went to bed!"

with the nuts in, bitten a hole in it, and thus got at the nuts, eating as many as he wanted at the moment, and hiding the rest away. I expect he was quite annoyed when he found there were "humans" in the house again!

Can't you imagine him running up a tree as near as he dared to go to the house, and chattering and scolding them from there! Mr. Squirrel has a very "sharp tongue" when he's angry; and if you annoy him he will sit high up out of your reach and scold you for quite a long time. But if you sit very still and let him see that you don't want to hurt him, he will sometimes grow quite friendly.

A year or two ago several grey squirrels were set free at the Zoo, and allowed to go where they liked. Most of them stayed in Regent's Park; and after a while, when people came with food for them, they would scurry down to them and eat out of their hands.

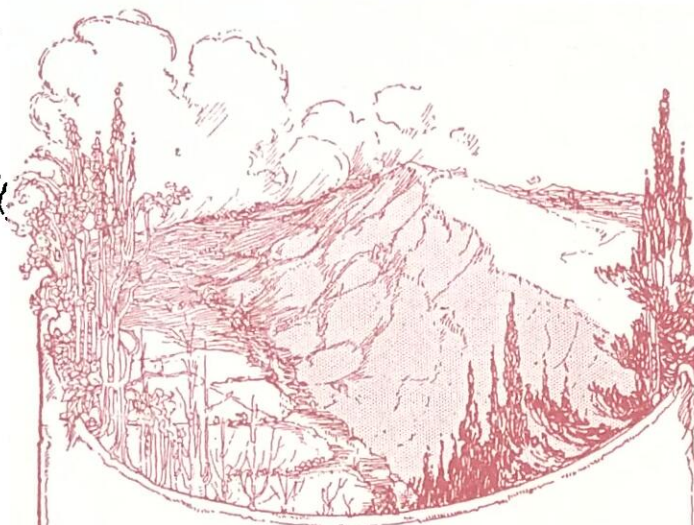
There are several running free in the Zoo; and though at first I expect they felt very strange, I'm sure they must enjoy themselves now. For they can jump from tree to tree and make their home where they like, and there always seems to be plenty of kind people about to bring them food.

A squirrel's head is not very pretty—it is something like a rat's—but he has a perfectly beautiful big bushy tail!

People give him peanuts, hazel-nuts, biscuits, and bread, but he likes the peanuts best, because he can easily strip off the husk with his

sharp little teeth. Very often, however, he buries the nuts in the ground, where he can find them again when there are no visitors to feed him.

There are always a number of wood-pigeons near Mr. Bushytail when the people are feeding him, and the pigeons gobble up a good many of the nuts intended for the squirrel.



WHERE HAD IT GONE ?

Daisy was learning her notes at the piano.

"Now show me A-flat," said her teacher.

Daisy found it quite easily.

"Where is G-sharp?"

Again Daisy found the right note.

"And where do you think we shall find C-flat?"

Daisy looked at the notes for a long time, put one finger on C, and one on B, then climbed down from the stool, and stared anxiously at the piano.

"I don't know," she said at last. "I think it must have gone down that crack between B and C!"

BITS ABOUT BIRDS

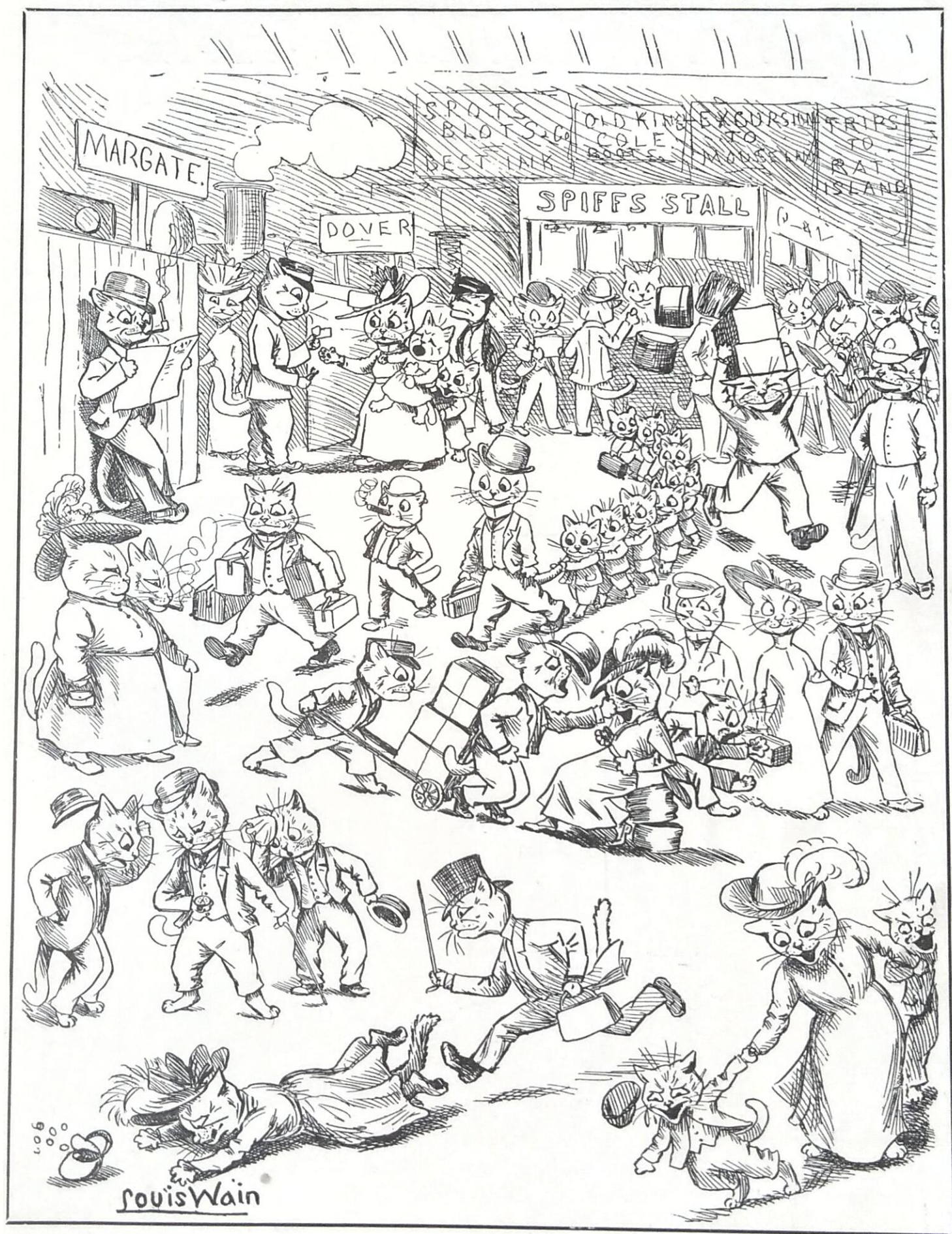
Escaping from Danger

Some baby-birds can run about directly they are born; and to keep them safe from their enemies they have a coat of soft, fluffy "down," just the colour of the ground on which they are running. Then when a hawk or any other enemy comes along, their mother gives a cry of warning, and the babies drop flat on the ground, and keep quite still till it has gone.

Lessons to Learn

Though a great many baby-birds are very clever, there are some things they have to be taught, just as *you* have to be taught at school. One lesson some of them have to learn is how to dive.

There is one bird called the guillemot, whose mother just takes him down to the sea from the rocks on which he was born, seizes him firmly by the neck, and then pops under the water with him. He doesn't like it a bit; and so that he sha'n't have to be taken in again, he tries little dives by himself, and soon learns to like it.



THE KIT-CAT SCHOOL GO FOR A BANK HOLIDAY BY THE SEA.

THE CLEVER MICE AGAIN

Which is the strongest day in the week?—Sunday, because all the other days are weekdays (weak).

—□—

I went to America and didn't go; I came back because I stopped there. What was I?—A clock.

—□—

When is it easy to read in the woods?—When autumn turns the leaves.

—□—

Which is the largest room in the world?—Room for improvement.

—□—

When is a cup like a cat?—When you are teasin' it.



1 "There are some lovely cakes upon that table," said Nibbler to his chum Whiskers. "I've an idea which may enable us to partake of them."

When is your mother's dress like a chair?—When it is satin.

—□—

What is that which is invisible, yet never out of sight?—The letter S.

—□—

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation is she to you?—Your mother.

—□—

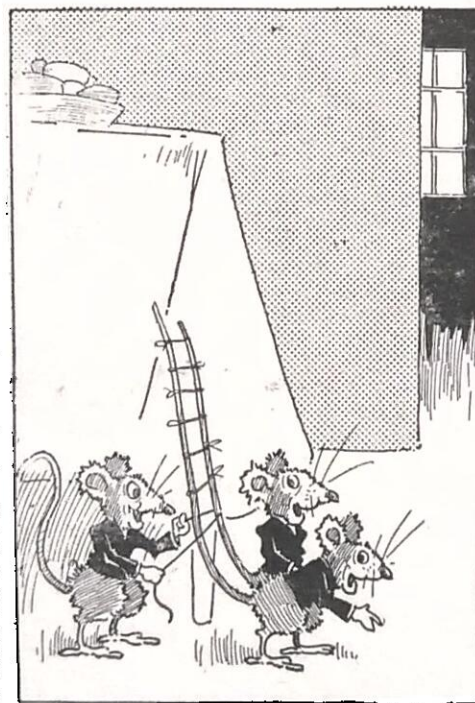
Why is a dog biting his own tail like a good financier?—Because he makes both ends meet.

—□—

When is an artist a dangerous person?—When his designs are bad.

—□—

What motive lead to the laying down of railways?—Loco-motive.



2 And straightway the artful little rodent started making a ladder by manipulating his friends' tails in the above manner.

Round, sound, just a pound, and does not weigh two ounces?—A sovereign.

—□—

Why is there never such a thing as a whole day?—Because every day begins by breaking.

—□—

What is the difference between a gaoler and a jeweller?—One watches cells and the other sells watches.

—□—

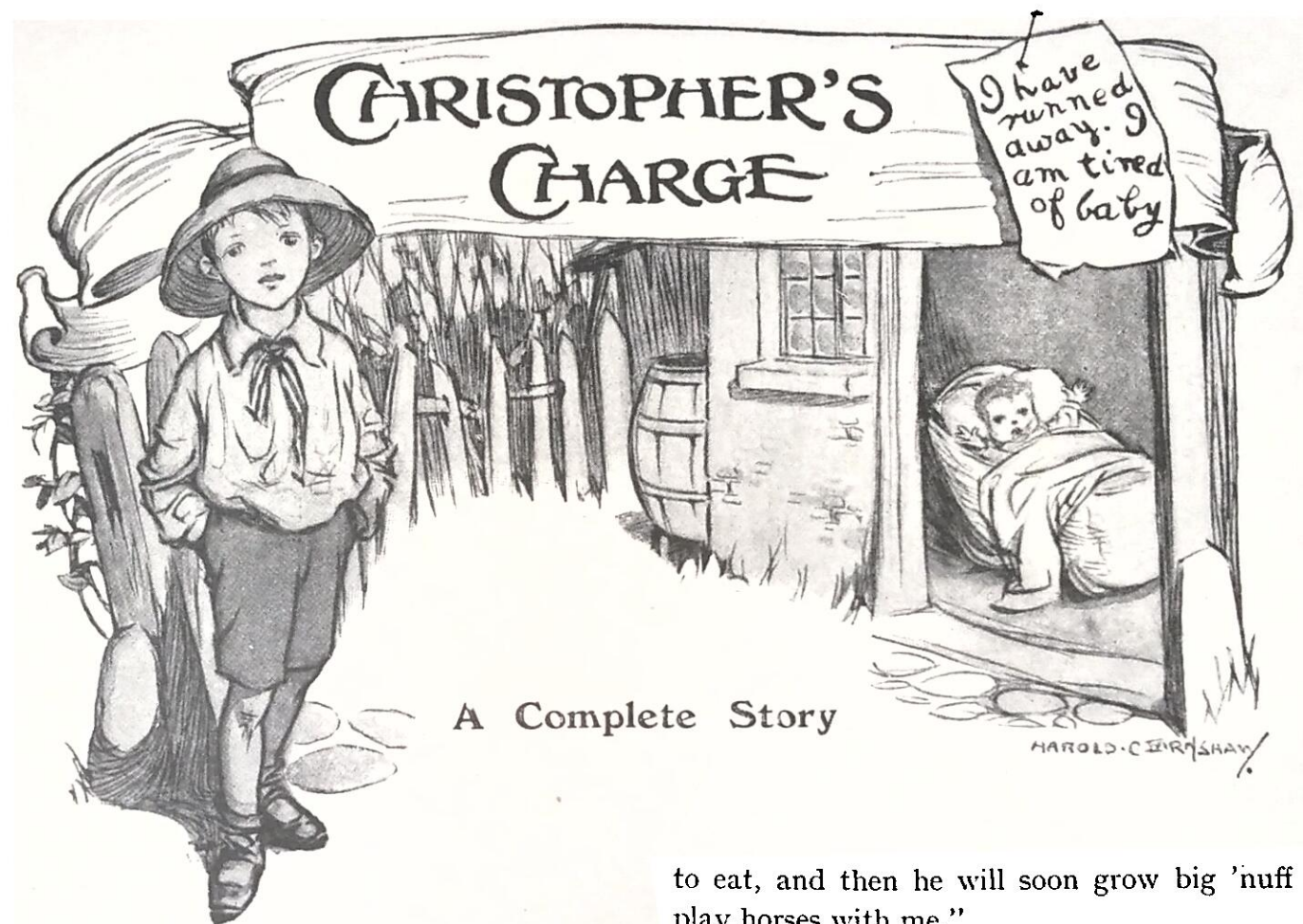
What relation is the door-mat to the scraper?—Step-father.

—□—

What is that which the more you take from it the larger it gets?—A hole in the wall.



3 He sped up the novel fire-escape, and in a couple of shakes of his tail the merry mouse was having a splendid lunch.



A Complete Story

I.

CHRISTOPHER GREY was only a very little boy, though he had such a long name. He lived with his parents in a red-roofed cottage up a long, winding lane.

Until Christopher was seven years old he was an only child, and he thought how nice it would be to have some brothers and sisters.

"If only I had a baby-brother, just a little one, Mummy, it would do!" he said over and over again to his mother.

"Well, we will see," Mrs. Grey would reply. "Wait till Christmas, Sonny."

When Christmas came, sure enough there was a baby-brother, with a very red face, in Sonny's old cradle by mother's bed. Sonny was delighted.

"Now I am quite happy," he said. "May I look after baby-brother all day long, Mummy? He shall share half of every nice thing I have

to eat, and then he will soon grow big 'nuff to play horses with me."

"You must wait a bit, dearie," replied Mrs. Grey. "You see, he has no teeth, so he can't eat yet. But if you'll take care of him sometimes, that will be a real help to me."

Mrs. Grey had been cook at Dr. Silverthorne's, in the village before she married, and she often went there to give a helping hand; then she would leave Christopher in charge of his little brother.

"He is such a good boy—so devoted to baby," she would say proudly to her neighbours.

After a while, though, when the days lengthened, and the larks sang on the downs behind the cottage, and the sky was blue, Christopher began to get very tired of looking after baby-brother.

"I do wish, baby, you would make haste and grow, so that you could play soldiers with me!" he said one day, when he longed to be off to the hayfields.

Mrs. Grey had been gone hours, or so it seemed to Christopher. Mrs. Curtis, their next-door neighbour, had looked in once or twice to see if he and baby-brother wanted anything, else there had been no one.

"I b'lieve, baby, I shall go right away, and leave you in the cradle, for I am tired of nursing you, I really am!" he announced gravely.

The baby, who was getting quite big and very wise-looking, smiled at his brother, holding out his chubby arms.

"No; you can't come up. I am going away to leave you," said Christopher firmly.

He climbed on to a stool, got a pencil off the drawers, and wrote on a piece of paper in big, round letters:

"I have runned away. I am tired of baby."

II.

"I'll go fishing with Jimmy Carter. To-night I'll sleep on Farmer Carter's hayrick. I'll *never*, *never* go home until baby is growed bigger 'nuff to play with me!" Christopher thought, as he trudged along the dusty lane.

Then a little voice—it seemed to be somewhere inside Christopher—said:

"Yes; but you know you wanted a baby-brother. You *asked* your mother for one. You said you would look after it always, and be so loving."

"I know I did," replied Christopher, kicking a pebble; "but I thought he'd grow quicker. I

do love him, but it is tiresome sitting indoors all day while Mummy is away."

"What if someone came and stole baby, or the cat jumped up and s'prised him? What would your mother say? Fancy if she came home and the cradle was empty! *No* Christopher; *no* baby!" went on the persistent little voice inside Sonny. "You *know* you were left

in charge. Mother trusts you."

"Very well; I'll go home," said Christopher, with a deep sigh.

His freckled face looked very serious as he retraced his steps and entered the cottage.

Everything looked just the same. The baby gave him a welcoming

smile as Christopher sat down beside him and sang him a song he learnt at school, something about: "Tick-tock goes the clock."

III.

"Auntie Ruth is coming," Mrs. Grey told her little boy a week or so after he had "runned away." "She is coming to stay for all the summer. She will take you and the baby on to the downs. Won't that be nice?"

The very next day Auntie Ruth arrived in the carrier's cart from Salisbury. She was quite young, and so kind and pleasant. Christopher would help her with the work; he could wipe the cups and saucers, and do lots of things, for he was a useful boy. Then away to the fields they would go, Auntie wheeling baby in the pram, and Christopher running to and fro beside



MR. OWL'S SEE-SAW

them, gathering wild strawberries and flowers. Christopher was glad that he had done what the little voice said, and gone back and taken care of baby-brother.

"He is such a good boy," Mrs. Grey said to Auntie Ruth one day. "I don't know what baby and I would have done without him all this year."

"One day I was naughty; I *runned away*," announced Sonny, looking up with his big grey eyes at his mother from where he was sitting, busy making a daisy-chain. "But, when I thought of baby all by himself, I *runned back*."

"I am sure you will never do it again, so I shall not scold you," said Mrs. Grey, in her pleasant, motherly voice, "for you have been a very kind brother, I think. I expect you got a little tired of baby, didn't you? It is different now Auntie has come, isn't it, Sonny?"

"Oh, yes!" said Sonny, flinging his arms about his aunt's neck and kissing her. "I love Auntie, and I love baby. I'll never run away again."

Later that same evening, when Christopher had gone to bed, Mrs. Grey and her sister, having finished their work, stood by the garden gate.

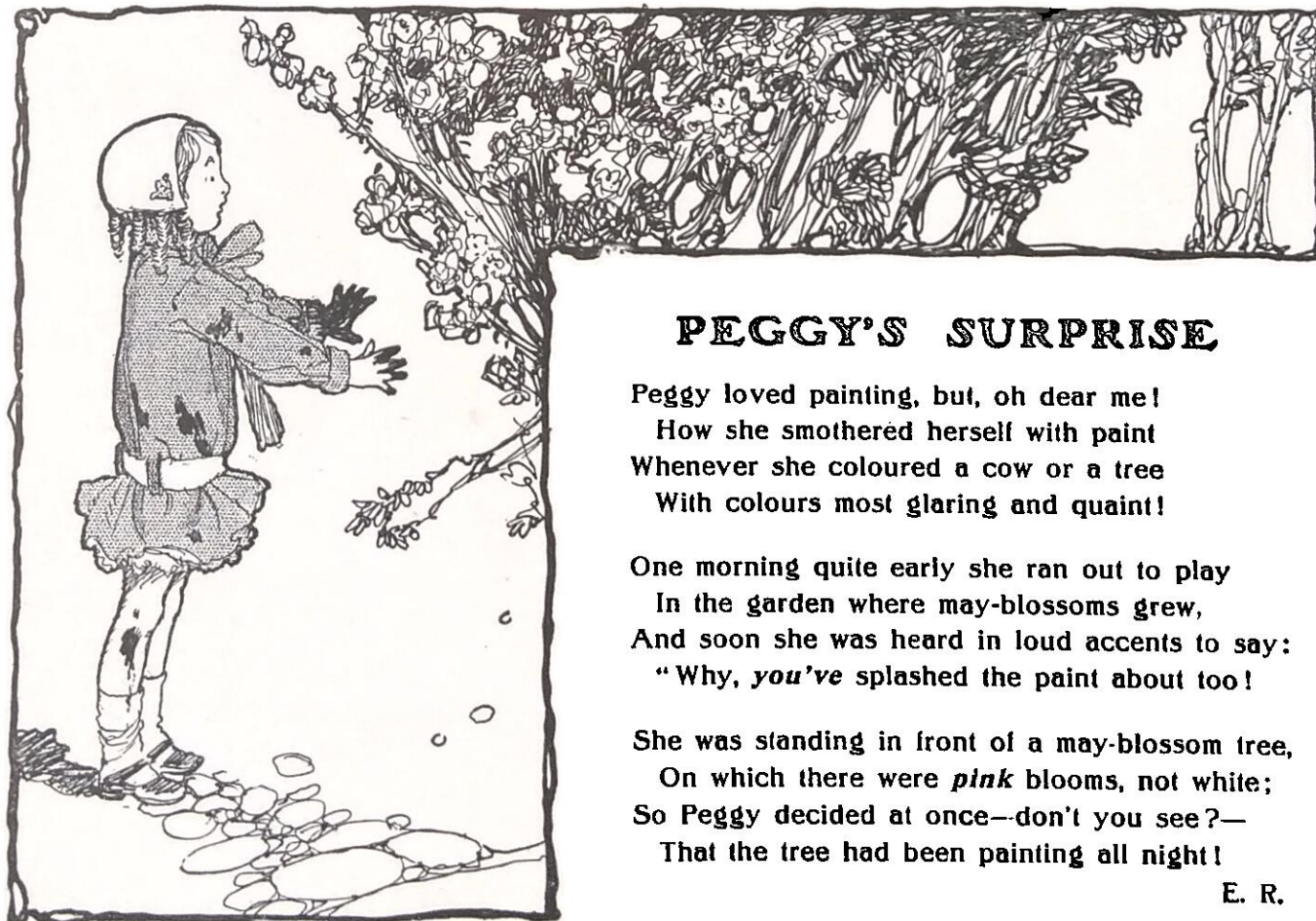
"So Chris 'runned away' once, did he?" said Ruth.

"Yes; poor little chap, he grew tired of minding baby. I am afraid I expected too much of him—I forgot how young he was. I knew all the time about the 'running away,' for I came in at the back door just in time to see him go out of the gate. He left word on the table that he had gone. I didn't go after him, or say anything, for I was sure he wouldn't go far, and it was better for him to come back of his own free will. I felt, as I had to be out so much, that it was not right to leave him to be nursemaid all day. That was why I wrote and asked you to come."

"I am glad you did," said Ruth.

Christopher never ran away again. Now baby-brother is a big, sturdy boy, and they play together, the best of friends.

THE END.



PEGGY'S SURPRISE

Peggy loved painting, but, oh dear me!
How she smothered herself with paint
Whenever she coloured a cow or a tree
With colours most glaring and quaint!

One morning quite early she ran out to play
In the garden where may-blossoms grew,
And soon she was heard in loud accents to say:
"Why, *you've* splashed the paint about too!

She was standing in front of a may-blossom tree,
On which there were *pink* blooms, not white;
So Peggy decided at once—don't you see?—
That the tree had been painting all night!

E. R.

THE STOLEN CROWN JEWELS



THE KING ON HIS THRONE

The King of Wudendoldum was
every inch a king,
He wore a lovely golden crown
and massive diamond ring.
He ruled his subjects firmly ; this
rule he did adopt—
If any disobeyed the laws, then off
their heads were chopped.

One day, when feeling very tired,
fatigued with cares of State,
He thought he'd better go to bed ;
the time was half-past eight.
So feeling very, very tired (as I've
already said),
He quickly doffed his Royal robes
and tumbled into bed.

'Tis said, "Uneasy lies the head
that has to wear a crown";

The tired monarch found this true,
as soon as he lay down.

The golden crown upon his head
seemed nothing else but lumps;
Whichever way he turned about
he could not dodge the bumps.

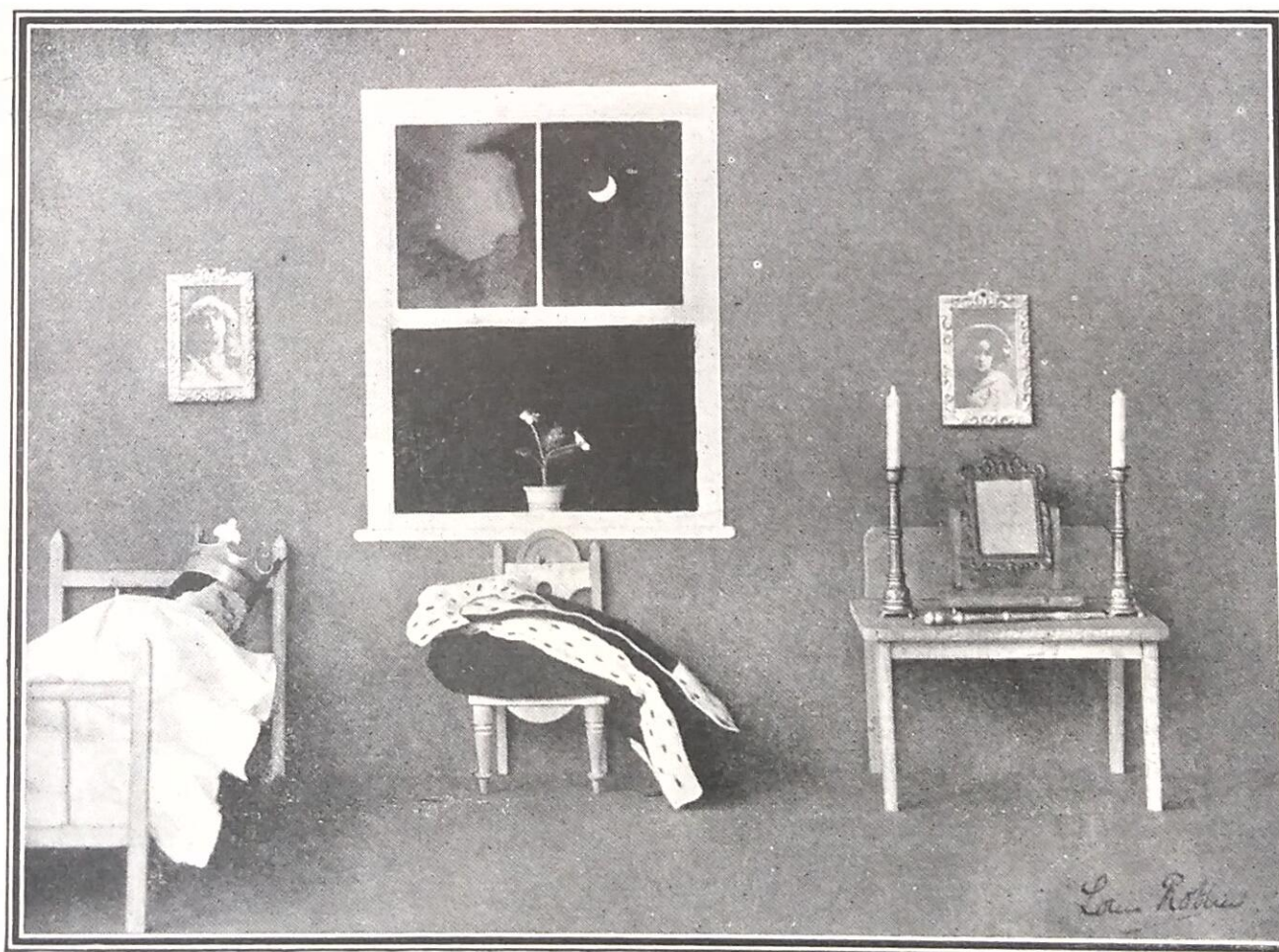
At last, to get some comfort and to
ease his aching head,

He took it off and hung it on the
foot-post of the bed.

(Of course, I mean his golden crown
he hung upon the bed.

I mention this in case you thought
he'd taken off his head.)

It doesn't seem a proper thing to
treat a crown like that,
And hang it on the bedstead-post,
just as one might a hat.



'TIS SAID "UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT HAS TO WEAR A CROWN"

But then, perhaps, with kings and
queens, who wear them every day,
It may be quite the proper thing
to treat a crown that way.

The king had scarcely gone to sleep
when on the window sill
Appeared the dark and burly form
of Mr. Burglar Bill.

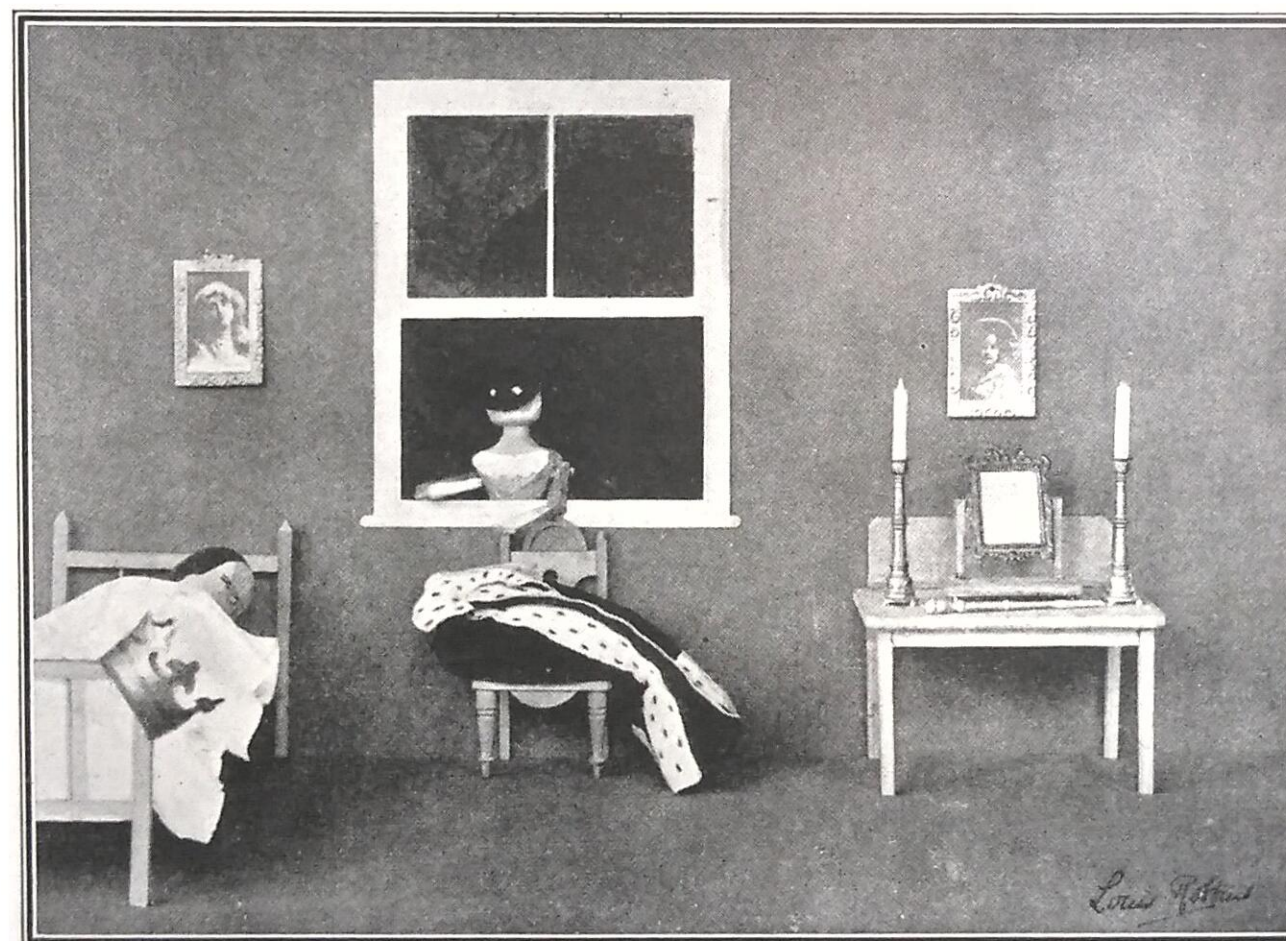
He stole the crown from off the
bed, the sceptre from the table,

And with them both he scampered
off as fast as he was able.

Soon after, when the king awoke
and found the crown not there,
He raved and stormed and rushed
about and also tore his hair.

But all at once he seemed to think
he'd better summon aid,

So shouted, "Murder! Fire!
Police!" An awful noise he made.



APPEARED THE DARK AND BURLY FORM OF MR. BURGLAR BILL



HE SHOUTED, " MURDER! FIRE! POLICE!"

The whole police force soon ap-
peared, to see what could be done.

The force, complete, was rather
small—it only numbered one.

But he was chief inspector, and
sergeant too, you see,

As well as being constable—he
ought to count as three.

The sergeant made a dreadful fuss,
his dignity was great :

He strutted here, he strutted there,
like some great potentate.

As chief he gave his orders, as
chief inspectors do ;

But as he was the constable he had
to do them too.

The king and his police force
resolved with one accord

The only thing that they could do
was offer a reward.

They had bills quickly printed and
stuck about the town,

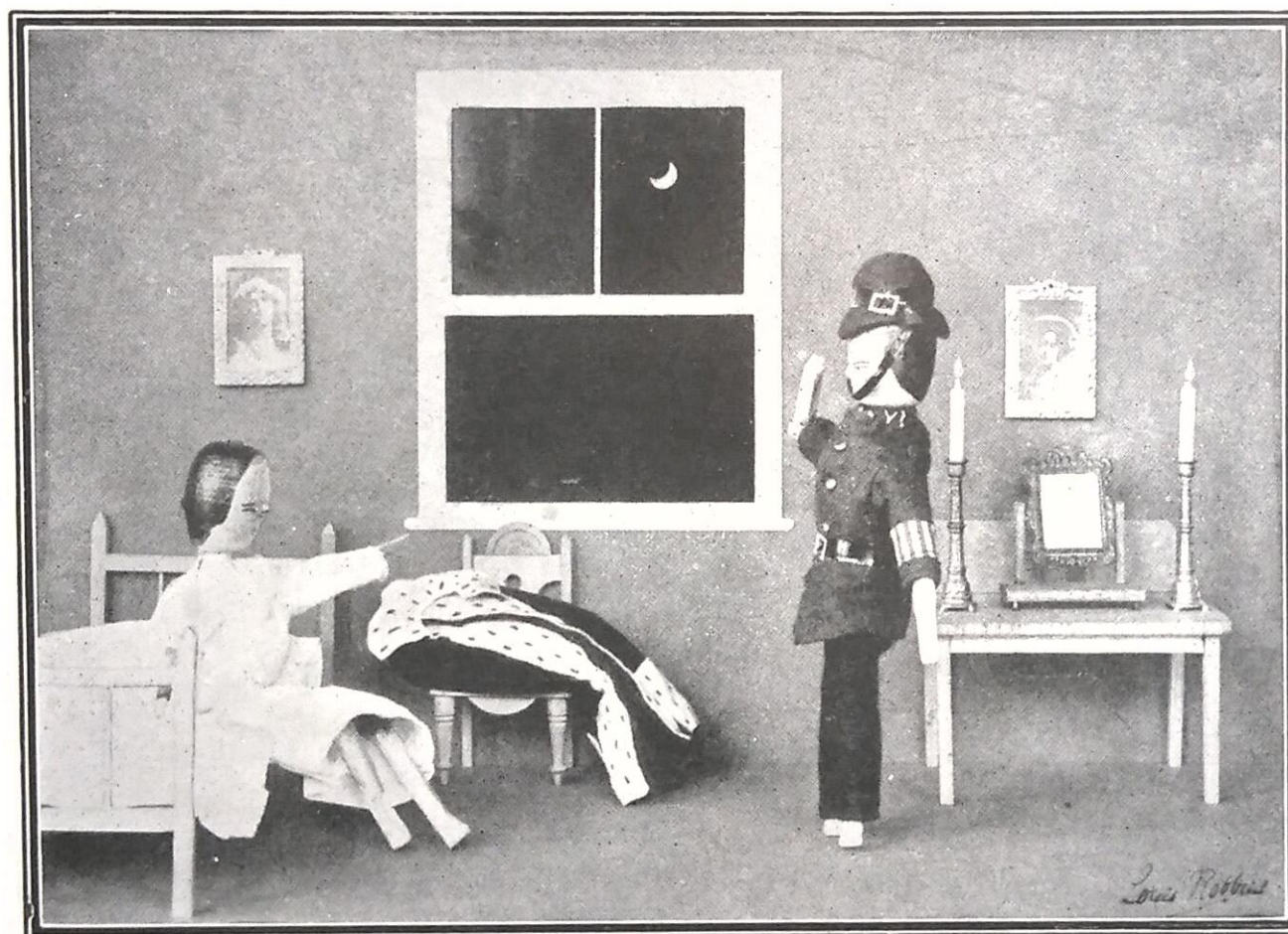
Which said whoever found the
crown should have a half-a-crown.

In spite of this inducement the
crown was never found ;

To buy so good a new one I'm sure
would cost a pound.

Of course the king could not go
out, he was in such a fix,

So bought a secondhand one—it
cost him three-and-six.



THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE SOON APPEARED



A COMPLETE STORY

"THE train *must* have been late, or they surely would have been here by now," observed Miss Lavinia, going to the window for about the tenth time.

"We shall hear the trap in a minute, I dare say," answered Miss Patricia, going on placidly with her knitting. "You know what——"

The door burst open suddenly, and into the room flew a boy and girl.

"Hallo, Aunt Pat! Here we are, Aunt Lavvy! We got through the hedge and came in the back way, 'cause it looked so much shorter! Mother sent her love, and hopes your bad foot is better, Aunt Pat! And we're not to leave off our woolly vests! And we may stay up till nine o'clock every night, 'cause it's holidays!" panted the two excited children breathlessly, as they literally fell upon their aunts, nearly suffocating them in the ardour of their embrace.

"There! Now we haven't forgotten a single message, have we, Jim? So I think we'd better go upstairs and wash, 'cause crawling through the hedge has made us rather grubby!"

"Yes, yes; go upstairs by all means, dears," said Aunt Lavinia, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered to speak. "Jane has got your rooms all ready."

"I—er—seem to recollect that Kate said in her letter that the children badly needed a change of air. Their health does not seem to have been—er—seriously affected by London smoke, judging by the—er—cheerfulness of their spirits, does it?" remarked Miss Patricia, ruefully regarding her knitting, which had considerably suffered under Diana's onslaught.

"I only hope, my dear, that we were not too rash in inviting them here," added Miss Lavinia, with anxious mien, as sounds of considerable scuffling came from the corridor, followed by several terrific thuds, which shook the house.

"Oh, auntie!" exclaimed Diana, dancing into the room, "you've got the *loveliest*, SLIP-
PERIEST banisters for sliding down that I've ever come across!"

"Tea is ready, ma'am," came Jane's austere voice from the doorway.

"You must be hungry, I'm sure," said Aunt Patricia, as they sat round the table.

"Yes; we are!" replied Jim. "You see, we had lunch before twelve, and then mother just bought us a bag of buns and a few bananas and apples and some chocolate to eat in the train."

"Some rather thicker bread-and-butter would be better, perhaps," ventured Aunt

Lavinia, looking doubtfully at the rapidly depleting plate of daintily-cut slices.

"Oh, this is very nice, thank you," replied Diana cheerfully. "You see, we can take two pieces at a time and make a sandwich with some jam. Besides, there's always the cake to fall back on."

"I s'pose there are some grand places round about here for exploring and going birds'-nesting and rat-hunting and things," said Jim, as he meditated upon the relative merits of jam-roll, seed-cake, and ginger-snaps.

"Oh, we saw such a lot of gipsies as we came past in the train!" put in Di.

"Yes, please, auntie, I will have some more tea—four lumps, please—they did look jolly, too—and the very dirtiest, ragamuffinest children you ever saw!"

Aunt Patricia shuddered.

"Don't you have anything whatever to do with them, I beg of you," she said.

"No; they're a terribly wild set of people," said Aunt Lavinia, shaking her head.

"But it must be lovely to go about just as you like, and live in a jolly little stuffy caravan; and not have to bother about dressing and washing and having your hair brushed; and nobody to worry you about cleaning your teeth every morning! Then think of the free rides you'd get on the roundabouts, and the cocoanut



The most fearful screeching and cackling came from the poultry-yard

shies!" said Jim enthusiastically.

But he altogether failed to convince his aunts of the advantages of gipsy life. And they suggested a walk in the garden by way of changing the subject.

To this Diana and her brother most politely agreed, though in their inmost hearts they were yearning

for a ramble through the woods and fields. "But we'll get up early in the morning and have a glorious exploration," whispered Jim in his sister's ear, as Aunt Lavinia piloted them round the neatly-kept garden, cautioning them against stepping on the borders, or going on the lawn without rubber shoes.

"Di! Di! Are you awake?" whispered Jim, as he put his tousled head round the corner of his sister's door.

"It's awfully early, isn't it?" came in sleepy tones from the bed.

"Yes; so much the better. With no one about, we can go off all the easier. Come on, now; get up!"

"All right!" assented Diana, with a huge yawn.

Five minutes later, having dispensed with washing operations as being not only noisy but unnecessary, two stealthy figures tiptoed downstairs, and let themselves out at the back door.

"Lucky thing I noticed where they keep the biscuits," chuckled Jim, as he produced a pocketful of ginger-nuts. "We're sure to be hungry before we get back to breakfast!"

They had explored several fields and a wood before they discovered anything the least exciting. Then they suddenly came upon a boy

with a bag; and in the bag was something that wriggled and squirmed about!

"Hallo!" said Jim affably. "What's in there?"

"Performin' ferrets," said the boy, with a wink.

"Performing ferrets!" echoed Diana, in astonishment. "Whatever's that?"

"Why, you *are* green!" laughed the boy. "Mean to tell me you have never heard of ferrets?"

"We come from London, you see," explained Jim. "But, I say, let's see them."

The boy cautiously looked round; then gingerly opened a corner of the bag, and let Jim and his sister peer down at the two sharp-eyed, wicked-looking little creatures inside.

"What sort of tricks do they do, then?" asked Diana.

"Tricks!" The boy grinned, and patted his coat, which bulged considerably at the pockets. "The sort o' tricks as only ferrets *can* do!"

"We'd like to see them awfully," said Jim.

It was fully an hour later that Diana and her brother turned homewards; but not alone. After much persuasion the boy had consented to let the ferrets "perform." And so delighted were the Londoners with the little animals that they decided on the spot to buy "the clever little darlings," as Diana called them, for a surprise present for their aunts.

Most useful, too, as the boy pointed out, for killing the rabbits which *would* come into their garden and eat all the young turnip-tops and cabbages. Oh, yes; the aunts would be perfectly delighted with them.

"I wouldn't part with them, not for anything," said the boy, at first, "for it isn't everybody as has got performin' ferrets!"

"That's just why we want to

buy them!" cried Jim. "And we'll give you the money for them when we get home!"

At last, however, the boy consented to part with his "valuable pets" for five shillings the pair, and was now trudging along with Diana and Jim, the former's silver bracelet in his pocket as pledge that they were acting "fair and square."

"Now," said Jim, as they arrived at the kitchen-garden, "you just wait here a minute—you can rest in the tool-shed—and I'll go up to the house and fetch the money."

"All right; and I keeps the ferrets till you comes back, then," replied the boy. "And you needn't hurry if you wants your breakfast, 'cause I'm all right in here."

"Remember, now," Jim was saying, as they reached the house, "not a word till after breakfast; then we'll surprise them by fetching——"

"So you're back at last, then!" broke in Jane's indignant voice from the hall. "Nice goings on, I must say! Running off without a word, and frightening your aunts to death; to say nothing of coming back half an hour late for breakfast, with the bacon done to a cinder!"

Mindful of the boy's assurance that "he would be all right," Jim thought it more prudent to appear in the dining-room at once, and followed his sister in to breakfast, with his face full of concern at the thought of his aunts' anxiety on their account.

"We really are awfully sorry to be so late," he said penitently, "but——"

"It was so glorious out, and we saw such heaps of interesting things!" added Diana.

"Well, well," began Aunt Lavinia indulgently, "you——"

The rest of her sentence was drowned by the most fearful screeching and cackling from the poultry-yard, and everybody rushed from the table out into the garden.



A BROWNIE IN THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

Long before they reached the back-garden, however, the cackling and screeching had ceased, for the very simple reason that there was nothing left to cackle and screech! The poultry-yard was empty! So was the tool-shed!

"Where are my five Cochin China hens?" cried Aunt Patricia, wringing her hands.

"And my two dear little newly-fledged ducklings?" wailed Aunt Lavinia.

"And my bracelet?" chimed in Diana dismally.

"That boy!" gasped Jim, purple in the face with wrath. "It was that boy! I'll catch him!"

And he was off like a shot. But the boy, the "performing ferrets," and the hens had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up.

When Jim came back, breathlessly indignant, he found Diana tearfully recounting the whole story to her aunts.

"Do you mean to say," gasped Aunt Lavinia, "that you actually brought a *poacher* into our garden?"

"To steal our poultry!" added Aunt Patricia with a despairing groan.

"But we didn't know he was a poacher, did we, Jim?" cried poor Diana. "We—we were going to buy the performing ferrets as a present for you!"

"Yes; a surprise present. And the boy only came back with us to get the money."

"*Ferrets!*" screamed Aunt Patricia faintly.

"You intended to buy those wicked, evil looking, obnoxious little animals for *us*?" gasped Aunt Lavinia, sinking on to a hencoop.

"Oh, how that boy deceived us!" groaned Jim bitterly. "To think that we were taken in by him like that!"

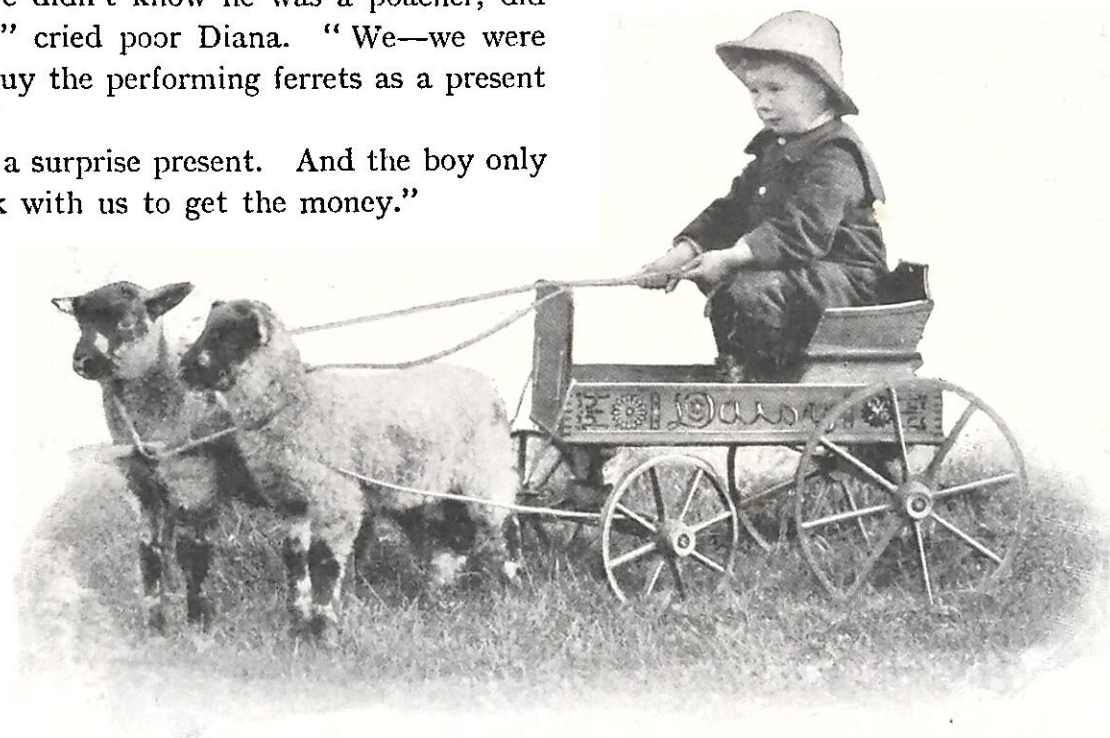
"I shall never see my bracelet again that Cousin Willie gave me!" said Diana, in woe-begone tones.

"Well, well! It might have been worse, I suppose," said Aunt Patricia, heaving a deep sigh, as she turned from the tragedy of the empty poultry-pen towards the house.

"You meant well, no doubt," said Aunt Lavinia gently, putting out her mittened hand towards the culprits; "so come in now and finish your breakfasts."

"And p'r'aps in future," said Jane, with asperity, as she followed Jim up the garden-path, "you'll be content with staying in bed till the proper time like Christians, and not getting up at some heathenish hour, and roaming the country with all kinds of riff-raff!"

THE END.



A LITTLE BOY WHO HAS TWO PET LAMBS TO DRAW HIM IN HIS CARRIAGE



If you would like to draw a portrait of Tiger Tim, all you have to do is to place a piece of thin paper over this page, and pencil in all the white parts that show through. Then when it is done you will have a funny picture of Tim on his wooden horse

NATURE NOTES

The wild fruits shown on this page belong to the Rose family, Chicks; and if you are in the country just now, I dare say you will be able to find nearly all of them

I EXPECT you know "hips and haws" by sight, don't you? I wonder if you can tell the difference between dog-rose hips and field-rose hips?

Dog-rose hips are long shaped, and very shiny and bright scarlet; while those of the field or trailing rose are rounder, and of a softer shade of red.

The "haws" are the fruit of the may-tree, or white-thorn, and grow in bunches. These berries begin to grow red before July is out, but they will stay on the trees till the following spring unless eaten by birds.

Perhaps you didn't know that blackberries belong to the rose family? They do, and so do dew-berries, which are distinguished from blackberries by their pretty blue bloom.

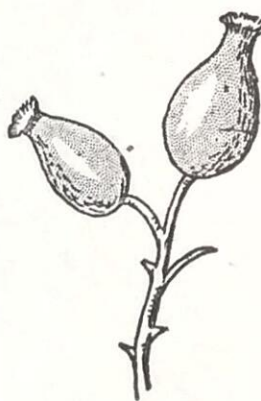
Sloes are the fruit of the black-thorn.



Field-Rose Hip



Blackberry



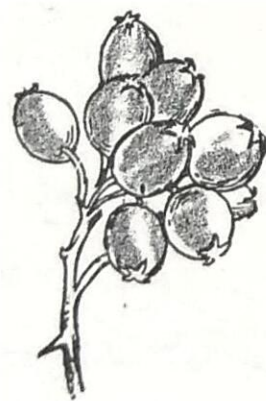
Dog-Rose Hip

Black patches are very commonly seen on sycamore leaves in town and country. They make the trees look as if some bad fairy had been spilling ink over them.

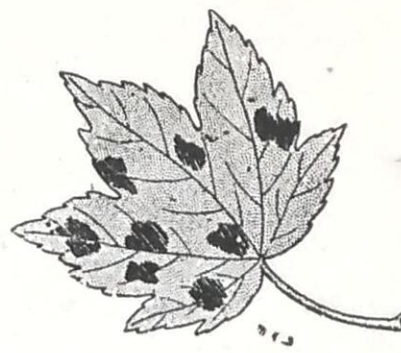
They begin with yellow stains, which you can hardly see. Then small black spots appear on the yellow, and these spread until the whole patch is black. They are caused by a fungus growth, which is very bad for the poor tree.

The only way to get rid of this plague is to clear away every leaf which falls, instead of letting them lie under the trees. Then the dusty seeds from the ripened fungus cannot fly up and spoil the next year's leaves.

So Chicks who play in a garden where these spotty leaves fall can be very useful in clearing them all away, and then getting father to make a bonfire of them.



"Haws."



Sycamore Leaf



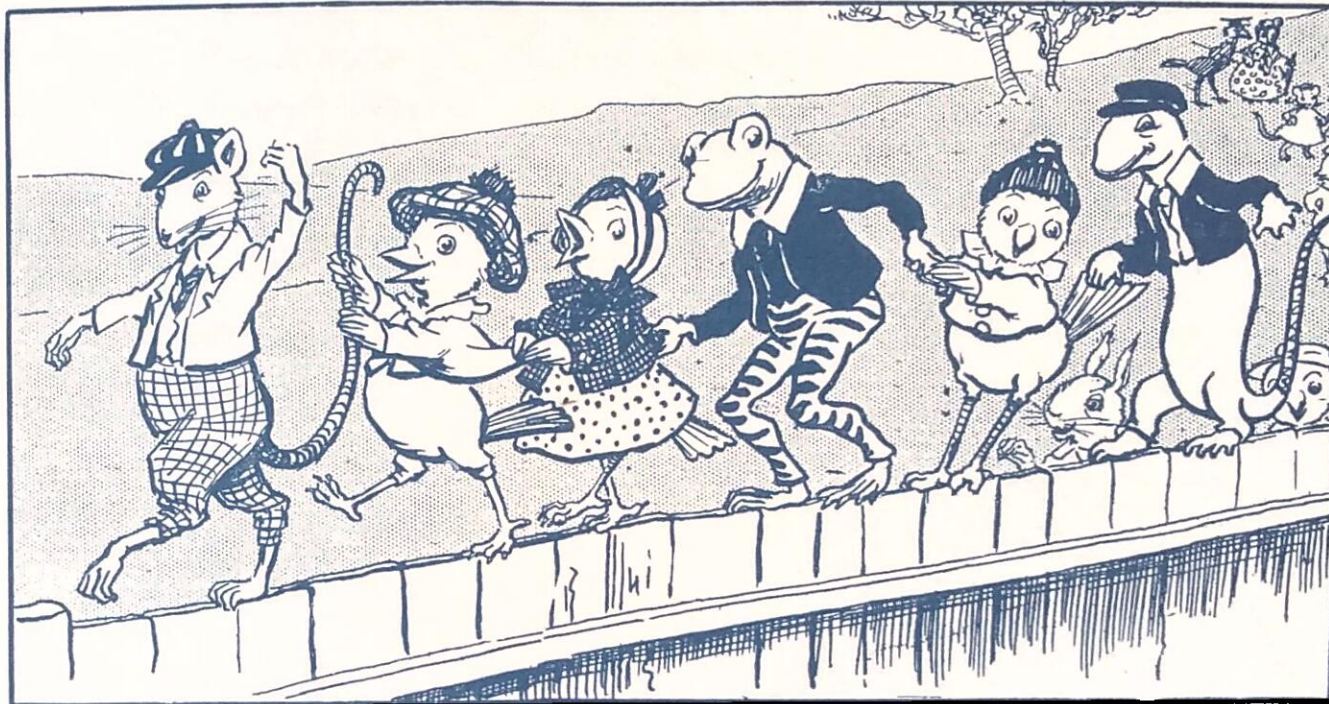
Sloe



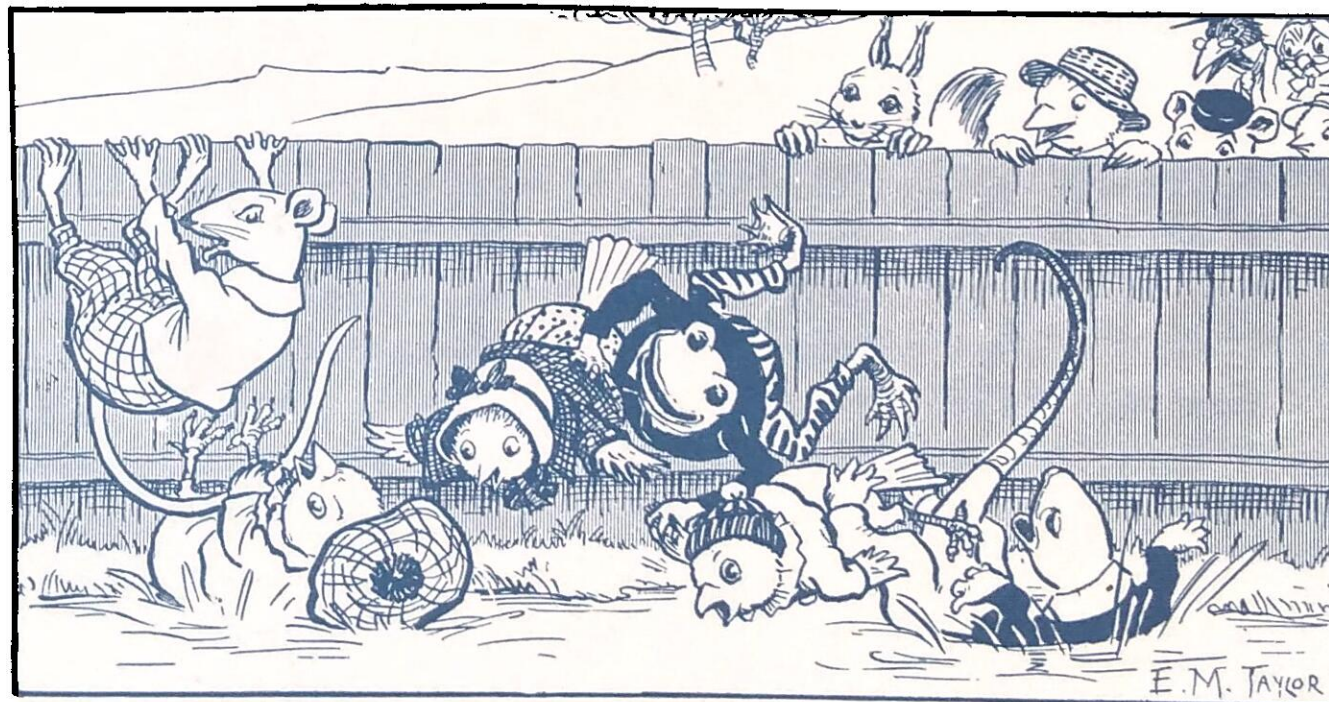
"SO LIKE GRANDMAMMA!"

“FOLLOW-MY-LEADER!”

The Little Sparrowkins play this game when they are out for a walk with Dr. Rook's Boys, and they all come to grief



1 Dear Chicks,—Do you ever play “Follow-my-leader”? We think it's an awfully jolly game; and the other day, when we were out for a walk, we got a long way in front of Dame Owl and the Doctor, and played it. Ratto was leading; and when he jumped up and walked along the top of the fence, of course we had to follow. But, ugh! it *was* wobbly!



2 Ratto was enjoying himself ever so much, but we weren't—partly because we were afraid of falling, and partly because we expected every minute that Dame Owl would see us. And she did! She called out so suddenly, too, that it made us all jump, and we went splash! into some water. We were all dripping wet; and when we got home we had to go to bed while our clothes were dried.

THE LITTLE SPARROWKINS

OUR LITTLE JOKE

How the Furry Fluffkins teased a poor boatman

DEAR CHICKS,

Te-he-he! You *would* have laughed if you'd seen that poor boatman. He (te-he! I can hardly tell you for laughing!)—he said he'd take us for a half-hour's row for sixpence, so in we jumped. Then while he wasn't looking we "hitched" the boat (you always have to talk about "hitching" a boat, though it only means fastening it)—well, we hitched the boat to a stump sticking up in the water.

The boatman couldn't see what we'd done, because we took care to sit so that the rope was hidden behind us. He pulled and pulled at the oars, and he puffed and blew with working so hard, and the more he pulled the more we laughed. Then at last we said: "Why, the boat's not moved! It's been 'hitched' to the stump!"

And of course after that he said he'd take us out for longer than half an hour, as we hadn't really moved yet!

So we had a good long half-hour for our sixpence.

Yours affectionately,

Furry Fluffkins 🐾

P.S.—We got into awful "hot water" afterwards, though—we'd been seen from the bank.



"Heave-ho!"

THE TELEGRAPH-POLE

*A Story about a little boy who used to wonder what made the telegraph-poles go "buzz-zz."
And then one day a fairy explained it to him*

By JANET ST. ALDIS

ONCE there was a little boy named Bobby, who lived in the country and had lots of brothers and sisters. Now, one of the things Bobby liked doing was putting his ear against a telegraph-pole and listening to the noise. His sisters had told him it was the noise of the telegrams going along, and his mother said it was the wind, but he didn't believe it was either of these things. So he often listened to see if he could find out what it really was.

One day when he was left alone, Bobby made a plan. He thought if he could hide near a telegraph-pole and watch it for a long time, he might be able to find out what the noise really came from. So he found a nice place in the grass, where he could see the pole quite plainly, but nobody could see him, and he lay down and waited.

He lay there such a long time that he began to feel quite sleepy. "I 'spect I shall soon have to go back home," he said to himself, but just at that very minute he saw a little fairy come bustling up to the telegraph-pole. The fairy pulled a key out of his pocket and opened a little door at the bottom of the telegraph-pole, and went in and slammed the door behind him.

Bobby felt most awfully excited, and wondered where the fairy had gone to. He watched to see if he would come out again. Then, after a minute, two young lady fairies came bustling up like anything. They were in a regular hurry; and one was saying: "Oh dear, we shall be late! I know we

shall!" And the other pulled a little key out of her pocket and opened the little door, and in they went.

Now, some people think that all fairies are exactly alike, but that is wrong. There are all sorts of fairies—fat fairies and thin fairies, big fairies and little fairies, good fairies and bad fairies, cross fairies and kind fairies, sensible fairies and silly ones. And as Bobby watched, he saw all sorts of fairies come up to the pole, and they all went in at the little door, but not one came out again.

After a bit, he happened to look up at the sky to watch a bird, and just then he noticed something black sliding along the telegraph-wire. "Why," he thought, "perhaps that's where the fairies go to!"

So the next time a fairy went in at the door, he looked up to the top of the pole, and, sure enough, a little while after something black went sliding along the telegraph-wire.

Bobby didn't feel sleepy any more—he was so excited to think he was finding out something. Just then a fairy who was rushing up to the little door, dropped her key, and couldn't see it anywhere. "Oh dear, oh dear, where is that key?" she was saying to herself. She had a kind, sensible face, and looked as if she might be a fairy governess, or something like that. Now, Bobby had noticed where the key had fallen, and he couldn't help pointing to it, and saying in as gentle a voice as he could make: "There's your key, just there." The poor fairy



Bobby upside-down

did jump, to see a great fat finger almost as big as herself come poking through the grasses.

"Dear, dear," she said, "you did make me jump! But I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you. Where did you say the key was?"

So Bobby showed it to her, and she picked it up.

"That was really very kind and nice of you," she said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, please," said Bobby. "I do so long to go through that little door!"

The fairy's eyes looked all twinkly, as if she wanted to laugh. "Well, you're rather too big, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, that is the worst of it," sighed Bobby.

"Well, I like you, and I'll tell you what I'll do," said the fairy. "I am busy and I must go on just now, but if you will set to work and make yourself small, I'll come back and fetch you after a little bit."

"Oh, thank you most awfully!" said Bobby. "What shall I have to do?"

"Can you stand on your head?" asked the fairy.

"Of course I can!" said Bobby.

"Can you stand on your head and hold a dandelion in your mouth, and say the A B C backwards?" asked the fairy.

"Well, yes, I think I can," said Bobby.

"Can you stand on your head, and hold a dandelion in your mouth, and say the A B C backwards, and wriggle your big toes?" asked the fairy.

"Well, I don't know, but I'll try," said Bobby, wondering how many more things the fairy was going to ask him to do.

"Very well, then," said the fairy; "you set to work and do all that, and I'll be back by the time you have finished." And off she rushed through the little door.

So Bobby picked up a dandelion and put it in his mouth, and tried to stand on his head, and after a little while, he managed it. Then he said his A B C backwards very carefully, but when he had finished, he found he had forgotten all about wriggling his big toes. Wasn't it a nuisance for him? So he had to start all over again; and this time he got it right—Z Y X and W V—U T S and R Q P. He had nearly finished when he heard somebody laughing.



THERE ARE ALL SORTS OF FAIRIES—

Then off they started on that glorious ride, swish-sh-sh, swish-sh-sh, along the telegraph-wire. It's very lovely to go in a real motor-car, but you can't imagine how beautiful it was to go in a fairy motor-car, swishing along nearly as high as the tops of the trees, with all the pretty country lying down below, and sometimes little rivers running underneath you. Bobby thought it was just like being a bird, and flying.

Well, at last they got to Brighton, and the fairy chose a telegraph-pole near the beach, and here they got out of their motors.

"Tap its nose twenty-six times, and say your A B C the right way," said the fairy.

And in a minute they were sitting on their black-beetles and buzzing down, down, down the inside of the telegraph-pole. When they got to the bottom the fairy took a bit of chalk out of her pocket, and made a mark on each of the blackbeetles. "That's to show we want them again," she said.

Then she chained them up, and took out her key and unlocked the little door, and out they ran together. At first, Bobby was awfully frightened that all the big people he met would tread on him, and the fairy saw how frightened he was.

"Oh, you needn't be frightened!" she said in her kind, sensible voice. "They can't see you, of course, but if they did tread on you it wouldn't hurt a bit. Why, I've been trodden on hundreds and hundreds of times!"

So then Bobby ran on quite happily, and they did have lovely fun together on the sands. After they had been to see the Punch and Judy show, and heard the band, and had a ride in a goat-chaise (nobody could see them, so they could go where they liked), Bobby thought it was time

to go home. So back they went to the telegraph-pole, and buzz! they went again on their black-beetles to the top, and there they turned them into motor-cars, and had another lovely ride back home.

And when they got back to the telegraph-pole they started from, and had chained up their black-beetles, and had come out at the little door, poor Bobby could hardly bear to say good-bye—he had had such a lovely day with his fairy friend.

When the kind fairy saw how sad he was, she said: "If you like, I will give you my key to the door in the telegraph-pole, because I've got another one at home."

Bobby simply couldn't help dancing for joy when she said this. And then he remembered he couldn't go

home, because he was so small, and he looked like a fairy, so that his mother and people wouldn't be able to see him.

"But how am I to get big again?" he asked.

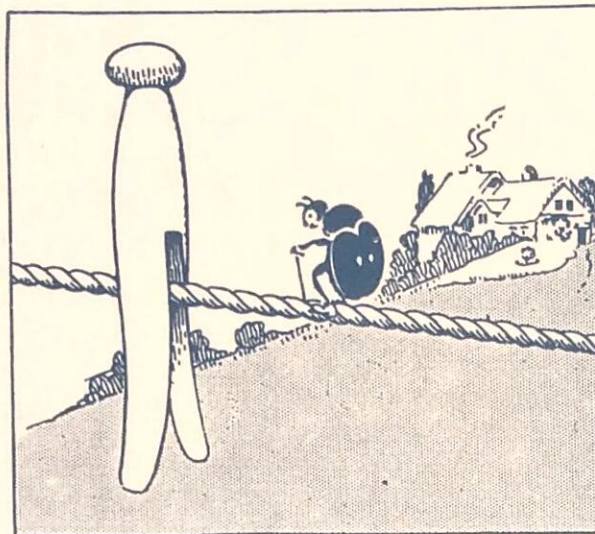
"Oh, just stand on your feet and hold a dandelion in your toes, and wriggle your eyelids and say your A B C the right way!" said the fairy.

Then she hung the key round his neck and kissed him, and said perhaps they would meet again another day and have some fun. And then she said good-bye, and ran off in the grasses.

And Bobby did everything she told him, and grew bigger and bigger with every letter he said, till he came to Z, and then he was quite his right size again.

And then he ran off home, and every time he looked at his fairy key, and thought that he could ride in a fairy motor-car whenever he wanted to, it did make him glad!

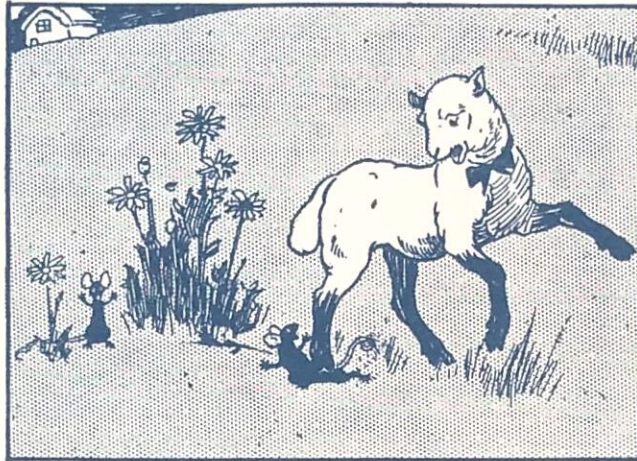
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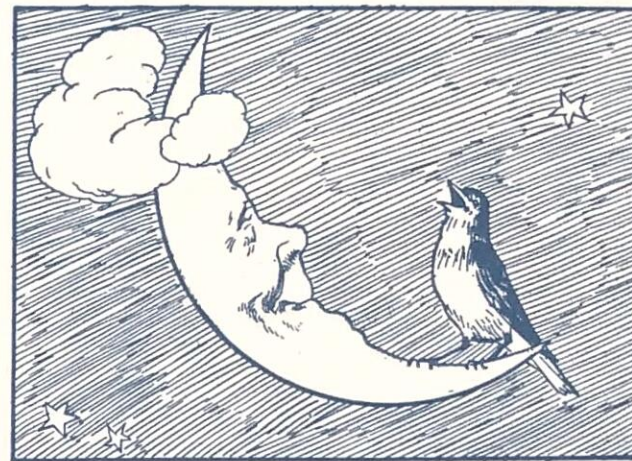
A Stoppage on the Line

Jimmy Beetle: "Really, it's absurd of people to put such small archways on this line!"

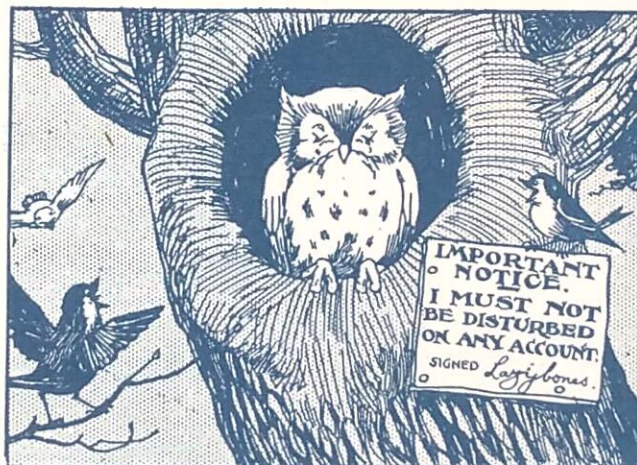
AN ANIMAL ALPHABET



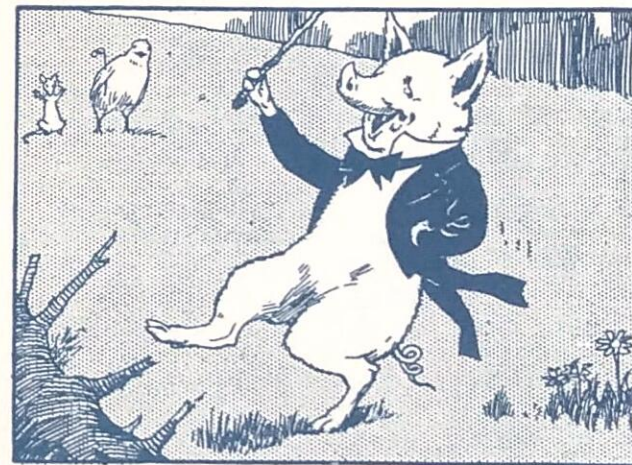
M for the mouse hidden deep in the hay.
The lamb trod on him when passing that way.



N for the Nightingale who sings
Any amount of lovely things.



O is the Owl who sleeps all day
When other birdies fly and play.



P is the pretty, playful Pig,
Trying to learn an Irish jig.



Q for the Quail who laughed to see
Piggy trip o'er a fallen tree!



R is the Rat who helped him rise,
Wiping the teardrops from his eyes.



A lit  lay dreaming
 Upon his 's lap
 T  all the  fell from the 
 And dropped in  his 
 Now, w  his sleep was over.
 W  did the dreamer do?
 Why he went & looked  side his 
 And found it was  true.



WOULD *you* BE AFRAID OF HIM?

THE SECRET OF THE OLD QUARRY

A SPECIAL LONG STORY FOR BOYS

I.

THE ROBBERY.

THE housekeeper at Hexton Grange was knocking frantically at the door of the Squire's dressing-room.

"Oh, if you please, sir, will you come at once into the lib'ry, sir? Burglars have been in the night, sir, and took——"

"What—what? What's that you say?" called the Squire. "Wait a minute, Mrs. Baxter. There, now tell me again!" And the Squire, who had hastily finished dressing, stood in the doorway to hear what his excited housekeeper had to say. She repeated her statement, and the Squire simply flew down to the library.

Gone!

All the cherished silver cups and bowls and other sports prizes he had won in his youth stolen in one night! He stood there quite silently for a few minutes, then turned to Mrs. Baxter.

"Please send for the police," he said. "Meantime, I shall lock this door and take away the key."

Then, suiting the action to the words, he turned the key in the lock, slipped it into his pocket, and strode moodily off to the breakfast-room, where his fourteen-year-old son Jerry was awaiting his arrival.

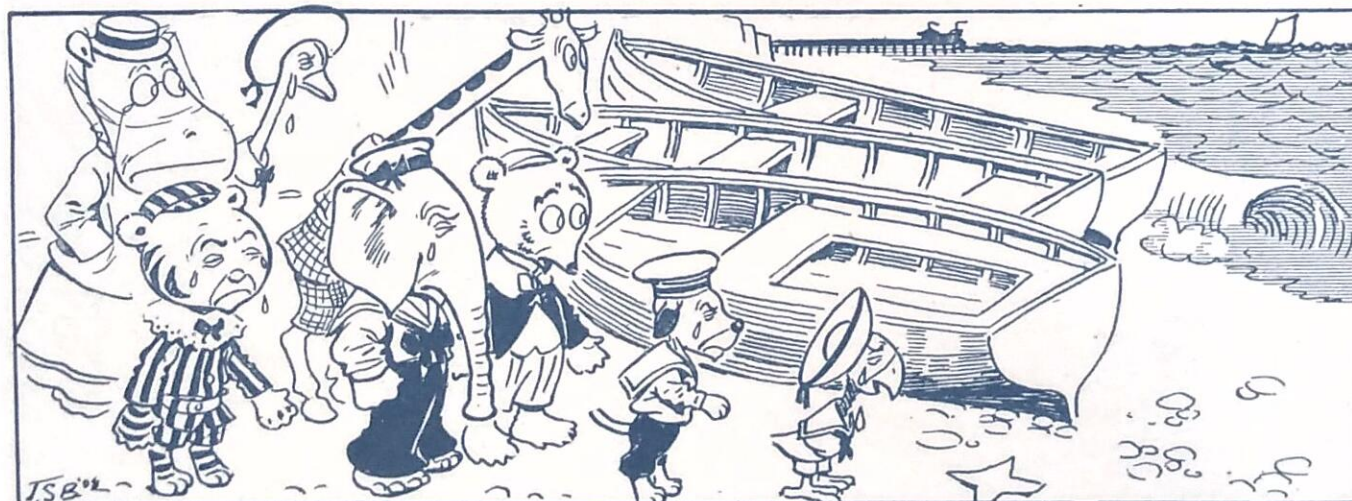
"Hallo, pater! Shall I ring for breakfast? Why, how white you are! Anything the matter, sir?"

"Yes, Jerry. Burglars have been here in the night, and all my cups and things are gone."

"Oh, I am sorry, pater!"

The boy could think of nothing to say by way of comfort to his father, and the meal proceeded in silence. But his mind was busily working, and he decided to talk the whole affair over as soon as possible with his two staunch chums, Madge and Dick Harlton, the doctor's children. Dick was just Jerry's age and Madge was a year younger. The three of them had been chums almost as long as they could remember, and the Squire was only too pleased for his motherless boy to have what he called "a second mother" in Mrs. Harlton.

Very soon, then, Jerry tore off to the Harltons'.



1 "Oh, dear! what a disappointment! The sea is so rough this morning that we can't go out for a row in a boat after all. We've dressed up for it specially, too. I feel I could cry with vexation!" sobbed Joey the Parrot. "Now what are we to do? Our morning is quite upset!"

"Hallo, Jerry!" cried Madge. "Dick and I are just going over the moors to the Higgins's farm. Coming?"

"Rather!" said Jerry. "Let's go round by the Old Quarry."

"All right." And away they started.

"You look a bit glum, Jerry," said Dick. "Anything the matter?"

"Yes. Something awfully serious. We've had burglars in last night."

Madge stood stock-still.

"Jerry! How awful! Did—did you hear them?"

"No, none of us heard them. I wish to goodness we had!"

"Wish you had!" gasped Madge, in terrified amazement. She had always hoped that if ever burglars came to *their* house, she would know nothing about it till they had gone. "Whatever for?"

"Because then we might have caught them before they made off with the poor pater's trophies."

"Have they taken *them*?" asked Dick. "What a beastly shame!"

The three walked on in moody silence for several minutes. They were all busy thinking over this startling incident and wishing they could lay their hands on the thieves.

As they walked on the invigorating Yorkshire

air blew in their faces, and seemed to clear their brains. They talked eagerly together, and tried to arrive at some conclusion which would help to put them on the track of the guilty person or persons.

"Whoever did it must either have hidden himself in the room all day, or else had a duplicate key to the door of the library," said Jerry.

"How do you know that?" asked Dick.

"Because I heard the police superintendent say that neither the window nor the lock of the door had been tampered with. I don't see how they could have hidden in the room all day, though, because father and I were both in and out of the library quite a lot yesterday, and at the best of times there aren't many corners where you could hide there."

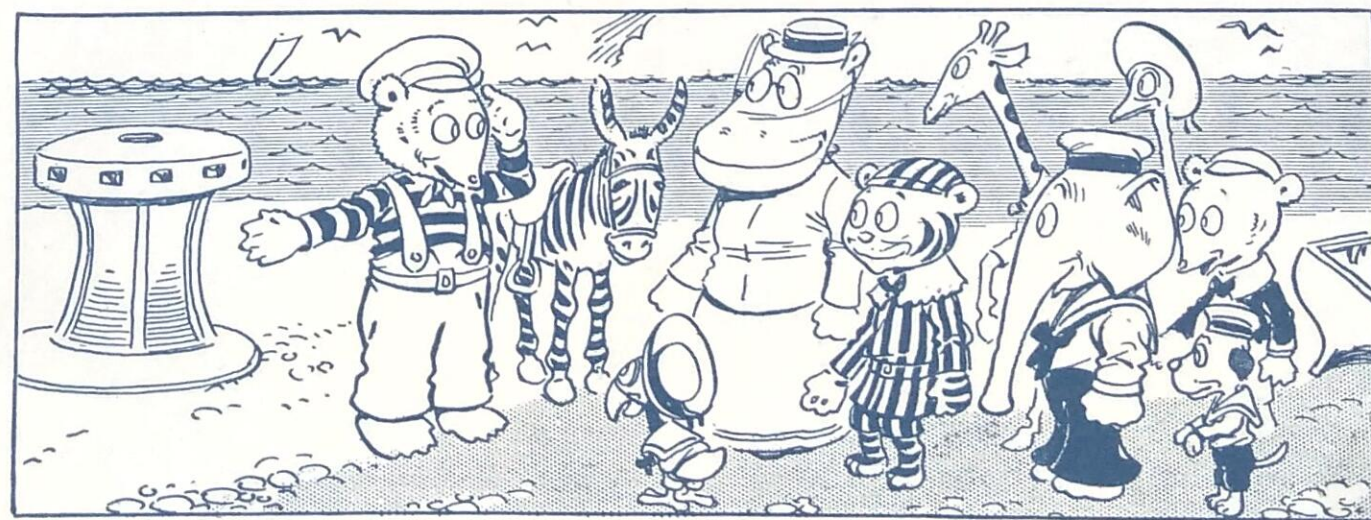
"I should think they must have had a duplicate key made, then," said Madge. "Mrs. Baxter is the only person, besides your father, who has a key to the library, isn't she?"

"Yes. So, whoever the burglar is, he must have had a duplicate made from one or other of those two keys."

"Then that means——"

"That I must keep a sharp look-out on the servants, for no one else could possibly have a chance of touching the keys."

By this time they had reached the farm. Madge gave the message her mother had sent, and they



2 But when the boys caught sight of a man with a zebra they all brightened up considerably. "Please, Mrs. Hippo, may we have rides on the zebra? It is only twopence each," pleaded Tiger Tim. "Well, well, I'll speak to this good man, and see what he can do," said kind Mrs. Hippo

walked back together, eagerly discussing the burglary.

II.

THE NEW BUTLER.

During the next few days Jerry carefully watched his father's servants, and managed to have a casual chat with each of them in turn, but came to no definite conclusion.

"It seems rather beastly to be so suspicious," he said to his two chums one day, "especially as they've nearly all been with father so many years."

"You've got a new butler, though, haven't you?" asked Madge.

"Yes. He's only been with us about two months, but then we've known him for ages. His mother lives in Fells Cottage, on the edge of the moor, you know."

"Oh, yes, I remember him quite well," said Dick. "He used to be a champion climber. Don't you remember he used to always go down the Old Quarry for the lost cricket-balls when he belonged to the Village Club?"

"That's the fellow—Price!"

"Our housemaid's engaged to him," said Madge. "She was awfully happy about it at first, but lately she's been mopey and miserable, and yesterday she told me she was 'worried to death' about him."

"Why?"

"Because he's got in with a lot of bad men, who make him spend his money on betting and horse-racing."

"Whee-eeuw!" whistled Jerry. "That sounds bad!"

After this he was quite quiet and thoughtful for a long time, and soon hurried home. During the afternoon he contrived to get into friendly talk with Price, who, though formerly a very bright and happy sort of young man, had lately become rather surly and shy.

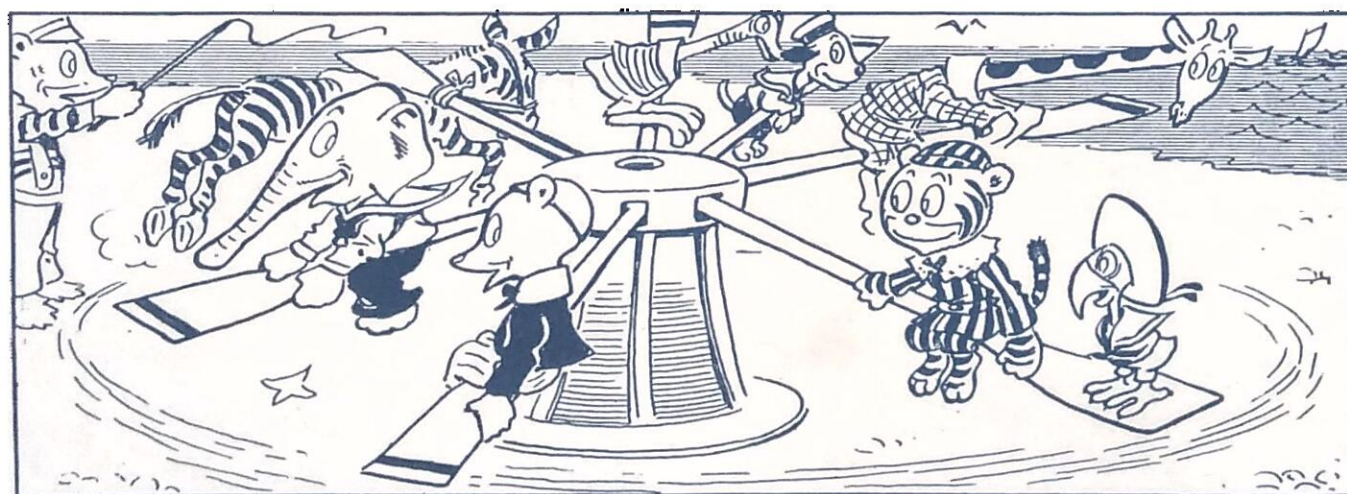
"Will you come to the gun-room this evening and help me clean my guns?" asked Jerry, in a friendly sort of way.

"Sorry, Master Jerry, but it's my evening out."

"Oh, I didn't know," said Jerry. "All right, Price; we'll clean them some other evening."

As he strolled away, Jerry determined to watch Price, and see where he went to spend his "evening out."

The unconscious butler strode off after dinner that evening, and Jerry kept at a discreet distance behind him. They kept steadily on one behind the other till they reached the Old Quarry. Up till then dark clouds had been scudding across the sky, but just as Price came to the quarry's yawning mouth the moon came out and bathed the whole of the surrounding country in



3 "Give the boys a ride, marm? Certainly, marm. I'll fix up a little arrangement that will please everybody, or my name is not Bill Bruin," said the obliging owner of the zebra. He was as good as his word, too; and if you look at our picture you will see the boys having a fine time

glorious light. Jerry had just time to dive out of sight behind a bush as Price turned round, looked frowningly up at the sky, then shook his head, stared intently down the Old Quarry, and walked back!

Jerry was tremendously excited when he returned, about a quarter of an hour later. He went straight on to Dr. Harlton's, and asked for Dick.

"I say, old chap, are you game for a climb early to-morrow morning?"

"Yes. Where?"

"Down the Old Quarry. Be there by six, will you? I'll tell you all about it then."

Dick promised, and the two chums separated with a cordial "Good-night!"

III.

THE SECRET OF THE QUARRY.

Punctually at six o'clock the next morning Dick reached the Old Quarry. Jerry was waiting for him, and briefly told him what he had seen the night before.

"I believe the things are down there," he said, "but I want to make sure."

"All right," said Dick, "I'm game. Let's go down."

They carefully walked round the top of the deep hole, out of which great pieces of stone had

been cut, and at last found a spot where several pieces jutted out one below the other, forming a kind of ladder. Taking off their coats, they cautiously descended, Jerry first. It was a dangerous business, and not a word was spoken until Jerry found himself on a large piece of stone which formed a sort of platform.

"Here we are!" he cried. "Steady, Dick! That's right." And the two boys stood side by side.

Peering cautiously round, they spied a bulky-looking sack pushed a long way back on the ledge. Jerry crept towards it, undid the cord which fastened its mouth, peered in, and saw—his father's trophies!

"Hooray!" he cried. "I was right, Dick! Price stole them and hid them here, I feel perfectly sure, but we shall have to prove it."

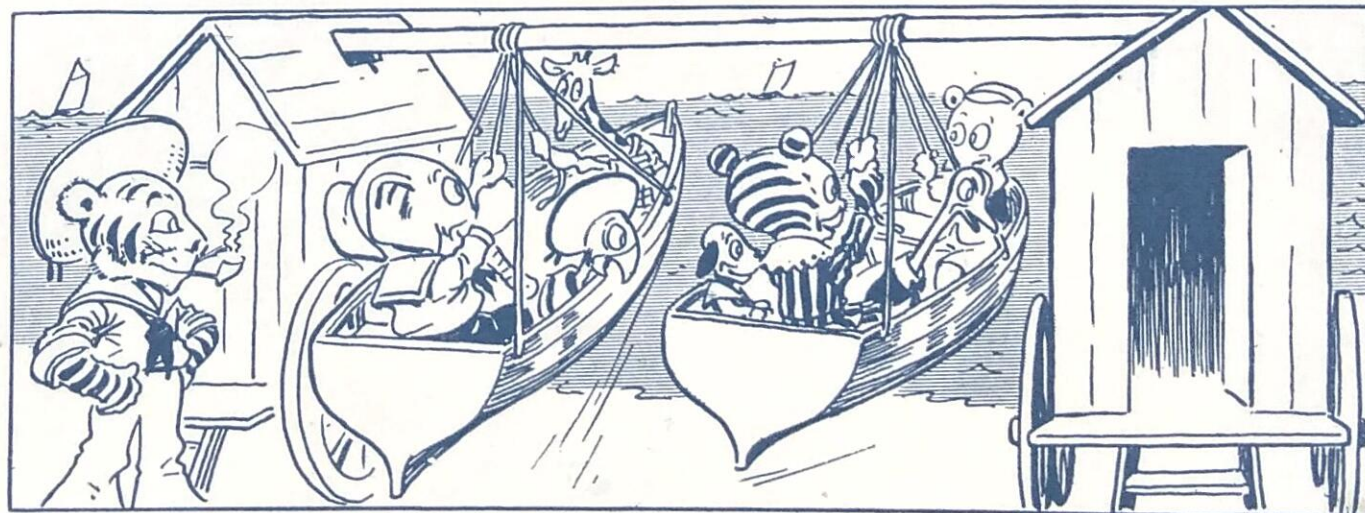
"Are you going to take them up?" asked Dick.

"No, I'm going to leave them here for the present."

As he spoke he fastened up the sack again, pushed it back to where it was before, and crawled towards Dick.

"Up you go!" he said.

They carefully climbed upwards, clinging with both hands to each ledge of stone as they came to it, and drawing themselves up gradually to the



4 "I don't see why Bill Bruin should have all the trade," said Timothy Tiger, the boatman. "Come along, young gentlemen. Who wants a boat-swing? Only a penny to swing as long as you like." "What a jolly idea!" cried Georgie Giraffe. "See how he has fixed up his boats! Let's have a swing"

top. Then they brushed themselves as best they could, put on their coats, and walked homewards together. Jerry thanked Dick for coming, and warned him to be sure and say nothing to anyone except Madge, who must be sworn to secrecy for the present.

At the Grange there was an air of mystery and suppressed excitement, for two detectives from Scotland Yard had come down the night before.

After breakfast, Jerry strolled round the grounds with the senior officer, and at last told him what he had discovered.

"Why, sir, that was remarkably smart of you! What do you propose to do next?"

"I thought if you and the other officer would come and watch with us—my chum and I—at the Old Quarry to-night, we should be pretty sure to catch Price red-handed—that is, if it's a dark night."

The officer willingly agreed, and that night the four watchers hid themselves behind some convenient bushes near the mouth of the Old Quarry. There was no moon, and everything looked very mysterious in the darkness. After some time, what Jerry had expected came to pass. Price approached, and, without any hesitation, made for the point from which the two boys had made their descent. He knew it well, for, as Dick had mentioned, he had often gone down there in search of lost balls.

Presently there was a loud jingling noise, and the butler appeared at the top of the quarry with a huge sack fastened by a cord to his body. Directly he stood in safety a little way from the quarry the two detectives crept out and seized him from the back. He gave a great start, then gasped:

"All right! I'm done for!"

Just then Jerry and Dick appeared, and took the bulky sack between them, while the detectives escorted the unhappy Price. When they reached the Grange, Jerry ran upstairs and wakened his father.

"Why, Jerry, boy, what's the matter? Burglars again?"

"No, pater. If you'll come downstairs, I think I can promise you a pleasant surprise."

The astonished Squire dressed quickly, and followed his excited son. Jerry opened the dining-room door, and there, on the floor, were the Squire's lost treasures. He could not speak, although his delight was evident.

"What, Price? *You*?" he said.

Price hung his head and made no reply.

"You have been extremely smart," said the Squire to the detectives. "I——"

"No, sir, we've done nothing, as you might say," replied the senior officer. "It was your son here."

The Squire turned to the beaming Jerry, who



5 And when the boys were tired of the boat-swing, clever Mr. Tiger stuck a pole in the middle of the capstan and fixed up a novel roundabout. "This is better than going for a row," cried Jumbo. "Rather!" agreed Tiger Tim. "I don't want to go back to school any more!"

quickly explained his "detective" work. His father looked alarmed when he heard of the descent down the Quarry, but his eyes sparkled with appreciation at the rest of the story.

"Bravo, Jerry lad, and you, too, Dick! Perhaps later on I shall be able to make you understand how grateful I am. These trophies are very dear to me because of the happy times that are associated with them."

Then he turned to the wretched butler and sternly said:

"What have *you* to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, sir, except this. I've been a miserable coward, and got myself into debt with a set of betting men. I owed them ten pounds, and I hadn't got it. Instead of coming to you and telling you the truth—knowing, as I did, sir, that you'd have helped me—I promised them I'd let them have something of value instead of the money. I got a duplicate made of Mrs. Baxter's key by getting an impression of it on a piece of wax; then I stole the things and hid them in the Old Quarry, and was waiting till we had a cloudy night, when I could take them over to where I said I'd meet the others. They would have melted the silver down and sold it."

"A very disgraceful story, Price! You'd better take him away, and keep him under lock and key till the morning," said the Squire to the officers.

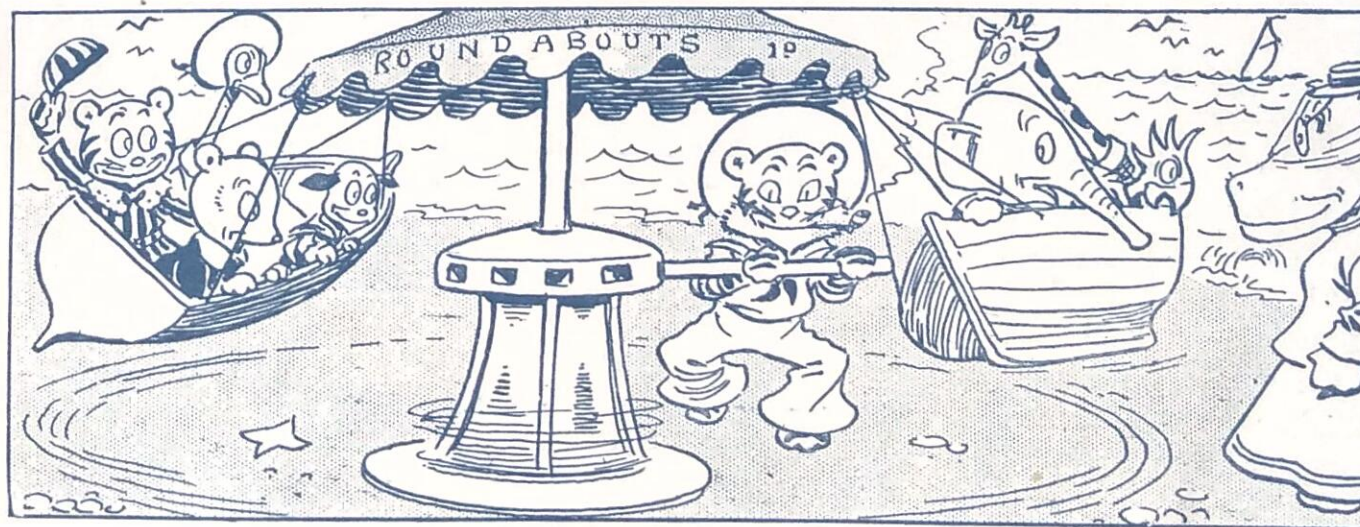
So they all marched off, the officers wishing the Squire and the boys a civil "Good-night."

The three who were left in the dining-room stayed up talking for a long time, for Dick was staying the night with Jerry, as he very often did. At first they all agreed that Price must be handed over to the police in the morning, but later on, when they came to think things over, and remembered the two innocent women—his mother and his sweetheart, who would be ruined and disgraced by this, they decided to hush the matter up, and give the man one more chance.

So when the two detectives went back to London, and it was known that the Squire's trophies were safe at the Grange again, the rumour spread that the officers had found the things, but the robber had escaped to America. No one contradicted this tale, and the Squire allowed Price to stay on.

He never regretted his kindness, for Price showed his gratitude in every way he possibly could, and became thoroughly steady and honest, for he had learnt a lesson. As for Jerry and Dick, they were utterly delighted and surprised a week later, when they each received a gift of a splendid bicycle from the Squire, "with his love and thanks for so cleverly restoring his valued possessions."

THE END.



6 "Please, Mr. Tiger, we've spent all our pennies," said Bobby Bruin. "I suppose we must get out now." "Never you mind about that, sir," said the kind-hearted old sailor. "I like to see young gentlemen enjoying themselves, and you are all welcome to stay on as long as you like." Then the boys gave three cheers for Timothy Tiger

WHAT ENGINE-DRIVERS DO

How Engines sometimes go to the Doctor

“RIGHT away!” shouts the guard.

And the engine goes puffing and panting on its way, drawing behind it ever so many carriages filled with passengers. As these passengers settle themselves on the comfortably cushioned seats, I wonder how many of them ever stop to consider what a wonderful thing a steam-engine is, and what a number of lives depend on the steadiness and care of the man who drives it?

The great engines that draw our trains have often been called “iron giants,” and they really *are* giants. If you’ve never seen anyone standing beside one, you’ll be able to see by the photograph how small a man looks compared with an engine. The man in this picture is the driver of the engine, whose wheels he is oiling before starting on a journey. He is a very famous engine-driver, for he drives the Royal train.

From the moment that he takes his place in the “cab” of his engine and starts her on her way he has no thought for anything but his work. The train speeds along, and he keeps a sharp look-out for signals; and his steady hand controls the various parts of the mighty engine, while the fireman who works beside him is kept busy “stoking”

from the moment of starting until the journey ends.

Just fancy! The engine of an express passenger train has to be fed with thirty-five or forty pounds of coal every mile, and some of the engines which draw very heavy

“goods” trains want nearly seventy pounds of fuel every mile. Isn’t *that* an appetite?

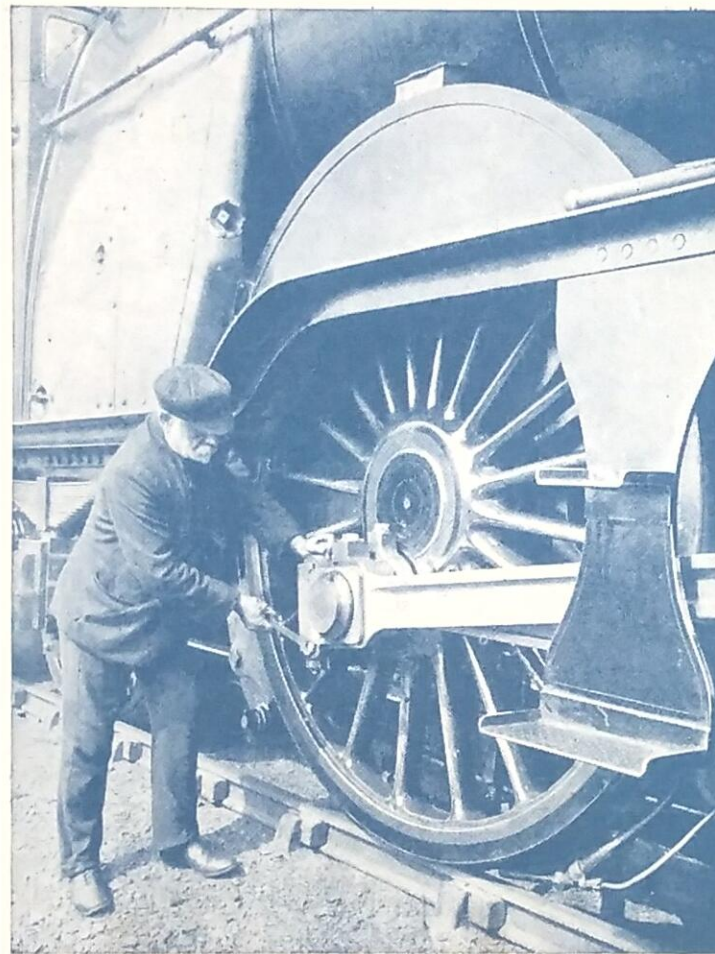
But even such great, strong, greedy giants as these sometimes have to go to the “doctor”; and at various places on the railway-lines there are large “hospitals,” where engines are sent to be put right when anything goes wrong.

In these “hospitals,” if an engine has anything very much the matter with it, it is taken to pieces, and each piece is sent to a special part of the “hospital” to be attended to; and

afterwards they are all put together again, and the engine is sent out quite “cured” and able to work again.

The “doctors” in these “hospitals” use most wonderful tools for their work; and some of these tools can do quite as much work in a few minutes as fifty men would take ever so many days to do!

THE END.

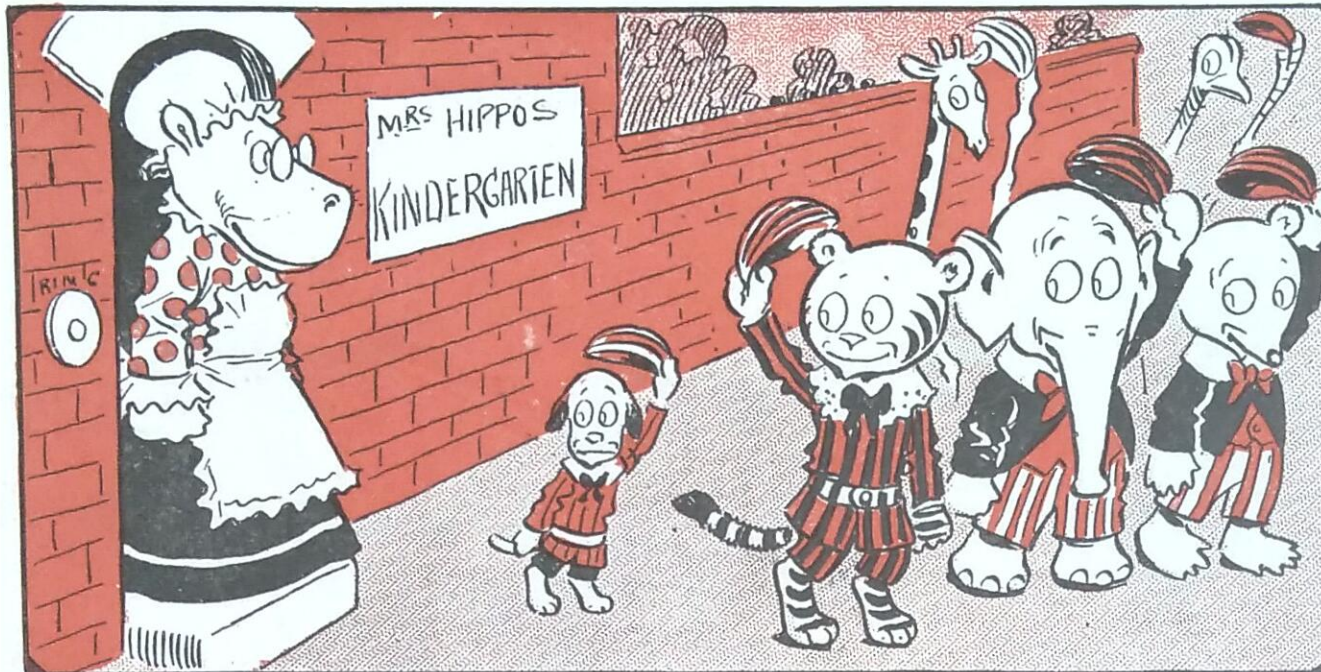


The big wheel of the engine is much taller than a man

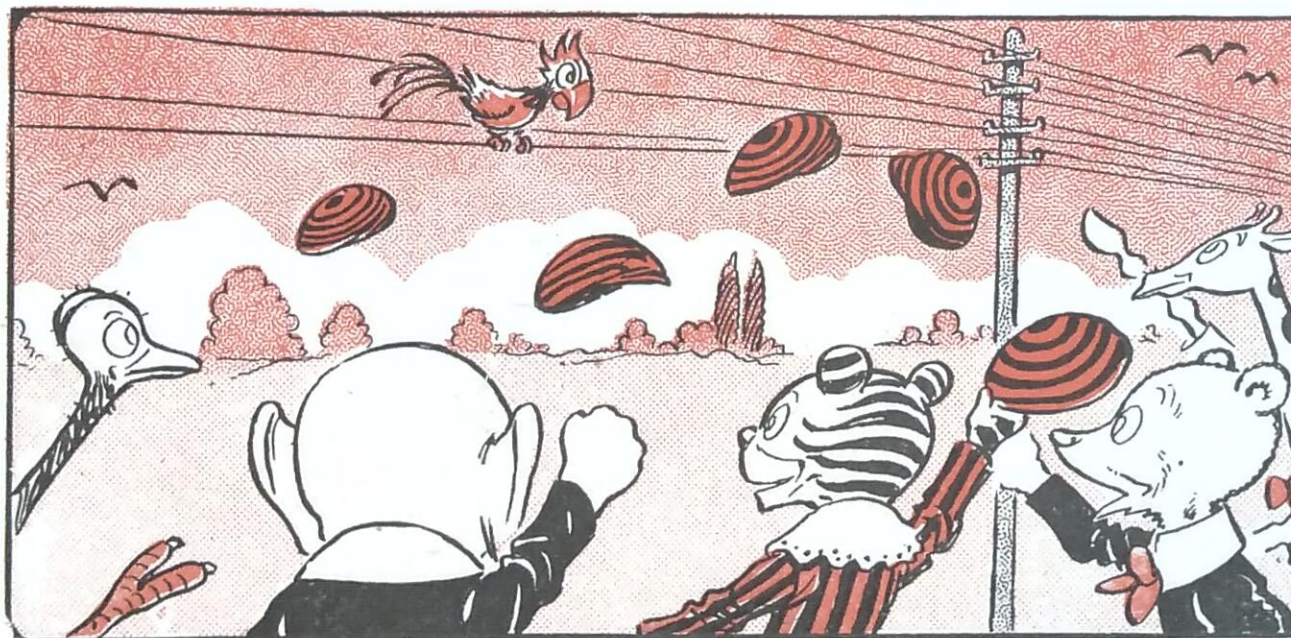


THE FLUFFKINS IN THE MOUNTAINS

THE BOYS TRY TO CATCH POLLY,



1 "Good-bye, Mrs. Hippo," said Tiger Tim, as he left the Kindergarten School for a morning walk with the other boys. "Good-bye, my dears. That's right. Always raise your hats to your elders. I'm delighted to see you so polished in your manners. You are a credit to my school"



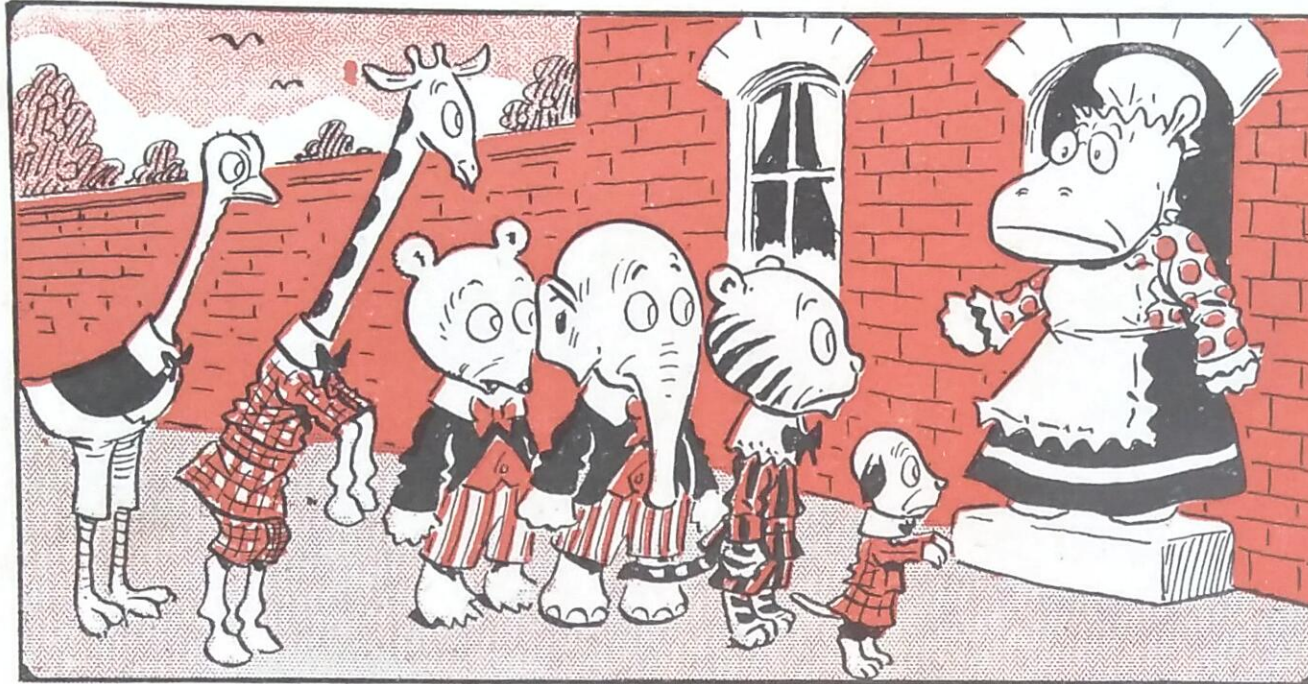
2 The boys had not proceeded far before they came upon Mrs. Hippo's new parrot, which had escaped from its cage the night before. "Oh, look! There is Polly, sitting on the telegraph-wires. Let's catch her, and get a reward from Mrs. Hippo," cried Jumbo

AND LOSE THEIR CAPS

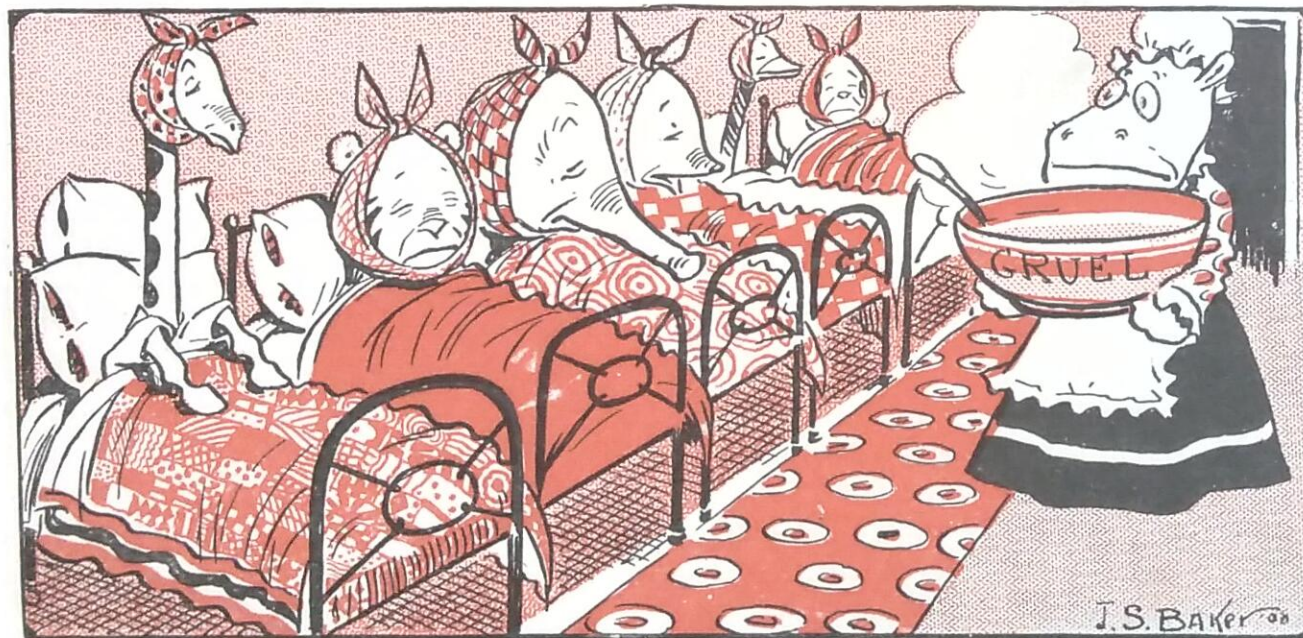


3 "I know a way to fetch her down," said Bobby Bruin, throwing his cap up at the parrot. All the others threw up their caps too. But alas! they caught on the wires. "Ha! ha!" laughed Polly Parrot as she flew away. "Now you've done it!"

“A TISHOO! A TISHOO! A TISHOO!”



4 “Dear, dear! What shall we do now without our caps?” groaned Willy Giraffe. “Let’s hurry home at once. We shall all catch dreadful colds in this biting March wind.” You can imagine Mrs. Hippo’s surprise when she opened the door, and found all her pupils without caps



5 “Go up to your rooms at once!” cried Mrs. Hippo. “You will all have dreadful colds. There is Willie Ostrich sneezing already—just as I expected! Make haste and get well, my dears, or you will not be able to appear on page 142”



CHAPTER I.

A GOOD IDEA.

THE Princes George and James of Marzipandia went back to school about a fortnight ago, and their sisters Dorothea and Amabel began lessons again with Miss Setemright. But just before this happened, the four of them were having a "general meeting" to discuss what they could do to celebrate Prince James's birthday, which came last Saturday—that is, at the end of the first week of the new school-term.

"We shall be able to come home for the weekend all right," said Prince James—"we're always allowed to for our holidays—but the question is, what can we do when we get home?"

Prince George looked helplessly out of the window, and the two Princesses suggested all

sorts of wild plans, but their brothers scoffed at every one of them, saying they were either "silly" or "all right for *girls*, but——" etc., etc., until at last Princess Dorothea said: "Well, I don't care what we do. You won't do anything we say, yet you can't suggest a single thing yourselves!"

Just at that moment Prince George gave a wild shout, and jumped round the room.

"I've got a ripping idea!" he cried.

"Well, don't hold on to it too long—it might hurt you—you're not used to it, you know!" said Prince James, in sugary tones.

"Don't be funny!" snapped his brother. "What d'you say to a skating carnival? Look! it's freezing magnificently! By Saturday the pond at the other end of the Big Meadow ought to be frozen over as firm as—as firm as—oh! anything!"

"'Tisn't a bad idea," agreed Prince James.

KNEELING AND RUBBING
AS HARD AS THEY COULD



ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY—

"But I don't know if father and mother will agree. They're rather nervous about that sort of thing."

"Oh, I think we can talk them round," said Princess Dorothea. "It really would be rather fine! We'll have torches and Chinese lanterns and things all stuck about, and p'r'aps father'll let us borrow the Court String Band, and we'll have refreshments in a big tent, and——"

"Yes, but stop a minute," said Prince James: "it's no good fixing all those things up till we find out whether father and mother'll let us do it."

"Come on, then. Let's ask them," said Prince George.

This seemed a sensible suggestion, so away they trooped to the King's study.

King Ahmund and Queen Caramelia were engaged in a serious struggle with the Royal Household Monthly Accounts.

"You'll have to speak," said Amabel, when they got inside, giving James a vigorous poke in the middle of his back, with the result that he leapt forward suddenly, and very nearly fell into his father's arms.

"Er—we're sorry to—to interrupt, father, but—er—well—er—the fact is, it's my birthday on Saturday, you know, and—er—we wanted to know if you'd let us have a skating-party to celebrate the occasion? It's freezing hard, and by Saturday the pond in the Big Meadow ought to be in splendid condition."

King Ahmund thought for a moment, and then said:

"Well, yes—I don't see why not. Do you, my dear?" he asked, turning to the Queen.

"No, dear—I think it might be managed."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the children in delighted tones. "We'll send the invitations out to-day."

So all the afternoon they were busy writing out invitations to their friends, telling them that they were

giving a skating-party on the following Saturday, and please would they come and have tea in the Palace first and bring their skates, so that they could go out on the ice in the Big Meadow in the evening.

The answers began pouring in by the next day; and when Prince George and Prince James started off for school, they were in a great state of excitement about the coming party.

Every day that week the Princesses at the Palace and the Princes at school anxiously watched the state of the weather. The frost held; and whenever the Princesses ran down to look at the pond in the Big Meadow, they came back delighted, for the ice looked more and more promising every day.

On the Friday evening the Princes came home

for the week-end, and everyone at the Palace was busily employed in making preparations for the next day.

They all four went to bed in good time, because they wanted to be up early in the morning.

But when Princess Amabel pulled up the bedroom blind at six o'clock on Saturday morning it was simply POURING WITH RAIN!!

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS.

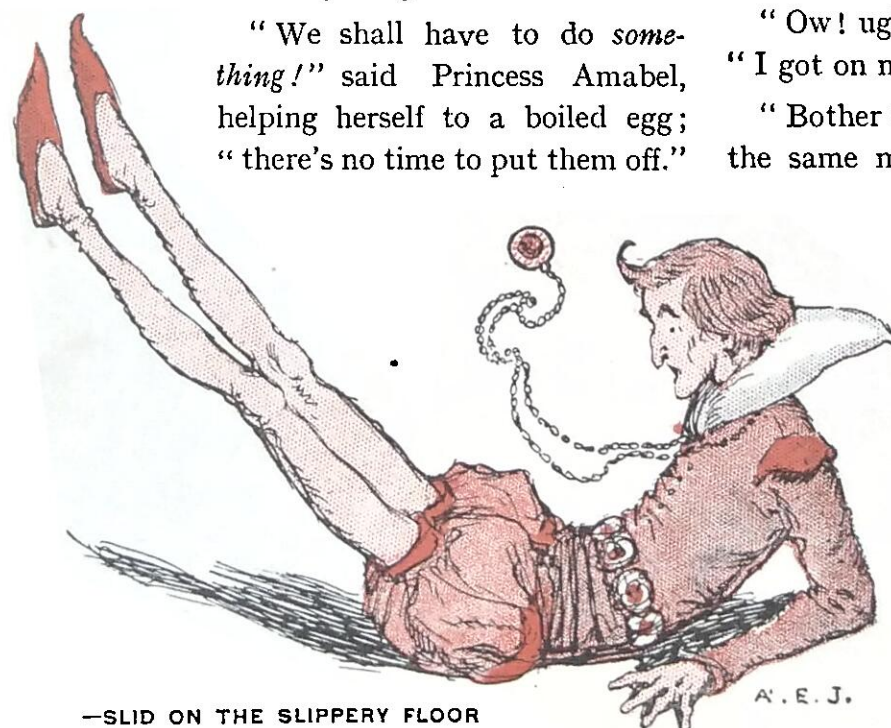
You can imagine—or, at least, I don't know if you really *can* imagine!—the awful disappointment at the Palace. The girls dressed themselves as quickly as possible, and rushed down to the school-room, where they found the boys standing at the window, glaring fiercely at the falling rain.

"Oh, boys," cried Princess Dorothea, "what *are* we going to do?"

"Goodness knows!" said Prince James, in tones of the deepest despair.

The breakfast-bell rang at that minute, and the four miserable children walked dismally into their own particular dining-room and sat down at the table, but none of them felt in the least inclined to eat anything.

"We shall have to do *something*!" said Princess Amabel, helping herself to a boiled egg; "there's no time to put them off."



—SLID ON THE SLIPPERY FLOOR

"No; we've promised them skating, and skating they ought to have," said James.

"And—why—not?" said Dorothea, suddenly dumping down her egg-spoon and fixing round eyes on her elder brother.

"Why not, indeed? Don't be childish!" said Prince James. "Where's the ice, I'd like to know?"

"But you don't want *ice* for *all* skating."

"You mean roller-skating? Why—why, that's not a bad idea! But where could we? We haven't got a rink!"

"No, but we've got at least *one* room in the Palace that's big enough to use as a rink."

"Which room? Oh, the Royal Reception-Room! Yes, yes! Why not? But the floor?"

"Well, it's fairly well polished now; and if we beg some polishing-mixture from the kitchen, and go down now ourselves and give it an extra polish—well, what more could anybody want?"

A sudden light gleamed in each pair of eyes, and without another word they trooped off to the Royal Reception-Room.

You never saw such a funny sight as they made kneeling on the hard floor, and rubbing as hard as they could.

"Ow! ugh!" Prince James suddenly shrieked, "I got on my knee-bone then!"

"Bother!" came from Princess Amabel at the same moment. "I've caught my hair in, and polished *that* instead of the floor!"

Then Prince George, in trying to scramble up, got on his hands and toes, and slipped about so helplessly that the others were obliged to stop and laugh at him. But they all stuck to their work very bravely, and after a few hours they had made their floor so slippery that they could hardly walk on it a step without floundering and slithering in all directions.

INVENTIVE MR. WHISKERS

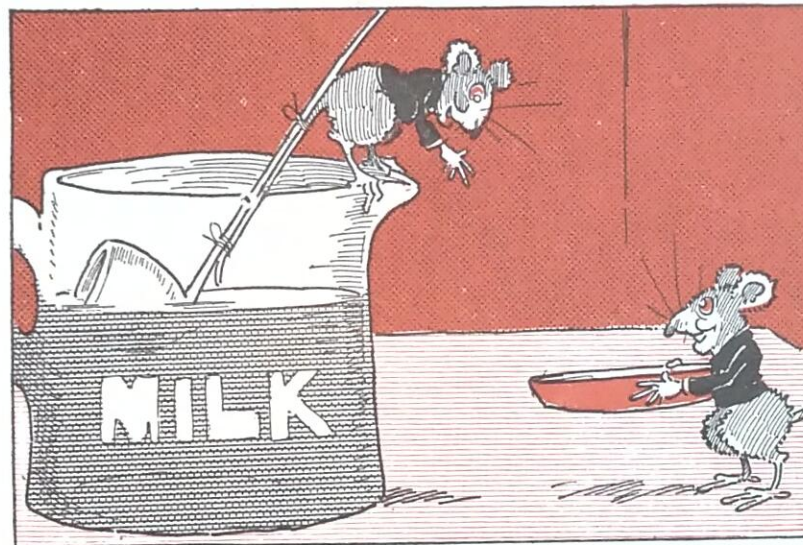


1.

"I wish we could have a drink of that lovely new milk," sighed Nibbler. "So we shall," said Whiskers. "Here, let me tie this clay pipe on your tail"

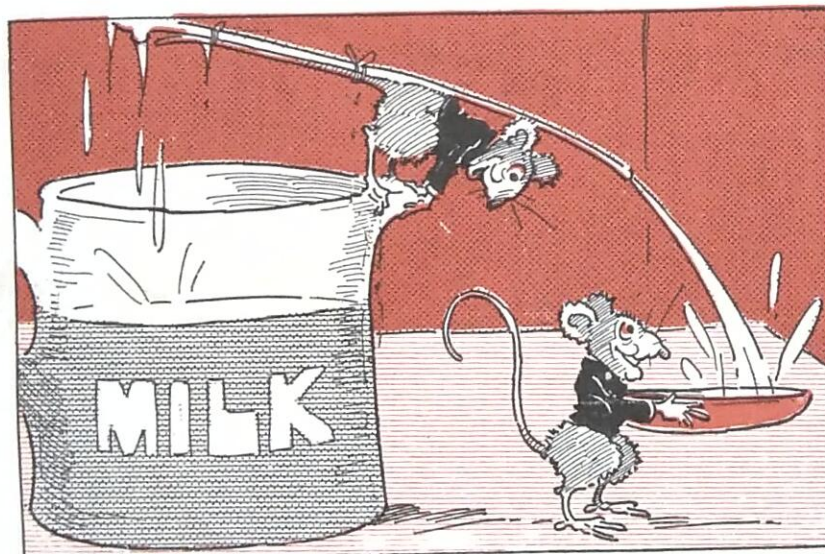
2.

"Now, do you see the idea?" squeaked Whiskers. "You stand on the edge and get the pipe bowl nice and full"



3.

"Then you bend forward, and the milk runs out of the pipe stem." And that was the way the two tiny mouselets stole the milk





THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS

AFTER our Lord had been tried before Pontius Pilate, He was crucified, and then buried in a sepulchre. A great stone was laid before the sepulchre, but three days later, when certain women came there, they found that this stone had been rolled away, and the body of Jesus was not there!

A little while afterwards, two men were walking to a small place called Emmaus, and quite suddenly, as they were talking together, a Stranger came and joined them, and asked them what they were talking about so earnestly.

One of them said: "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?"

And the Stranger said: "What things?"

Then they told Him all about the crucifixion and burial of Jesus Christ, and of the marvellous disappearance of His body. And they went on to say how disappointed they were, because they had thought that Jesus was going to be the long-promised Messiah who would redeem Israel, but now that this

strange disappearance had come to pass, they did not see how He *could* be.

Then the Stranger reminded them of the things that had been said by the prophets in olden times about the Messiah, and how, if they would only think for a few minutes, they would see that these things were all coming true.

They were very much interested in all that He said, but they never thought a moment that this Stranger was Jesus Christ Himself, risen from the dead! When they reached Emmaus, they persuaded Him to come in with them and rest. He did so, and joined them at their meal. Just as He broke the bread, blessed it, and gave it to them, they recognised Him! But "He vanished out of their sight."

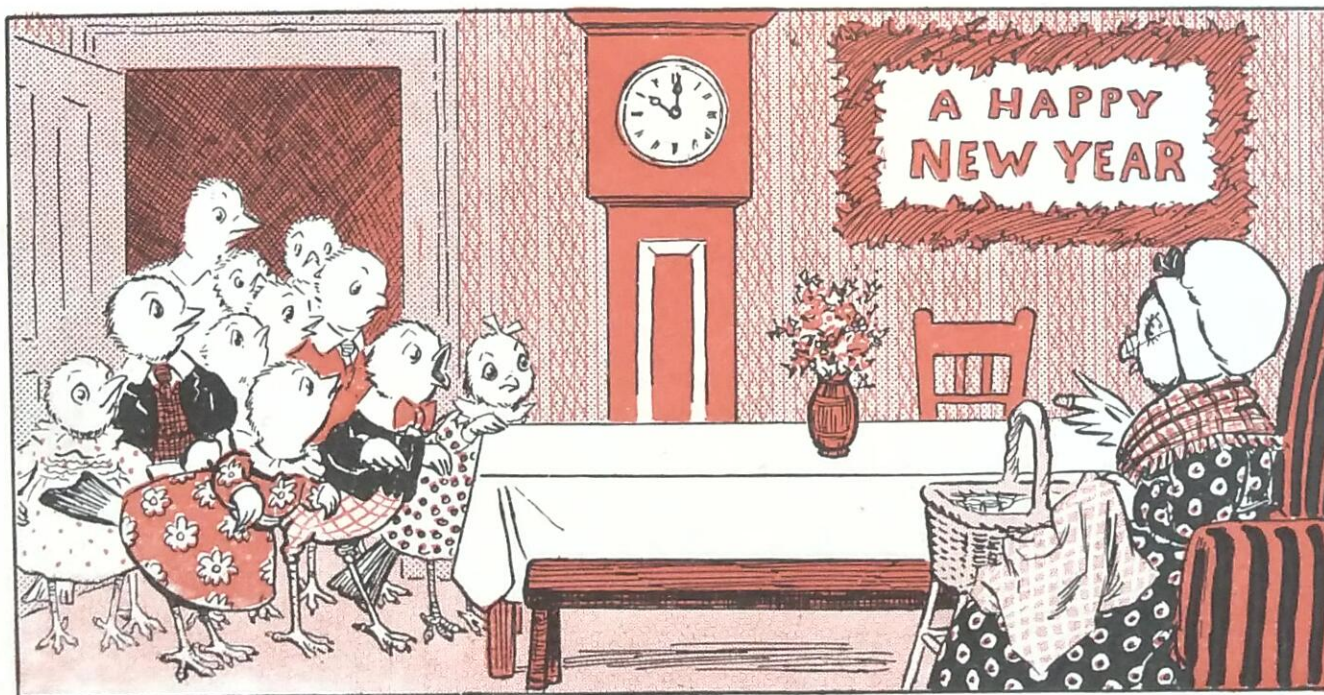
They went back to Jerusalem and told the others what had happened, and while they were talking, Jesus appeared again, so then they had a chance of showing Him how glad they were to see Him, and how sorry they were to see the wounds on His hands and feet where the cruel nails had pierced them when He was hung on the cross.

SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN

How the Sparrowkins managed it, and—what happened afterwards!



1 DEAR CHICKS,—We had such a jolly party last night, but Dame Owl said we couldn't possibly stay up to see the New Year in, and we *did* so want to! So we put the clock back two hours; and when we were sent to bed at ten (by the clock!) it was really twelve, so we *did* see the New Year in after all



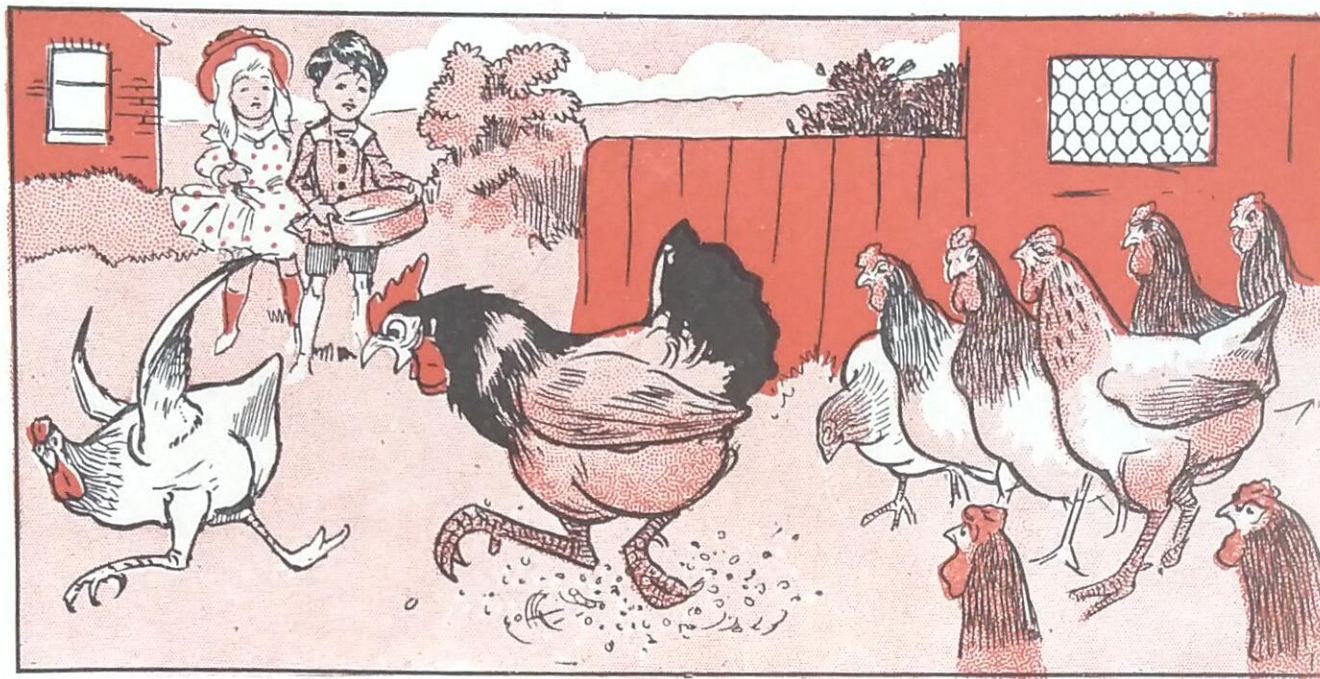
2 The next morning we stayed in bed till ten o'clock, because we thought, as we'd put the clock back two hours, Dame Owl would think it was only eight! But the breakfast was all cleared away, Dame Owl was busy sewing, and the clock said ten when we got down. I *wonder* if Dame Owl saw what we'd done and had it put right!

THE LITTLE SPARROWKINS

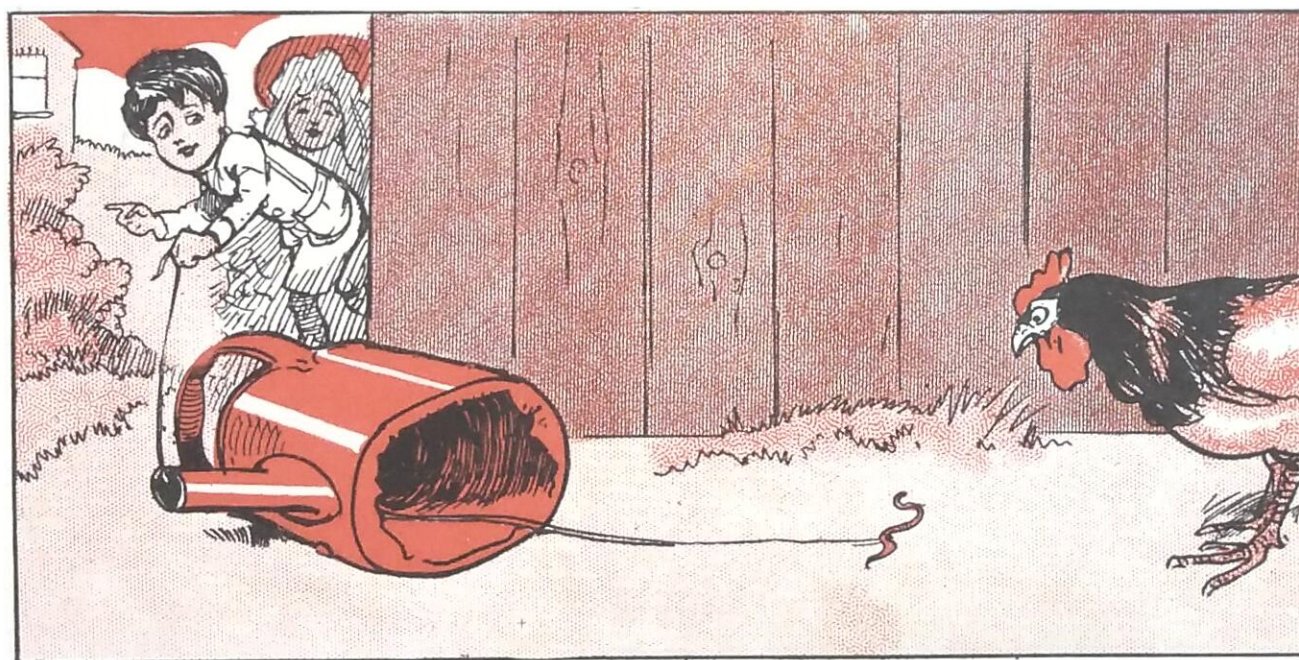


There is nothing in the world little bears like so much as a big spoonful of honey. Here you see four bears who have been *very* good enjoying themselves enormously

HOW REGGIE PUNISHED —



1 “Just look at that greedy old bird driving all the others away!” said Dolly Dimple, who with her brother Reggie had been sent out to feed the chicks. “What a mean thing to do!” exclaimed Reggie. “He deserves to be punished somehow”



2 “I know what I’ll do,” cried Reggie. “I’ll tie a nice fat worm to a piece of string through the spout of this old can. Then the greedy thing will be caught in a trap.”
“Oh, yes, that *will* be fun!” cried Dolly, clapping her hands

— THE GREEDY ROOSTER



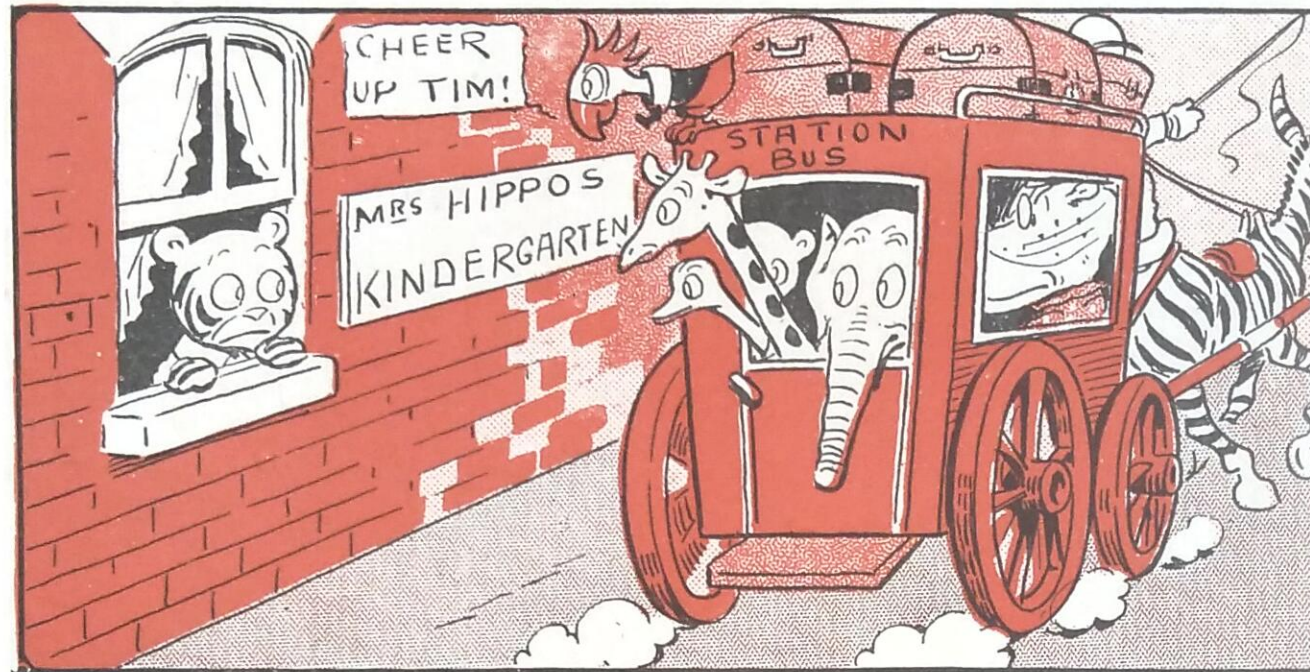
3 The greedy rooster, when he saw the worm, drove away all the other birds, and dashed after the retreating worm. "Well, I've seen a few worms in my time," thought the rooster, "but I've never before seen one so lively as this"



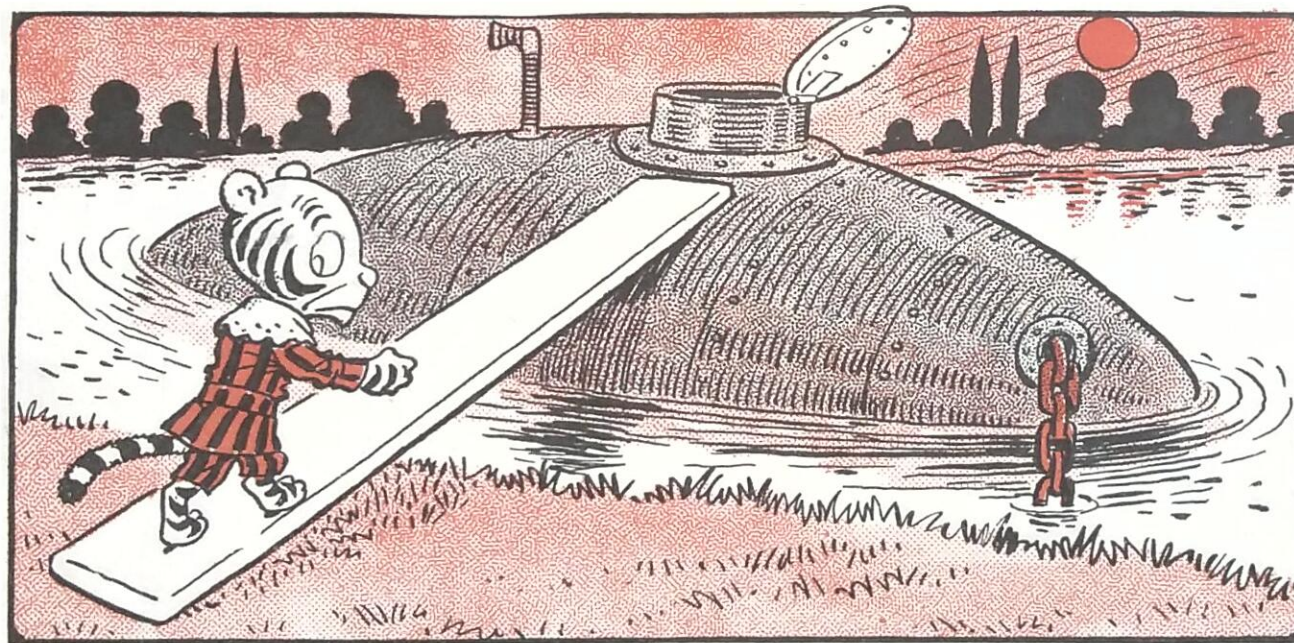
4 "It's no use trying to escape me," clucked the bird. "I'll follow you to the end of the— Hallo! Where has he gone? Oh dear! my head is through the spout and I can't get it back! I shall be the laughing-stock of the farmyard now"

OFF TO THE SEASIDE

The Boys have a jolly time down by the sea

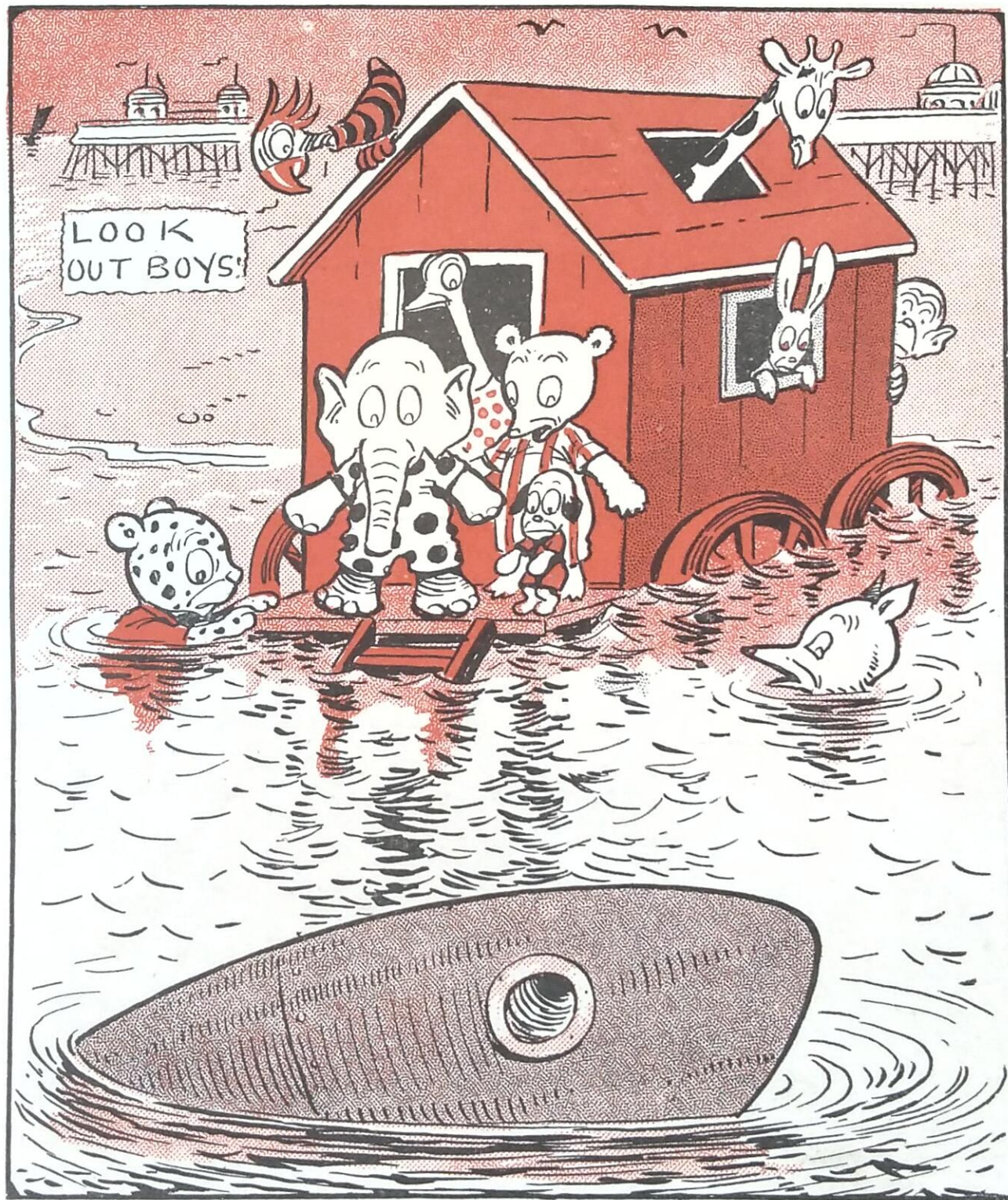


1 "Three cheers for the holidays! Hip, hip, hurrah!" cried Joey, the parrot, as the railway bus drove away from the Kindergarten. "Now another one for poor old Tiger Tim—just to cheer him up a bit!" added George Giraffe; but Tim looked very sad



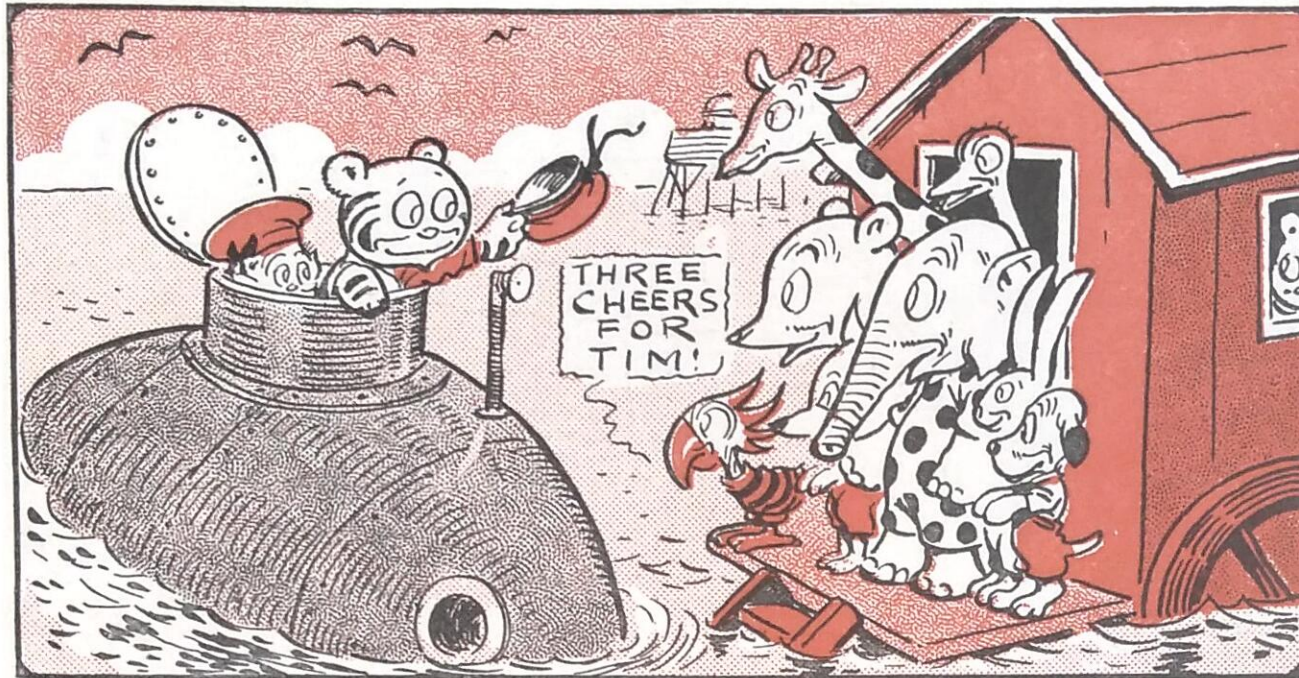
2 Tiger Tim had been so naughty during the term that Mrs. Hippo had ordered him to stay at the school while all the other pupils went to the seaside. But Tim had made up his mind to creep on board the submarine boat in the river, as soon as the sailors' backs were turned

TIGER TIM IS LEFT AT HOME

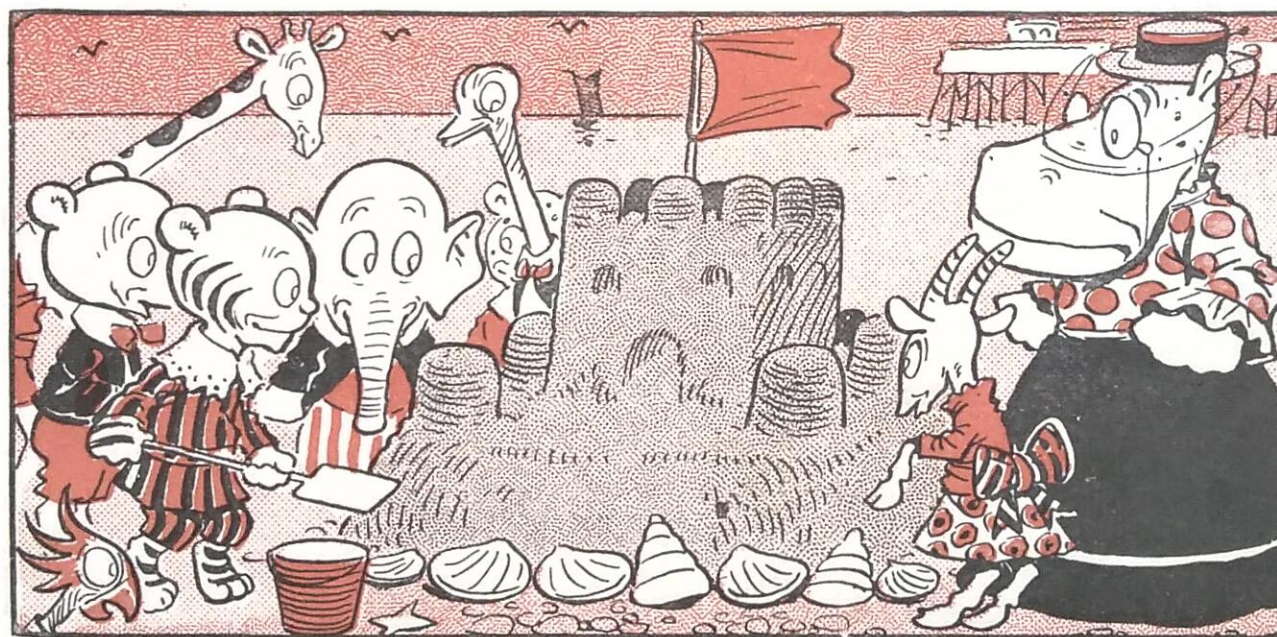


3 When they arrived, the boys soon forgot all about poor Tim. "Now, boys," cried Jumbo, "let's all dive off together." But no sooner had he said the words than the head of a great shark appeared out of the water. Of course, they were all dreadfully alarmed

TIM ARRIVED AFTER ALL



4 But when they found that the sea monster was only a submarine boat after all, and that Tiger Tim was a passenger on board, they screamed with delight. "Hooray! Three cheers for Tim!" they all cried. "I told you I should turn up, and here I am," said Tim



5 Then Tiger Tim dived into the water with all the others, and everybody splashed about and enjoyed themselves immensely. But the funniest part of all was when Mrs. Hippo came up and found Tim making sand-castles. She was so astonished that she could hardly believe her eyes

(Continued from Page 135.)

CHAPTER III.

THE PARTY.

The visitors arrived in good time, and there was any amount of laughter and chattering and questioning about the change from ice-skating to roller-skating.

"I call it a splendiferous idea," said young Master Ko Kernut. "But, I say! It's just occurred to me! How about your father's Levée this afternoon?"

"Levée? What levée?" asked Prince James.

"Why, he's receiving his subjects at a Court Levée to-day. I know, because my mother's coming. She's got a scrumptious new Court gown and——"

The four Marzipandia children looked hopelessly at one another, for they knew that *all Court Levées were held in the Royal Reception-Room!*

"What on earth——" began Princess Dorothea, when there came a loud rat-tat! at the school-room door, where the children were having tea.

A sudden hush fell upon them as the door was flung open and a Royal footman appeared.

"His Majesty desires to speak to his Highness Prince James," was the alarming message the man gave, "and wishes him to come down to the Reception-Room *at once!*"

Prince James went down in fear and trembling. But although he was feeling so nervous, he nearly burst out laughing when he got down to the room that he and his sisters and brother had so carefully prepared for their roller-skating party.

He entered by the door nearest to the Royal chairs; and the first thing he noticed was his father's expression of utter surprise. Then, as

he looked down the long room, he saw the doors at the other end open and several ladies and gentlemen enter with great dignity. But the dignity soon disappeared, for one after another the ladies flung up their arms and slid on their heels, pulling the gentlemen with them into a confused heap on the slippery floor.

"This has happened no fewer than six times already!" said the King in stern tones to Prince James. "Can you explain it?"

Prince James hurriedly whispered the whole story into his father's ear, and the King, who had hard work to keep a solemn face as couple after couple went floundering about in frantic endeavours to keep their balance, then got up and addressed his guests.

"I must apologise for the highly-polished condition of the floor to-day," said the King. "Neither the Queen nor I noticed it, as we entered by the door immediately behind us. My son tells me that he and his brother and sisters are responsible for it, as, not knowing there was a Levée to-day, they prepared this floor for roller-skating, in order not to disappoint their friends, whom they had asked to an ice-skating party, which is a very good idea."

So the children had their skating party after all. The King skated as well, and amid a babel of chatter and the whirring of skates a merry party "rolled" round and round on the floor that the Royal children had so carefully polished.

At the end of the evening everyone said that it was quite the jolliest birthday-party they had ever been to, even at the Royal Palace of Marzipandia, where even ordinary parties were *always* a success!

THE END.



"I don't think I want any breakfast this morning," said Norris. "I've—er—got a bad throat!"

THE TABLES TURNED

A COMPLETE STORY BY HOPE WARD

"SHE'S come," observed Pamela briefly, turning from the window as her brother entered the schoolroom.

"Who?" demanded Norris. "The new Mam'selle?"

"Yes"—Pam nodded. "Wonder how long she'll stay?"

"Oh, about as long as Miss Green and Fräulein and the Dragon, and the others, I expect," returned Norris, with a chuckle. "Come on! Let's go and see what she's like!"

Sliding down the banisters, by way of shortening their journey to the floor below, Pam and Norris landed in the hall with a "thud"—to find themselves face to face with the new Mademoiselle, to whom mother was talking in low, anxious tones.

"Ah, les chers enfants!" exclaimed the new arrival, turning, with a beaming smile, to shake them each warmly by the hand.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, these are your two pupils," said mother. "And I hope you will find them diligent at their lessons, and anxious to please you, both in and out of the school-room."

Pam and Norris looked the picture of innocence at that moment.

"Tea will be ready in a minute," continued mother, "so if you will come upstairs I will show you your room."

With a friendly wave of her hand to the two children, "Number Five" picked up her numerous packages and followed mother upstairs.

"Seems a good sort," observed Norris, helping himself to the biggest orange on the dining-room sideboard. "But green, very green, I should think."

Mademoiselle had been in the house exactly a week, when mother was telegraphed for one

morning to go and nurse Aunt Susan, who was ill.

All was hurry and bustle immediately, for mother had to leave at once to catch the next train to St. Pancras.

"Ask Mademoiselle for what you want!" she cried to the children. "I really haven't time to think about anything just now! Yes, yes; she can arrange something for you to do on Saturday. I'll write when I get to Aunt Susan's. Good-bye, dears. Do be good whilst I'm away!" And, with a hurried kiss, mother whisked off downstairs and jumped into the cab that was waiting to drive her to the station.

Now, the spending of their half-holiday was always a matter of great importance to Pam and her brother, and one which required a vast amount of pondering over and planning.

They started to discuss it with much energy as they went off for their walk that morning, but, somehow, nothing really exciting suggested itself to them.

Mademoiselle was most anxious to help in the matter, but her ideas as to the spending of a half-holiday did not by any means coincide with Norris' and Pamela's views on the subject.

"Se fery sing!" she exclaimed suddenly, as they stopped outside a shop in the High Street. And she pointed triumphantly to a printed notice hanging in the window: "The Town Hall. On Saturday, June 5th, at 3.30, Mr. Theophilus Brown will deliver a lecture, illustrated by limelight views, on 'The Manners and Customs of the South Sea Islanders.'" Pam and Norrie regarded each other—and gasped.

"Most interesting," continued Mademoiselle enthusiastically. "And se magic-lantern, too! It will be très agréable!" And she beamed all over her face as she read the notice through again.

The idea of spending one's Saturday half-holiday listening to a lecture!

The two children stood bereft of speech at the bare thought of it!

"I vill write votre chère maman sis efening," went on Mademoiselle vollubly, "to ask her permission for to take you on Saturday."

"But we don't want to go to any horrid old lecture!" burst out Norris at last.

"Not want to go!" she almost shrieked.

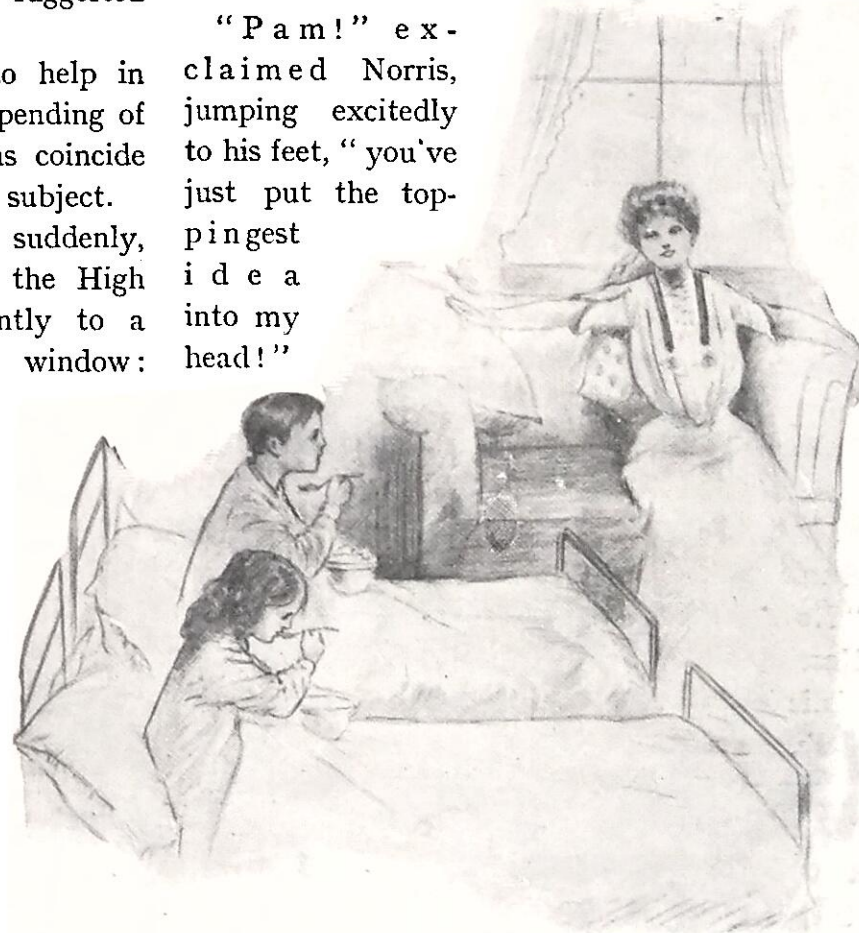
"Why, we might just as well stop at home and do lessons all the afternoon!" cried Pamela.

"It is a fery interesting subchect," returned Mademoiselle reprovingly. "And I am sure sat your mamman vill vish it sat you go!"

"Of course, mother'll write and say 'yes,'" growled Norris, when they reached home. "And then we'll have to go!"

"It's simply sickening!" said Pamela, with mutinous face. "If we do have to go, I shall just fidget and sneeze and cough the whole time, then Mademoiselle will have to take us out, and —"

"Pam!" exclaimed Norris, jumping excitedly to his feet, "you've just put the top-pingest idea into my head!"



"Helas! vat a pity it is that you feel to ill to go sis afternoon!" said Mademoiselle

And, pulling his sister on to the window-seat beside him, the boy proceeded, with many chuckles, to unfold his "idea."

His sister's eyes sparkled with delight as she listened.

"Norry," she gasped at last, "that's the very thing! And when Mam'selle discovers how we've 'done' her, won't it be a lark!"

.

The breakfast-bell had sounded some time next morning before either of the children came downstairs, and, when they did so, Mademoiselle gave vent to an exclamation of astonishment, for Norris appeared with an enormous red muffler swathed round his neck, whilst Pamela walked listlessly behind him, holding her mother's smelling-bottle to her nose.

"I don't think I want any breakfast this morning," said Norris, in a hoarse voice. "I've—er—got a bad throat!"

"And I simply couldn't touch a thing, with this awful headache!" groaned Pamela, sinking into an armchair.

Mademoiselle gazed at them in mingled consternation and bewilderment. They had both appeared to be in the best of health when she had said good-night to them the evening before.

"No breakfast!" she echoed.

Norris shook his head gloomily, and gave a realistic imitation of a hacking cough.

"Oh, my head!" came in suffering tones from the depths of the armchair.

"Surely," thought Mademoiselle, "it wasn't measles or chicken-pox, or anything dreadful of that sort coming on! Perhaps Jane would know." And, with a face full of concern, she hurried away in search of the maid.

"Feel ill, do they?" said Jane, with a sniff. "And can't eat any breakfast. Well, I'd like to know where them salmon cutlets and jam tarts what was in the larder last night have got to, and how it comes that the biscuits have all disappeared out of the sideboard? Must have got legs all of a sudden!" And, with another expressive sniff, she flounced off into the pantry.

There was a look of extreme thoughtfulness on Mademoiselle's face as she went back upstairs. Outside the school-room door she stopped for a moment to do up a shoelace.

"Isn't it working splendidly!" cried a jubilant voice, from which all trace of hoarseness had miraculously disappeared. "It's a jolly good thing we thought of it, for I saw a postcard in mother's writing for

Mam'selle this morning, with 'By all means take children' on it. But she'll never twig! Why, she's as green as green!"

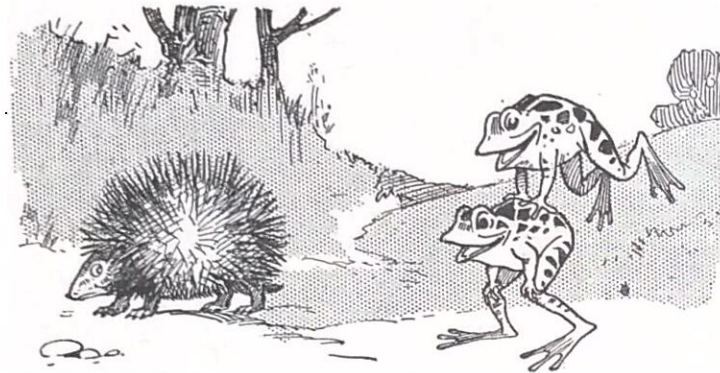
"No! And when she goes off to the silly old lecture this afternoon—for, of course, we'll say that she must go, even if we can't—won't we just have a high old time!" came in a very shrill treble for anyone suffering from a severe headache.

The giggling which followed stopped abruptly as Mademoiselle with impassive face, opened the door and went in, to find the two "invalids" reclining in easy-chairs, from the depths of which they informed her that the state of their health would not permit of the exertion of lessons that morning.

"Eh, bien! Sen ve go for a valk," returned Mademoiselle.

"Walk!" gasped Pamela faintly. "I couldn't go a single step!"

"And my throat's much too bad for me to go out," added Norris, in determined tones.



Willie Hedgehog: "Those frogs aren't a bit friendly. They never *will* play 'leap-frog' with me!"

"You haf no appetite, you feel not vell, you cannot do se lessons, nor go for se 'promenade' ? Eh, bien ! Sen se best sing for you, mes enfants, is to go to bed," replied Mademoiselle gently but firmly.

"Bed !" echoed the children, starting out of their chairs in dismay.

"Oui, mes enfants, sat is se best place for sick peoples. And as you haf nosing eaten for se breakfast, I go downstairs to make some nice hot gruel for you both. I vill bring him up to you in bed." The door closed, leaving Pam and her brother scarlet in the face with suppressed wrath.

"The idea !" burst out Norris, when at last he could manage to speak. "I'm not going to bed; and as for taking gruel—ugh !"

"The worst of it is that she'll say we're well enough to go to the lecture if we're well enough to be up," said Pam, with a despairing groan. "The only thing to do is to go to bed, and then—when

it's too late to go to the lecture—we can easily say we feel much better, and get up again. We'll manage to throw the gruel out of the window, or something !"

Norris nodded gloomily.

"I s'pose we may as well go on with it now we've begun, though it strikes me that bed and gruel are as bad as the horrid lecture—if not worse !"

Certainly, things didn't seem to be working out quite as they had expected. Still, it was a distinct "score" over Mademoiselle ; and, comforted somewhat by this reflection, they betook themselves to bed.

In due time Mademoiselle marched upstairs with two steaming bowls of gruel, which she placed, with a most aggravating smile, in front of each invalid, and then sat down on the ottoman to wait and see that they ate it all up !

There was no help for it ; get it down they must somehow (cutlets and jam tarts, with the addition of a tinful of biscuits, are surprisingly filling when taken in the early hours of the morning) ; and when at last they had managed to swallow it, Mademoiselle added insult to injury by asking sweetly if they felt better.

"No, worse ; much worse !" spluttered Norris wrathfully, as he gulped down his last mouthful

"Hélas ! vat a pity it is that you feel too ill to go sis afternoon !" she commented mournfully, as she removed the empty bowls.

"We couldn't possibly," put in Pamela ; "but, of course, you'll go, Mademoiselle. Don't stay at home on account of us, you know."

"But madame your aunt, she not vant me at se party."

"Party ! What party !" gasped the children.

"Vy, se birsday-party of la petite cousine," replied Mademoiselle. "Ven ve arrived home yesterday I found a letter from your aunt, asking me to bring you sis afternoon ; so I chust sit down at once and write votre mamman to ask. She have sent me word to-day on a postcard to take you ; but now"—Mademoiselle paused and shook her head—"now sat you are sick, of course you cannot go !"

Pam and Norris sat bolt upright in bed, and gazed at her absolutely dumbfounded.



I wonder if you are as good as this little girl, who always says her prayers and goes to bed quite good and quiet when she is told. Last Christmas, because she had been so good all the year, she got a lovely present of a doll nearly as big as herself.

"But—but the lecture?" gasped Pamela.

"Oh, se lecture!" cried Mademoiselle, with a wave of her hand. "I see you not want to go, so I try and sink of some other plan. Serefore, ven se infitation to se party arrife, I say to myself: 'Ah! sis vil I keep to-morrow for a nice little surprise for se children! How sey will rechoice ven I tell them of it!' But ven you become ill so suddenly"—she paused significantly—"I chust send a letter to tell your aunt you cannot come; but it is a great pity to miss se party," she added, with a mournful shake of her head, as she picked up the tray and went out.

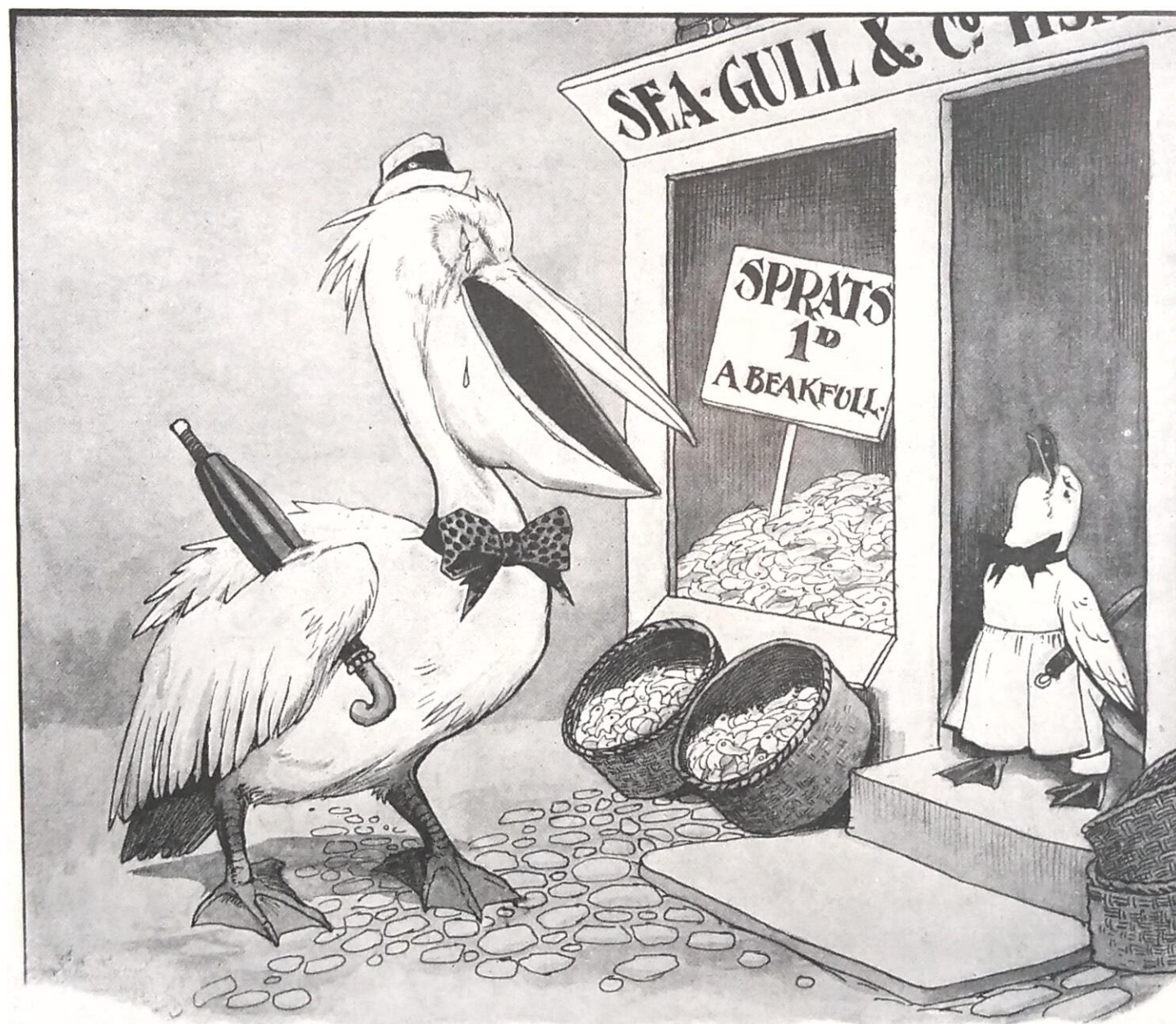
Mere words were hopelessly insufficient to express the children's feelings at that moment!

"Well," said Norris at last, "it strikes me that it's us who've been green!"

"To think," cried Pamela, in a choked voice—"to think that it wasn't the hateful old lecture at all, but a party we were trying to get out of! Oh! I—I could SCREAM!"

"Pauvres enfants!" murmured Mademoiselle on the stairs, looking up with a pitying little smile at the bed-room door. "But sey play no more pranks on Mademoiselle after sis! Non, non, sis is a lesson sey vill not forget!"

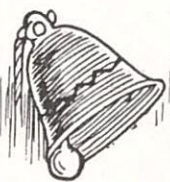
THE END.



Mr. Sea-Gull: "A beakful, Mr. Pelican? No, we don't sell wholesale; besides, yours isn't a beak—it's a pantechicon!"

DING DONG BELL

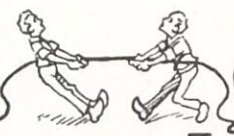
Ding, dong



Who's in the
Who put her in?



Lit L Tommy Lin
Who ed her out?



Lit L Johnny St



W an Nor-T was t



2 try 2 drown poor



Who never did him any h

But the



his father's barn.

THE POOR MAN'S WEATHER-GLASS

APPLE GALLS

These are very common on oak-trees in May and early June. They are soft and spongy to the touch, brownish-pink in colour. They are not the same as the marble gall, which is quite round and very hard ; green at first, but becoming brown in the autumn.

There are other galls to be found on oaks in the spring which look exactly like bunches of currants. Sometimes some of these currant galls are attached to the backs of the young oak-leaves.

THE FLOWERS' WAKING-UP TIME

It is worth while to get up *very* early one sunny morning in June to see the flowers open their eyes. Like boys and girls, they have different times for getting up, and some flowers go to bed much earlier than others, just as the nursery tots go to bed earlier than the big children in the school-room.

I suppose four o'clock would be *too* early for you ? Between four and five is the time when the wild roses open. Between six and seven the willow-herbs. Seven o'clock is the getting-up time for the dandelions and scarlet pimpernel, and the white water-lily is out a little later.

Of course, everybody knows the habits of

the daisy. Its name, "day's eye," tells that it opens at sunrise and shuts at sunset ; but some of the flowers get tired, and go to sleep quite early in the afternoon, and this is a very interesting thing to notice.

I am not speaking of wet days, when many of them never open at all for fear of getting their pollen wet ; but on an ordinary sunny day you will find the common mouse-ear hawkweed closing at three o'clock, and the water-lily at four.

The scarlet pimpernel is called the "Poor Man's Weather-Glass," because it only opens in fine weather ; but, however bright the weather may be, the weather-glass shuts up at two in the afternoon, leaving the "poor man" to find out when it is time for tea as best he can.

CATERPILLAR OF THE FIVE-SPOT BURNET BUTTERFLY

This is a cream-coloured caterpillar, with black markings ; and you may find it feeding on leaves of clover or of birdsfoot trefoil.

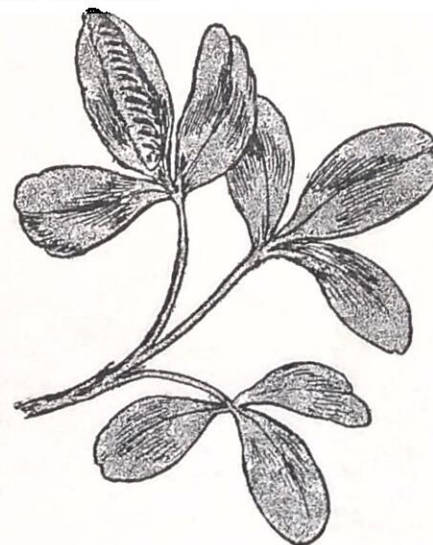
The butterfly into which it will turn, about July, is *very* pretty : bright rose-colour and slate, with black body and feelers, and the five spots on each wing well marked



Apple Galls



Poor Man's Weather-Glass



Caterpillar of the Five-Spot Burnet Butterfly

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD



This is a picture of a few of the Yeomen of the Guard, whose duty it is to act as bodyguard to King George. All the members of the Guard have to be distinguished for bravery and long service. They wear a splendid uniform of scarlet and gold, and always walk near to protect the King when he goes anywhere in full state. The Yeomen of the Guard were created by Henry VII. hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

SOME CLEVER ANIMALS

A CLEVER COW

ONE day last summer a gentleman was walking along a country road, and noticed some orchards of fine fruit-trees.

At the foot of these trees grass was growing, and some cows had been put there to feed. They could not reach the branches of the trees, so the owner of the orchards evidently thought his fruit was safe.

But it wasn't! For the gentleman saw one particular cow go up to a tree, get the trunk between its horns, and shake it till the fruit dropped. Then, when all this fruit was eaten, the cow passed on to another tree.

And the wonderful part was that it always picked out a young tree, that would bend when it was shaken, and never made for an old one, which would have been stiff.

✱ ✱

THE THIEF

A lady planted some seeds in her garden, and put little sticks into the ground with tiny slips of paper fastened to them, telling the names of the flowers that were to come up there.

To her surprise, these little slips of paper began to disappear.

"Well," she thought, "I never imagined anyone would take the trouble to steal those; and, if they did, I should have thought they would have taken them *all*, not one or two here and there!"

For a long time she could not find out who was the thief, and then one day, as she stood by a window overlooking the garden, she saw a blackbird coming hopping along. He seized one of the little tickets, and pulled and tugged at it, but it wouldn't come!

So he passed on to the next, and at last pulled it off and flew away with it. Presently he came

back and did the same thing again, and later on the lady found out why he had helped himself to her carefully-prepared little slips! He carried them to a tree near by, and used them to help in building his nest there!

✱ ✱

TAKING HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPH

Not long ago a famous photographer went into the forest of Africa to try to get photographs of the wild animals there. For a long time he could

not get one of the lion, until one day he arranged his camera down by the lion's drinking pool, with the thread that would produce a flash-light across the path by which the lion would come for a drink.

In the middle of the night King Lion came stalking along, broke the thread, produced a flash, and took a snapshot of himself! Of course, he didn't know he had done that. All he knew was that he had seen a sudden, bright flash such as he had never seen before, and he was so terrified that he took to his heels and fled!



A clever little dog who, when it wants to see a long way, jumps on its tall friend's back

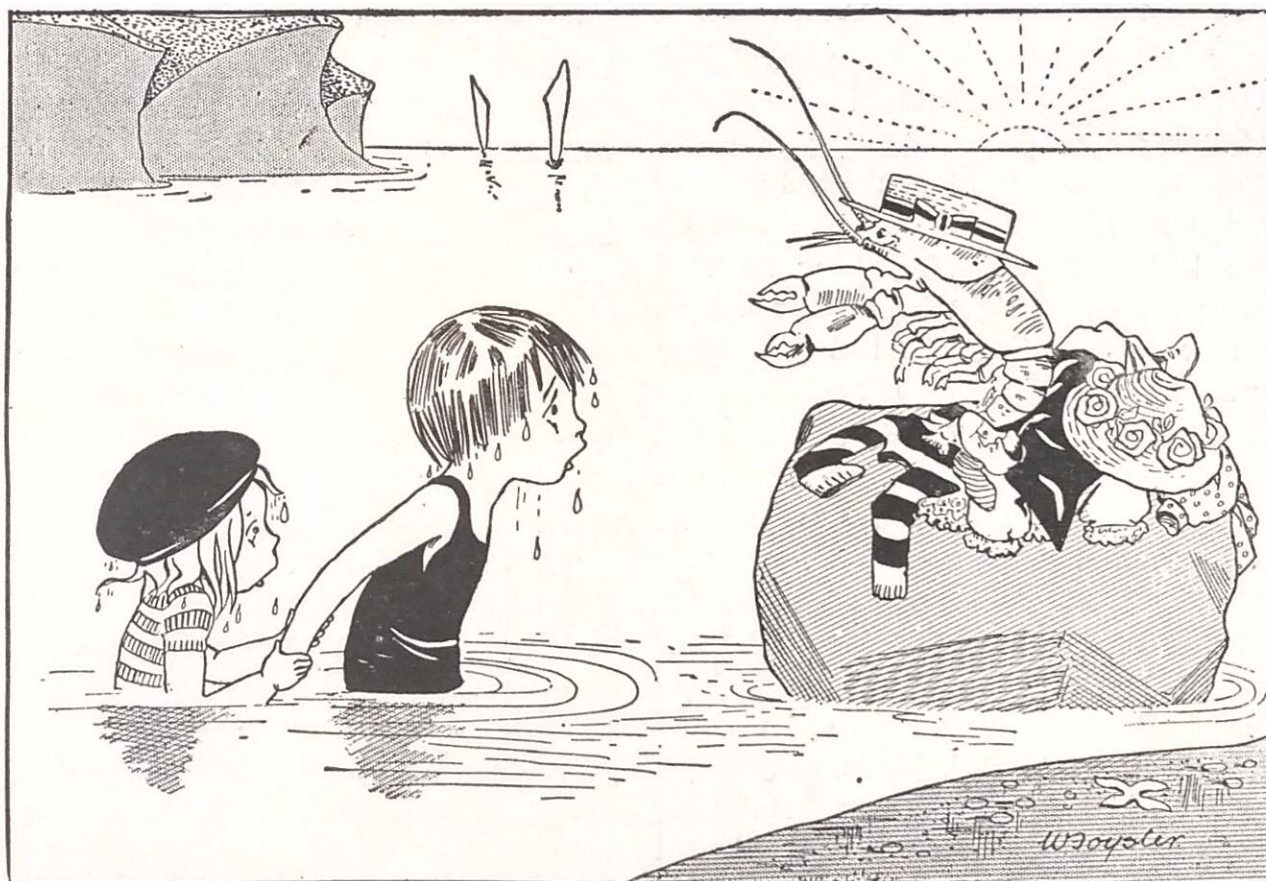
THE LOBSTER'S DISAPPOINTMENT

I.

When Mary and Anthony
Bathed at Boulogne,
They left all their clothes on
A warm, sunny stone.

IV.

"You *creature!*" cried Anthony,
Trembling with fright.
His face was quite red,
And poor Mary's was white.



"You *creature!*" cried Anthony

II.

But when they regained it
They saw such a sight,
As rendered them speechless
With wonder and fright.

V.

"Rude boy!" screamed the lobster,
"Here, take your old hat!
I thought 'twould amuse you
And please you, and that.

III.

For there, on their garments
A big lobster sat,
Who wore on his cranium
Poor Anthony's hat,

VI.

"But since you've offended
I'm done with the job!"
And the water closed over it,
Drowning a sob!

W. FOYSTER.



THE FOREIGNERS

(Youaki willaki likeaki thisaki storyaki)



PART I.

THE VISITORS ARRIVE.

I DARE say you will remember my telling you about King Ahmund of Marzipandia offending a neighbouring King who was a guest at his palace, and how the real cause of it all was an April Fools' Day joke that his children had arranged. Well, King Ahmund tried to put matters right by sending a most polite note to the King who had gone away feeling so offended.

This King was called Tophy, and he ruled over the kingdom of Evertonia. His wife was Queen Pralina, and they had two children, Prince Edgar and Princess Marjorie. When King Tophy was first staying with King Ahmund, he had said that as soon as he reached home he was going to get his wife to invite King Ahmund's wife, Queen Caramelia, and the four children, Dorothea, Amabel, James, and George, to their summer palace by the sea. But King Ahmund was afraid that, after he had offended him so deeply, King Tophy would not want to ask Queen Caramelia and the children.

However, the note that King Ahmund sent was so *very* polite that King Tophy wrote back saying he was perfectly willing to overlook all that had happened to offend him, and remembered only how kind King Ahmund had been in entertaining him at his palace. And what do you think he put at the end of his letter? This:

"My wife wishes me to say that she will be more than delighted to see your wife and children at Evertonia-by-the-Sea as soon after August 1st as they can come!"

You can imagine how delighted the Marzipandia children were!

"You'll let us go, father, won't you?" they asked eagerly.

"Yes, certainly, if your mother is willing. What do you say, Cara?" (King Ahmund always called his wife either "Cara" or "Amelia" when he was in a good temper. If he felt angry about anything, he addressed her by the whole of her name—"Caramelia.")

"I'm quite willing to go, dear, but—well, it's a long time yet to the summer holidays; and I was wondering whether it wouldn't be rather a good plan to ask King Tophy's children here, say, for a week, so that we could all get to know each other a little before we went to stay at Evertonia-by-the-Sea."

"A very good plan. I'll write at once and ask them."

So after several more exceedingly polite notes had passed between the two kings, it was arranged that the Evertonia children should come the following Saturday to stay for a week at the palace of Marzipandia. They were coming without their parents, who were detained by affairs of State.

Unfortunately, on the Friday morning, King Ahmund and Queen Caramelia were called away, and could not possibly be back till the Monday evening.

"But you will explain how it is, won't you?" Miss Setemright? said the Queen to the children's governess. "As we have given the girls a holiday from lessons, you will be free to look after them. And the boys are coming home from school for a week, to help to entertain Prince Edgar, so I don't think there will be any difficulty."

"And, by the way," added King Ahmund, "I want you to take the children and their

visitors to have tea with their cousins on Monday. They are both very nicely behaved little girls, and I should not like them to think we had forgotten them."

Now, the Marzapandia children hated these two cousins, whose names were Alice and Maude. Their father was King Ahmund's younger brother, and all the family were jealous of everybody at the palace. Only, whenever the children saw the King and Queen, they put on such a "goody-goody" air that King Ahmund always came away saying "What sweet children!"

Well, on the Saturday afternoon, Miss Setemright, the Princesses Dorothea and Amabel, and their brothers, James and George, were all waiting with expectant faces as the train from Evertonia steamed into the station. As soon as it drew up, a boy and girl, about the ages of James and Amabel, jumped out, and the Marzipandia children guessed at once who they were.

They were all a little shy at first; but, after they had had tea—a very special tea, with cream, cakes, and jam—they became very friendly indeed, and the Marzipandia children decided that they were going to have a very good time with their visitors.

"At any rate, we'll do *our* best to make things jolly," said Prince James. "But I do wish we hadn't to go to the cousins' on Monday—they're such horrid little prigs!"

On Sunday evening they told their visitors about having to go out to tea on Monday.

"The worst of it is, you see," explained Dorothea, "we shall have to stay for at least two hours after tea. They always make us."

Prince Edgar and his sister looked rather depressed, too; but, quite suddenly, Marjorie jumped up, crying:

"Oh, I've got the scrumptiouslest idea!"

"What is it?" eagerly asked the others.

And Marjorie told them, her eyes dancing with mischief all the time.

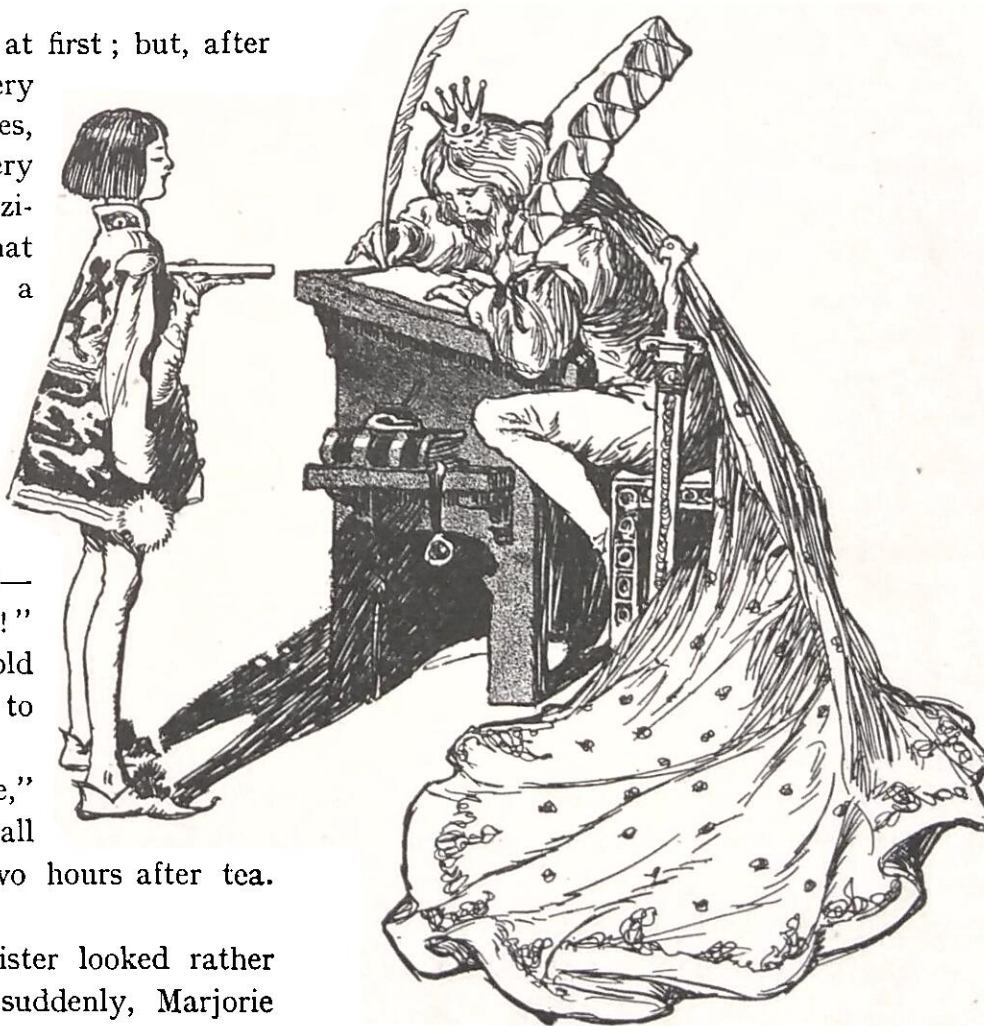
"They're *sure* not to want us to stay long, you see. It'll be so awkward!" she finished up, gleefully.

"We shall have to let Miss Setemright into the joke," said Prince George, "or she'll give it away. But I think she'll be all right. *She* doesn't like Alice and Maude, either."

PART II.

THE "FOREIGNERS" TALK.

The Marzipandia children and their guests were all seated most demurely in their cousins' drawing-room. Prince James had gabbled through the names, after saying "May I introduce——" And now a dead silence had come upon them.



"I'll write at once and ask them," said King Ahmund

"How do you like Marzipandia?" Alice suddenly asked Princess Marjorie, who was sitting next to her.

"Bula faro can eechy—ha!" came the startling reply.

Dorothea was just in the act of drinking her tea, and, giving one loud gurgle, she spilt every drop of it on to the carpet. Edgar and the others looked out of the window, and Miss Setemright suddenly smothered her face in her handkerchief.

Alice and her sister looked at each other, and then Maude turned to Prince Edgar.

"I'm afraid you don't speak English?" she asked.

"Gurr—rr!" Edgar's mouth widened into a broad smile, but, hastily checking it, he turned politely, and said: "Maffuru he caltu—gee!"

Again the others fidgeted, for they were simply exploding with laughter inside. But Alicia said to Amabel:

"I suppose you speak their language, don't you?"

"A—er—a little," said Amabel feebly. "Er—would—er—would you like me to ask them anything?"

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure. It's so dreadfully difficult to keep up a conversation in two languages."

"Yes," chimed in Prince George eagerly, "we



"I'm afraid you don't speak English," said Maude

were afraid it would be a little awkward. Only we knew you always liked to see *all* our friends, so——"

"Y—yes," said Alice, rather doubtfully; "of course, it was very nice of you to bring them here, as we're only ordinary people, and they belong to a Royal Family, but I really don't know how we can talk to them. How do *you* manage, by the way? I didn't know you spoke anything but English!"

"We don't," said Amabel; "at least—er—you see, we've invented a—well, a kind of Esperanto language. It's—er—partly like theirs and partly like ours, you know."

"Oh, I *should* like to hear some!" said Maude. "Say something to her—ask her where she bought that ribbon on her hat. Don't ask her outright, you know. Just say I've been admiring it."

Amabel turned to Marjorie, and with a great effort mumbled something which sounded like "Nee finty fafurru hay jee?"

"Brontu ni finty—ha, ha, ho!" replied Princess Marjorie gravely.

"What does she say?" asked Alice. "Yours didn't sound much like English."

"N-no; you see, sometimes it—er—well, it comes out more like theirs than ours. She—er—she doesn't know where the ribbon was bought."

"How funny! By the way, what language is theirs called?"

"I—er——"

"Don't you know?"

"N-no."

"Well, ask them."

Again Amabel turned to Marjorie, and with a desperate effort stammered out:

"Hitchiko kalee maloo?"

Marjorie looked helplessly at her for a minute or two, for she hadn't been listening to the conversation, as she and Prince James had been carrying on an argument in the deaf-and-dumb language on their fingers. But without a flicker of a smile, she responded:

"Mamoo-goo-hoo-la!"

"What a queer name for a language!" said Alice.

"Yes, it is rather," said Prince George, coming manfully to the rescue, "and it's a very difficult language to learn. But I'm sure we must be tiring you with all this. It's most awfully kind of you to put up with us so long."

"Oh—er—not at all," said Alice and Maude, rather limply.

"Can'taki weaki goaki homeaki nowaki?" Prince Edgar suddenly said to Princess Dorothea, with an amiable smile.

"What does he say?" asked Maude.

"Oh—er——" stammered Dorothea.

"Dorothea doesn't understand their language very well yet," said Prince James.

"But I'm sure we have all enjoyed ourselves *very* much; and I think it's ever so kind of you to have had us to tea. We really must be going now, though."

You see, Prince James and his sister Dorothea recognised that Prince Edgar had really said the last sentence in English, with "aki" added to each word; and as he had calmly said "Can't we

go home now?" they were afraid the others might have found out the joke. Poor Dorothea hadn't known what to answer when Maude said "What does he say?" because when you are a visitor at anyone's house, you can't very well tell your hostess that another visitor has said "Can't we go home now?"

But Prince James' polite speech made things all right again, and when he rose from his chair, and very ceremoniously said "Good-bye" to his cousins, the others followed his example.

The two girls were really quite relieved, and for the first time in their lives they did not insist on making their visitors stop.

When the children got back to the palace, King Ahmund was rather puzzled about the shortness of their visit, "especially as I particularly sent word that I wanted them to help our children to entertain their visitors," he said to the Queen later on.

He was still more puzzled that Alice and Maude never put in an appearance at the palace the whole time that the Evertonia children were there, and it wasn't until after Prince Edgar and Princess Marjorie had gone, that Miss Setemright explained the joke they had played.

"But it was very wrong of them," he said, trying to keep a grave face.

"Do you think so, your Majesty?" asked Miss Setemright. "Well, after all, they did no one any harm; and they were really much happier without their cousins, who are — well, rather trying young persons, your Majesty!" "Trying? How?" asked the King; "they always seem to me to be such amiable children."

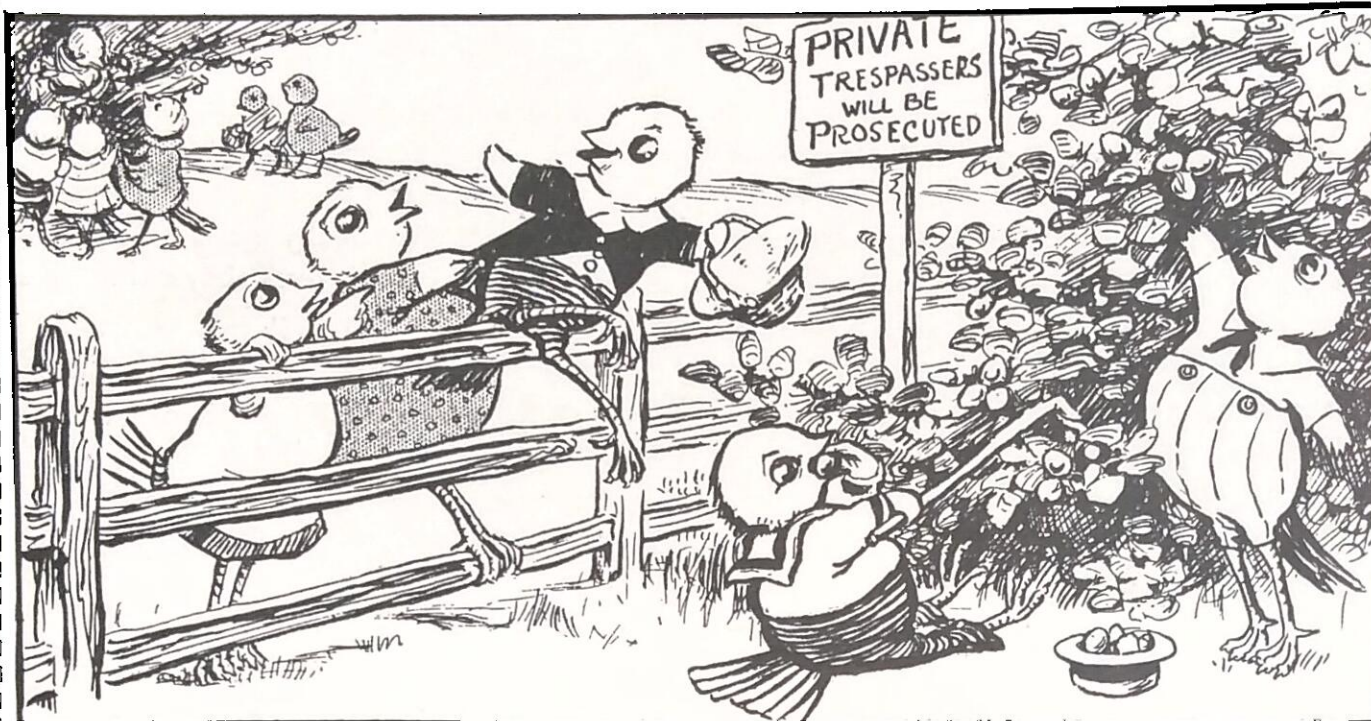
"Ah, yes, they take care to give you a good impression, but I assure you they are quite different when you are not there. And really, I think we all had a better time without them, your Majesty."



A CATASTROPHE.
Jimmy Mouse: "I say, Billy, just listen to this:
'Lost! on Tuesday last, a half-Persian cat.'
Billy Mouse: "My word! Does it say which half?"

GATHERING NUTS

Dame Owl takes the Sparrowkins nut-gathering. They go trespassing, and get caught by a keeper, but manage to escape



1 DEAR CHICKS,—The other day we went out to gather nuts, and just behind a fence there were some lovely ones. Some of us hopped over to get them, although there *was* a notice up about "trespassing." "We're not afraid!" we laughed when the others tried to hold us back. "Who cares about keepers! We don't!" And we began gathering the nuts as fast as ever we could, in case Dame Owl might come along and stop us.



2 But presently Keeper Crow came running towards us, with his gun in hand. "I'll teach you to come here and frighten the birds!" he shouted. And he looked so fierce and angry that—well, we thought we should be safer on the other side of the fence! Dame Owl was waiting for us; and she was so angry that she made us go straight to bed when we got home.

THE LITTLE SPARROWKINS

SEASIDE READING

WHEN ships pass each other out in the open sea, their captains can talk to one another, even though the vessels may be quite a long distance apart.

But they do not shout their words. For one thing, they would very likely be unable to hear each other; and for another, they could not understand unless they happened to be from the same country.

So they "talk" by means of flag signals. It seems very wonderful, when you come to think of it, that two captains, who could neither of them understand a word the other spoke if they met on shore, can exchange information at sea. That is because all seamen, no matter what country they belong to, are taught the same code of signals.

This is called the "international" code; and when any ship comes into port she can explain quite a lot about each big ship she has passed, because the two ships will have exchanged names, and will have said what countries they come from, where they are going, and whether everything is all right on board.

Before the international code of signals came into use each nation had its own code of signals, but this was not nearly so useful at sea, because the vessels of one country could not "talk" to those of any other country, for neither of them understood the other.

And then at last, just over fifty years ago, some Englishmen made out a new code of signals; and afterwards other nations agreed to use it too. Now every ship carries a copy of this code to refer to when it is wanted.

To mount seaweed, take stiff cards, white or tinted as preferred, a couple of deep basins of salt water, two large pins to use in picking up the delicate structures, and a camel-hair-brush. Float a small mass of the specimens in one of the basins, then, as it separates into parts, pick out with the pins a single plant, and wash free from sand in the second basin.

When ready plunge one of the cards under the water, and bring it directly underneath the cleansed specimen. Now, holding the card at a sharp angle, arrange the base of the specimen in the position desired, spreading it out, still under water, with the brush. When spread out to the best advantage, bring it to the surface of the water, and the weed will be found to remain in position without any difficulty.

When the work is finished, drain off all the water possible, and cover the mounts with blotting-paper. When all are finished, press under heavy weights for several hours.

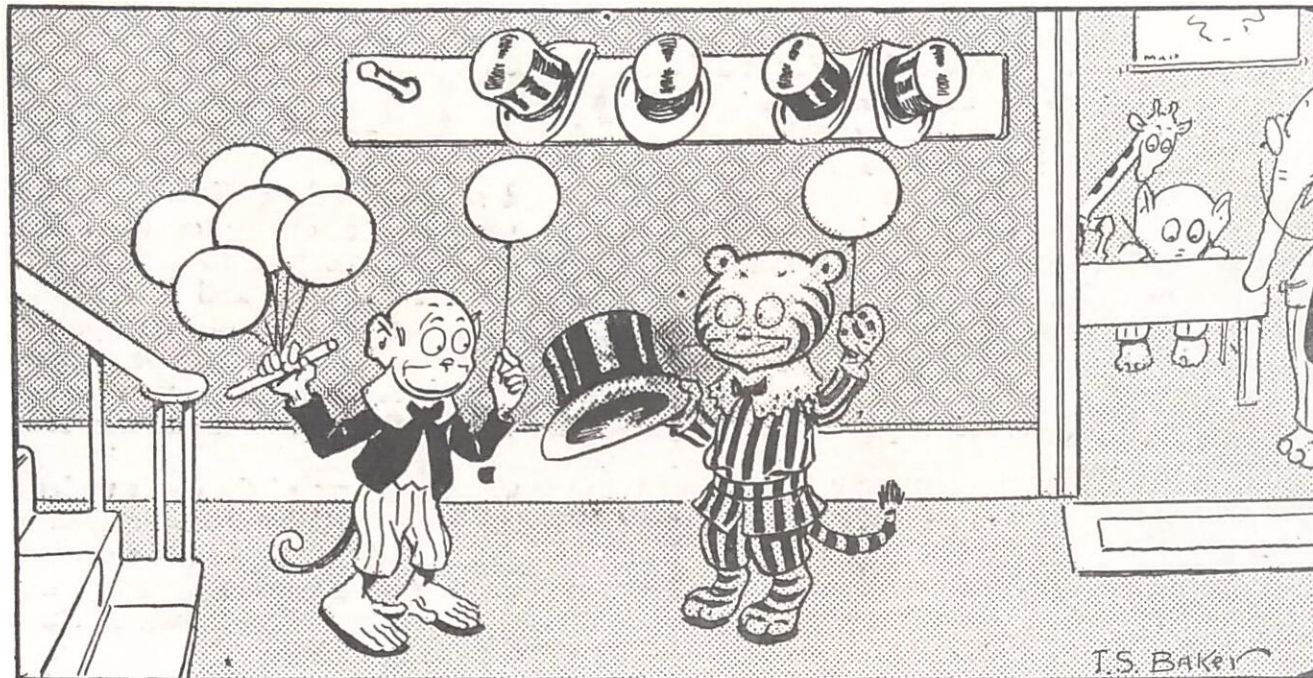


IF I KNEW

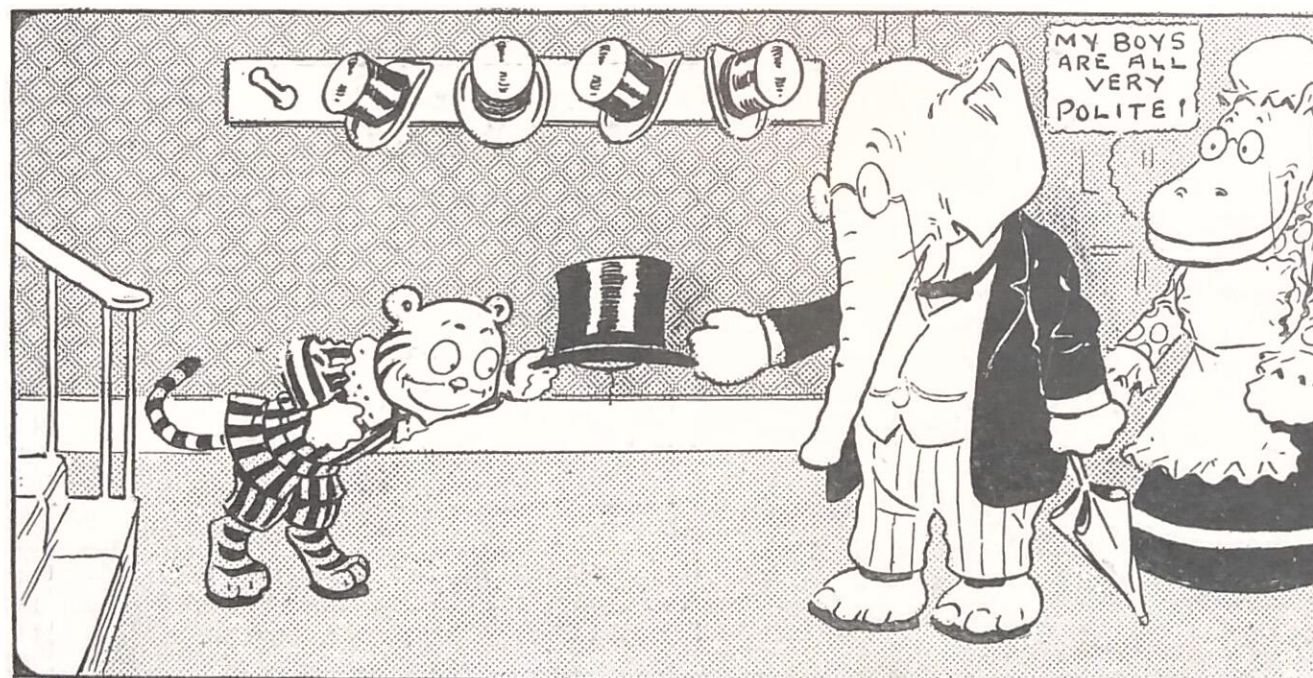
If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me;
Then over the land and the sea broad-
cast
I'd scatter the smiles to play
That the children's faces might hold them
fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street;
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them
in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deepest sea.

TIGER TIM'S FUNNY TRICK—



1 Dr. Jumbo came to examine Mrs. Hippo's school the other day, and he was delighted with the way they said their lessons. "You have all made excellent progress since I saw you last year," he said. "We must give Dr. Jumbo a good send off," laughed Tiger Tim, as he slipped an air-balloon inside the Doctor's hat



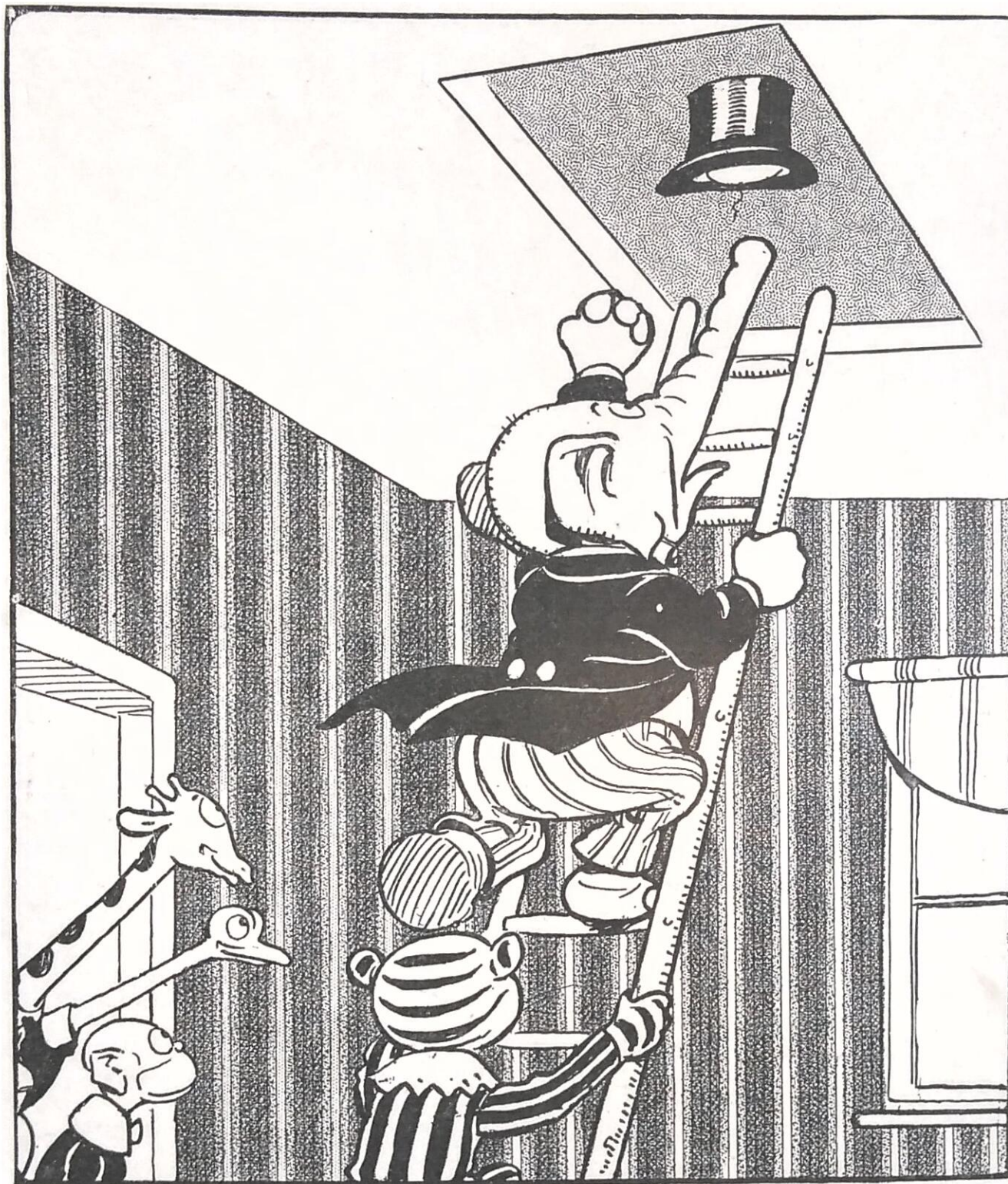
2 "Well," said the Doctor, as he took his leave, "I must wish you a very good day, Mrs. Hippo, and pray allow me to congratulate you on your successful school. Ah—my hat. Thank you, my lad. I see you boys are as well up in good manners as you are in arithmetic." Tiger Tim almost blushed

—ON DOCTOR JUMBO'S HAT



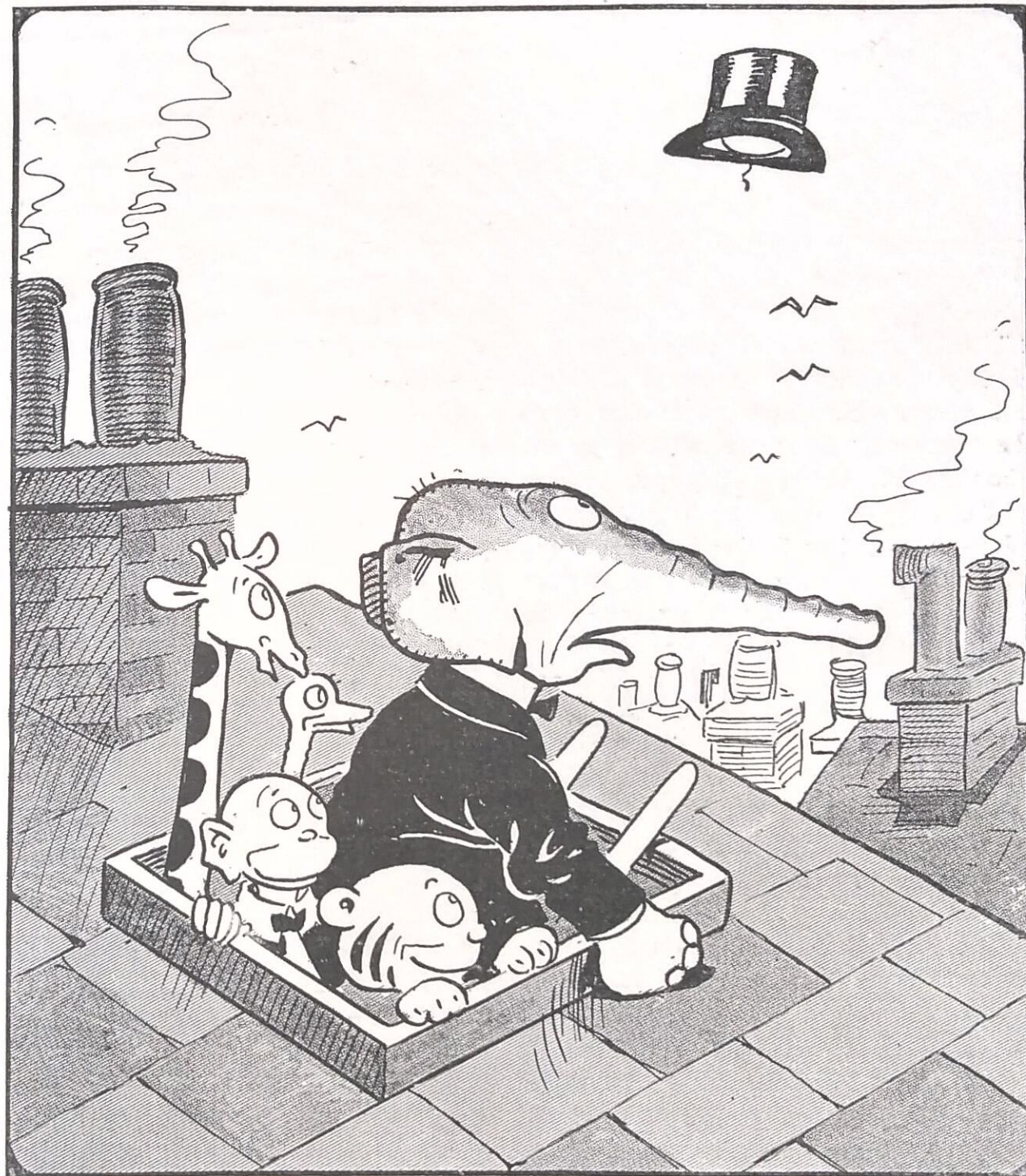
3 But when Dr. Jumbo put his hat on his head a most extraordinary thing happened : the silk hat suddenly went sailing up in the air ! “ Hi ! stop it ! ” cried the amazed Doctor. “ Come back ! What’s the matter with my hat ? It must be bewitched ! ”

THE HAT FLIES THROUGH THE ROOF

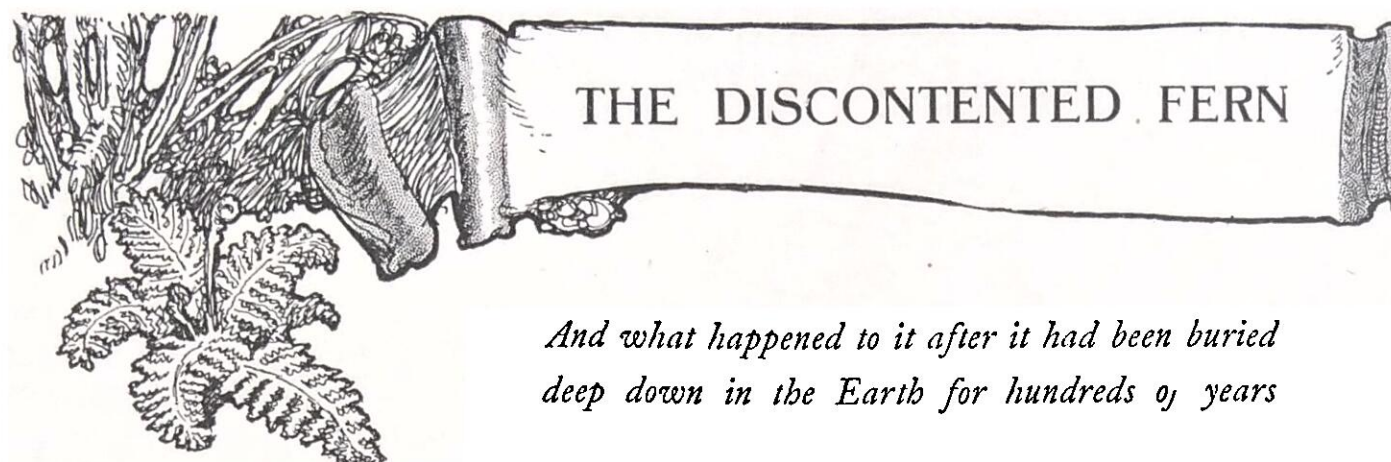


4 Then he tore up the stairs as fast as his legs would carry him. But the hat went faster; and Tiger Tim, Jacko, and Georgie Giraffe, who followed close upon his heels, were just in time to see the hat vanish through the skylight in the roof

—AND IS LOST FOR GOOD



5 "Well," gasped the amazed Dr. Jumbo, when he had recovered his breath, "I've never seen anything like it in all my life! I must report this to the Royal Society at once!" "Is that what you call a *high* hat, Dr. Jumbo?" sniggered Tiger Tim



THE DISCONTENTED FERN

*And what happened to it after it had been buried
deep down in the Earth for hundreds of years*

HUNDREDS of years ago a little green fern grew in a quiet dell.

"Oh, what a poor little lonely thing I am!" it cried as it lifted its head one morning.

"Lonely? Nonsense!" answered a bright little Sunbeam which happened to dart down at the moment. "What, haven't you got us, my brothers and sisters and myself, to play with?"

"Yes—oh, yes, dear Sunbeam. I'm an ungrateful creature, I know. Of course, I'm not lonely, really. It's only when you and your merry brothers and sisters leave me that I get unhappy, and begin to imagine all sorts of dismal things."

"Tut! tut! little friend, don't get melancholy. Why, if we stayed with you always you'd soon be complaining that you got tired of us. But I must be off now. Good-bye. I dare say I shall be able to look you up again presently."

And the happy little sunbeam darted away to visit his numerous friends in the woods and forests before King Sol should call him home again ere he disappeared behind his cloud-curtain.

And the little fern look round to see if there were any chance of a talk with some of its neighbours. But they weren't very sociable. Near by, a busy stream sped on its way to the mighty Ocean; and the little fern knew that, though this stream was quite ready to chatter and laugh as it passed, it had no time to stop.

"How do you do, little friend?" it cried, as it spied the little green fern.

"I'm—I'm all right, thank you," was the answer, though the little fern knew that the stream hadn't time even to wait and hear this short reply, for already it was rushing madly along in its hurried race to the Ocean.

In this Ocean there lived many mighty fish—strange creatures such as you and I have never seen, for, as I said at the beginning of this story, it is hundreds of years since this little fern grew in its quiet dell; and in those days there were many kinds of birds and animals and fish which were larger and altogether different from those that live now.

"How I wish I could just have a glimpse of the wonderful Ocean, and all the creatures that live in it!" thought the little fern. "What grand sights there are in the world! Why, I've never even seen the great trees which grow in the forest not far away. How splendid it must be to be as important as they are! I'm not a *bit* of use in the world."

"Wh-whaa-aat?" suddenly cried a shrill voice; "wha-wha-at's that you say?"

"Oh, Wind," cried the little fern, "why—why—why can't I be of some use in the world?"

"Well——" began the Wind in a shrill whistle, but, before he could finish, a most alarming thing happened. The Earth quivered and shook, the mighty trees in the forest were torn up, great pieces of rock were hurled into the sky, the Ocean heaved and tossed and roared, and then came a sudden stillness. But the face of the earth was changed; and, deep down below, the great pieces of rock which had been hurled

upwards, the trees and the grasses, and the discontented little fern were held in a firm embrace ; and as the years rolled by more earth and rocks and trees were pressed above them.

Then, indeed, did the little fern think that it had lost every chance of ever being of use in the world.

All sorts of changes took place among the plants and trees so firmly held in Mother Earth's embrace, and they became quite different to look at.

Then one day another wonderful thing happened. The little fern felt that some of the weight above it had been removed, and presently it found itself falling from its bed, while all around lay what looked like great pieces of black, shiny rock.

"I'm in a bit of black, shiny rock, too!" it cried in amazement. "Well, that is funny!"

And as it looked round it saw that there were hundreds of men picking with sharp-pointed tools at the hard walls, in which masses of the black, shiny "rock" were embedded.

These men were coal-miners, only, of course, the little fern didn't know that, for everything about it was new and strange ; and before it had time to see if there were any of its old friends near, it was drawn up, with hundreds of other pieces of black, shiny "rock"—up, up—into the glad sunlight.

Then it heard a boy's voice saying :

"Oh, look, father! I've found a bit of coal

at the mouth of the pit, and it's got marks in it just like a little fern."

"Yes," came the reply. "Years and years ago that little fern grew just as you see ferns growing now. Then very likely there was a big earthquake, and it was buried under the rocks and trees and stones, and pressed tightly down, and now it has been formed into coal."

"Isn't it wonderful, father?"

"Yes, my boy ; it is strange to think that what was once a little fern, growing quietly in

some dell all those years ago, is now part of a piece of coal. Put it back on that pile over there, laddie, and then—who knows?—perhaps it will one day help to feed some big railway engine as it rushes along with its load of passengers, or be used in the engines of a mighty ship, and so help it to cross the ocean."

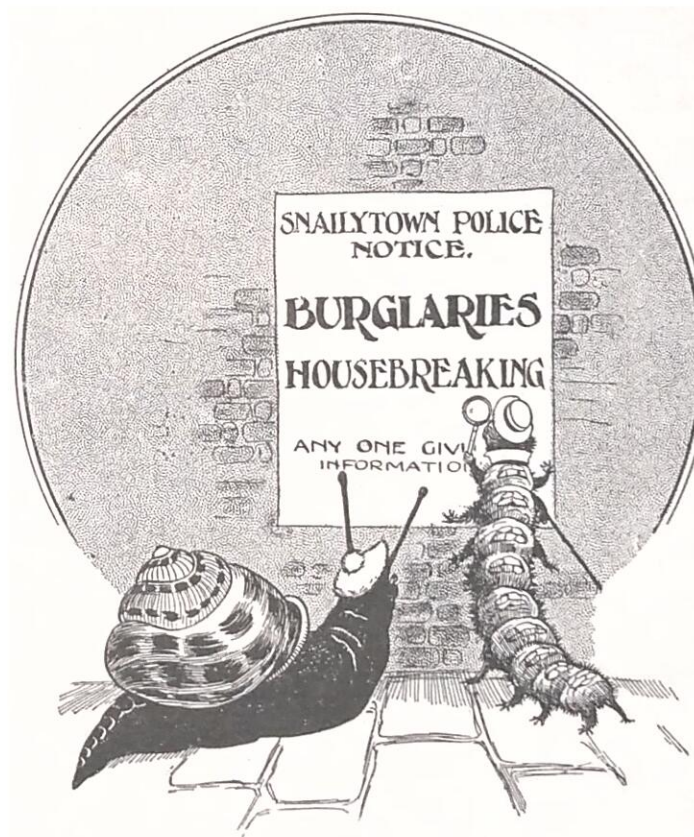
"Or p'raps it may help to turn the machinery in some big factory, father?"

"Yes ; oh, it's bound to help in *some* useful work or other," said the boy's father, as the two strolled away.

And neither of them heard the long-drawn sigh of content that the little fern gave, for it knew that at last it really *was* going to be of use in the world.

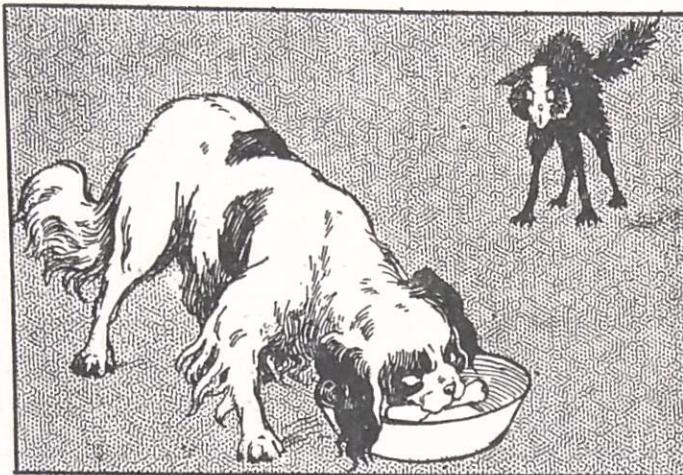
"I'm sorry I was such a discontented little thing in those long-ago days," it said to itself, "because I really *am* going to be useful now. And though I *have* had to wait so many years, it was worth it!"

THE END.



Mr. Caterpillar: "Dear! dear! Mr. Snail, you're a lucky man to be able to carry your own house about with you."

AN ANIMAL ALPHABET



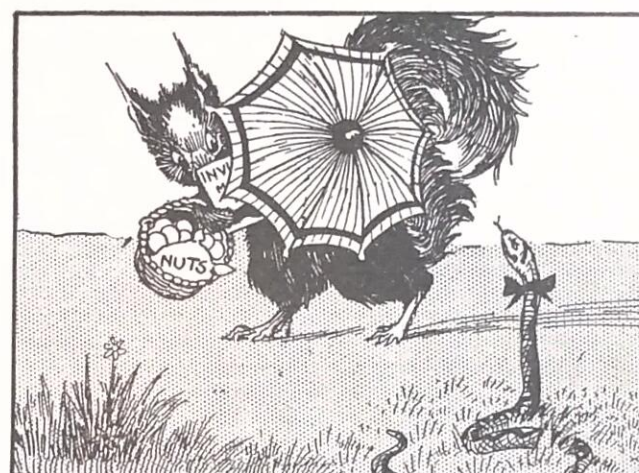
S for the Spaniel, sleek and fat,
Stealing the dinner from the cat!



T for the Tortoise 'neath his shell.
Would it get broken if he fell?



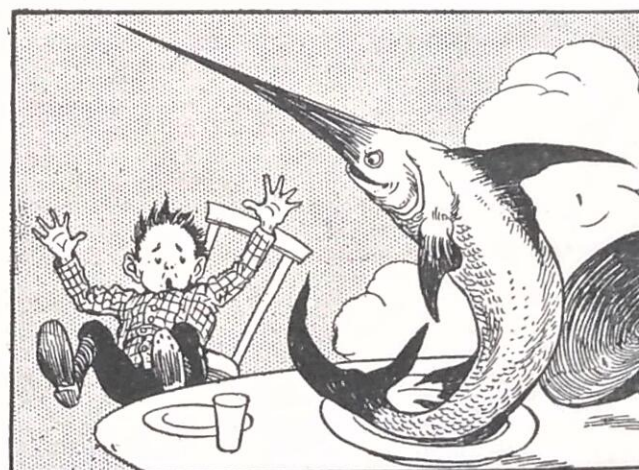
U is for Urson. He's a fine
Animal like a porcupine.



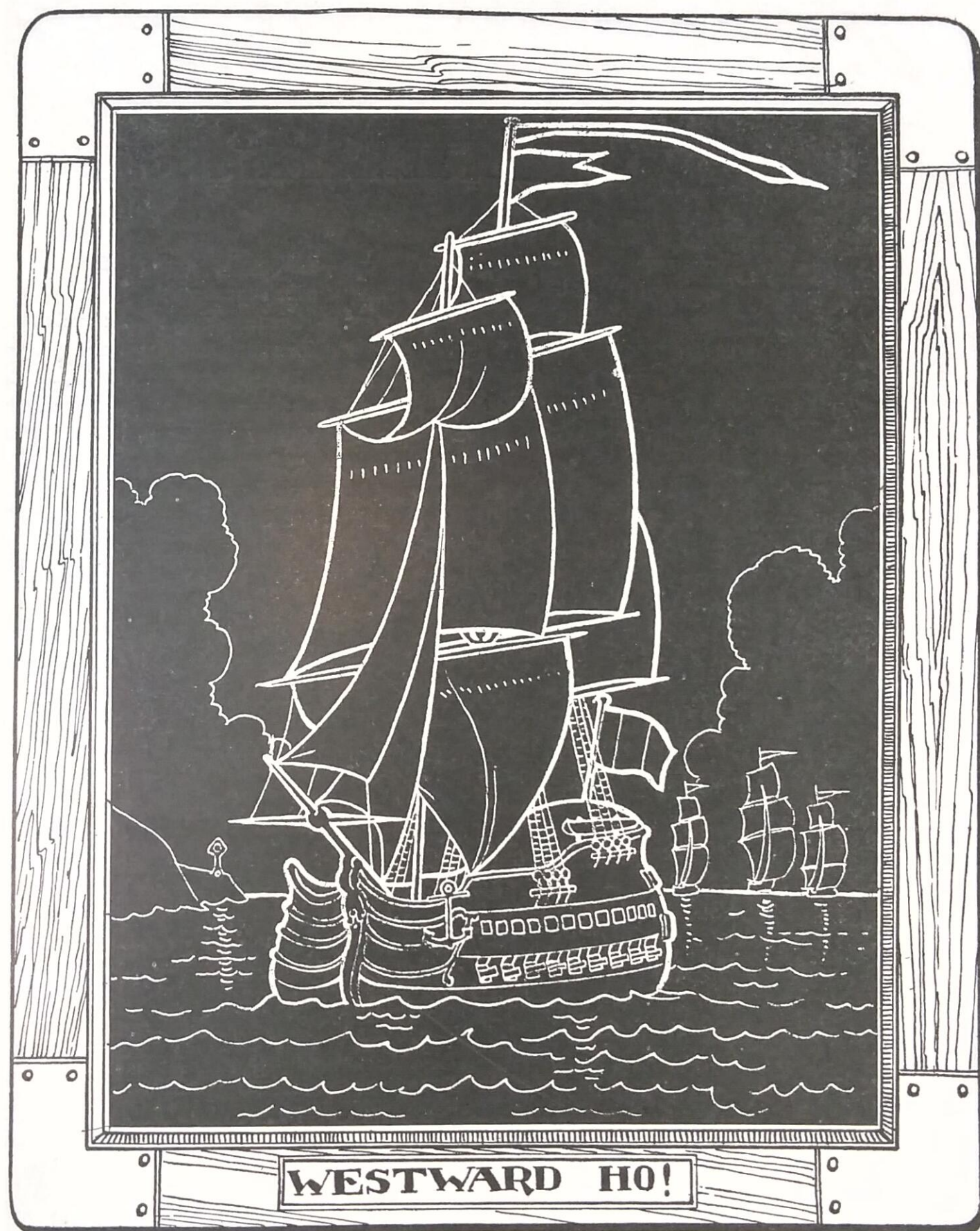
V is for Viper, bad is he.
Never invite him out to tea!



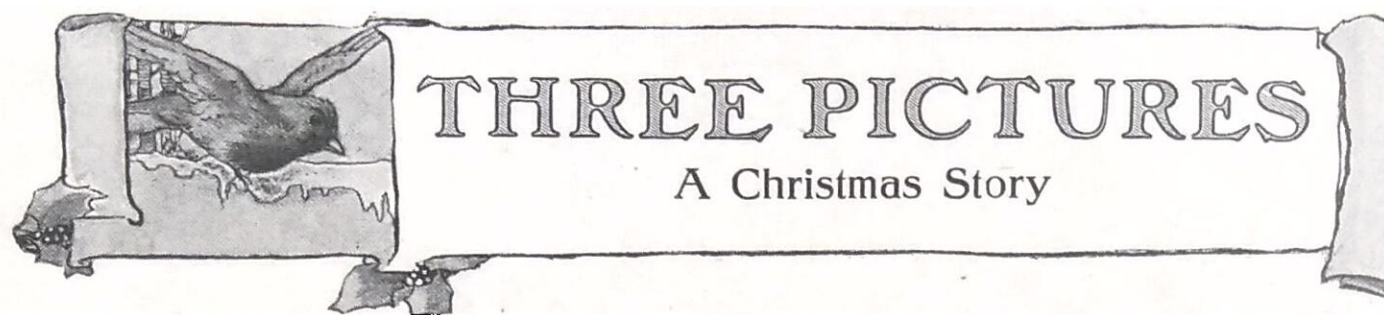
W stands for Wolves. We know
They live in Russia, 'midst the snow.



X is for Xipias. A fish
You wouldn't like upon a dish.



If you would like to draw a picture of a ship, all you have to do is to place a piece of thin paper over this page, and pencil in all the white parts that show through. When it is done you will have a drawing of a fine big sailing ship.



THREE PICTURES

A Christmas Story

THE FIRST PICTURE.

"TWEET, tweet, twitterwee!" chirruped Mr. Robin Redbreast cheerfully, as he shook the snow from his tail, and perched on little Lady Anna's nursery window-sill, hoping to find a few crumbs.

It was bitterly cold, everything was frozen hard outside, and the poor birdies often had to go without food all day unless they happened to come across crumbs of bread and cake or scraps of bacon-fat, which some kind little boy or girl had put out for them.

Poor Robin had had no breakfast, and no dinner, and now he wasn't even going to get any tea, for there wasn't a single crumb to be found on the sill.

No; little Lady Anna, in her bright, cosy nursery, had no thought for those who were outside this bitter Christmas Eve, in all the snow and ice.

How inviting it looked, with the big fire roaring up the chimney, bright pictures on the walls, flowers and pretty things all over the room, and a most tempting tea spread out on the table!

Curled up in a big armchair, drawn up close to the fire, sat little Lady Anna, toys, books, and dolls strewn on the floor all round her.

Tea had been ready ten minutes, but the little girl hadn't moved. She just sat there, looking with moody, discontented face at the red and yellow flames as they danced up the chimney.

"Come, dear," said her old nurse, "don't you want any tea?"

"Oh, I don't know!" answered little Lady Anna crossly.

"But there's your favourite cake—a beautiful

chocolate one—and jam-sponge and gingerbread, besides some of cook's nice apricot jam!"

"I'm *tired* of chocolate cake!" she exclaimed peevishly; "and as for jam-sponge and gingerbread, I'm sick of the sight of them!"

"Very well, dear," answered her nurse quietly, getting up and putting the good things away in the cupboard. "You can have some plain bread-and-butter and a cup of milk."

"Then I won't have *anything*—so *there*!" cried little Lady Anna, with stormy face, throwing her Teddy Bear to the other end of the room.

"If Father Christmas knew the way you were behaving this afternoon, I do not think he would bring you any toys to-morrow." And nurse shook her head gravely.

"I don't care it he doesn't! I'm tired of silly old dolls and toys and things! What's the good of Christmas? It's only the same stupid old things *every* year! I wish——"

"Anna! I wonder you are not *ashamed* to say such things, when there are hundreds and hundreds of little girls and boys who will go ragged and hungry this Christmas, and not even have so much as a penny toy put in their stocking! You do not *deserve* to have a happy Christmas!" Nurse spoke in grieved tones, for little Lady Anna was not often in so discontented a mood.

"Dear, dear! What a terribly spoiled little girl!" twittered Robin on the sill. "To think of her turning up her nose at all those good things, whilst so many of us outside are starving!" And, with a mournful shake of his damp, bedraggled feathers, away he flew over the chimney-pots.

THE SECOND PICTURE.

Three pale, wistful faces, pressed close against the cracked window-pane, gazed out into the dark, snowy street.

"With mother ill in the hospital and father out of work, there won't be no Christmas for us *this* year," said 'Liza in a choked voice.

"Still, p'r'aps father'll get a job or two to-day, holding horses or helping with luggage, or even sweeping snow off rich folks' doorsteps," put in Jimmy hopefully.

"And then he'll be sure to bring us home some money, won't he?" added Peterkin. "Can you see him coming yet?" he questioned anxiously.

"He won't be back yet, I don't s'pect," answered the eldest sister; "but dreckly he does come we'll go and get some wood and coal, so as to have a fire for Christmas, anyway." She looked at the empty grate, and shivered. "And p'r'aps—p'r'aps, if he's got enough, we'll be able to get a bit of meat for dinner to-morrow, with some 'tatoes, and a ha'p'orth o' nuts, and maybe an orange each."

"I wish he'd come," whispered Peterkin, for he was hungry—very hungry. A bit of stale bread-and-dripping was all that he'd had for his dinner, and it was past five now. There wouldn't be any tea till father came home, because the cupboard was empty—quite empty.

"If only we could have got a sprig or two of holly, now, we could have made it look a bit more like Christmas," said Jimmy wistfully, as he turned from the bare, gloomy garret back to the window again.

"Cheep, cheep, chirrupee!"

"Why," exclaimed 'Liza, "if that isn't one of them perky little robins come and perched on our drain-pipe! But doesn't he look cold and miserable!"

"I've still got a piece of bread left in my pocket," said Jimmy, as he pulled it out. "Let's make it into a sop with some water, and give it to the poor little chap. He's a deal hungrier than me, I dessay."

Carefully the sop was made, put in an old, cracked saucer, and placed outside the window.

With an excited "Chirrup!" down flew Mr. Robin, and was speedily pecking greedily at the first meal he had had that day.

"Dear, dear! *poor* things!" he twittered sympathetically, as he flew up on to the window-ledge, and peeped into the garret. "I'd give a lot to see *them* in front of a big fire, eating as much cake and jam as ever they liked, so I would!" he chirruped loudly, and hopped the length of the ledge and back, to see little Peterkin smile.

"Cheer up, cheer up! Better time coming!" twittered Mr. Robin cheerfully; then he heard a cousin calling from the opposite wall, and off he flew into the dusk.

THE THIRD PICTURE.

"It's stopped snowing now," said Jimmy. "Let's go out and look at all the luvverly things



"I'm tired of chocolate cake!" she exclaimed peevishly

in the shops! That'll be better, anyway, than stopping in here."

"All right. Here, Peterkin, you'd better have the shawl. Jim and me can manage all right without." And, wrapping a tattered old black shawl round her little brother, 'Liza unlatched the door, and they went out.

The pavements were crowded with happy, busy people, hurrying backwards and forwards, making the last of their Christmas purchases.

It made a lump come into Jimmy's throat to see the family parties of mothers, fathers, and jolly looking children, talking and laughing merrily as they got into cabs and buses, carrying innumerable packages, and wishing everybody they met "A Merry Christmas!"

With Peterkin's cold little hand clasped tightly in hers, 'Liza trudged along, stopping every now and then to gaze with longing at the beautiful things in the gaily decked shop-windows.

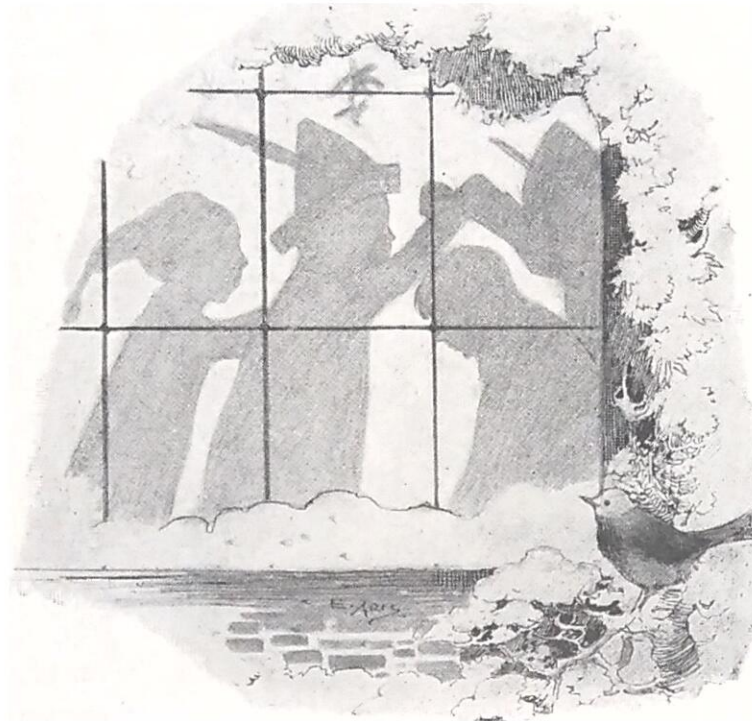
There was a grating in the pavement at the big confectioner's at the corner, and the warmth coming up from the bakery below was most grateful to the three cold little mortals.

"My! don't the smell make you feel hungry!" groaned Jimmy.

"I could jest eat some o' them buns and things," said little Peterkin wistfully, as he stood on tiptoe, the better to see the display of good things.

At that moment the big glass doors swung open, and out of the shop came a little girl, richly dressed in velvet and fur, with her nurse.

"Oh!" she exclaimed breathlessly, catching sight of the pinched, weary little faces,



Mr. Robin Redbreast determined to see what was happening

"stop a minute, Nursie! I want you to have these, little boy!" And, to Peterkin's astonishment, a beautiful box of bonbons that the little girl had just bought was thrust into his hand.

"They *do* look hungry, poor mites," said nurse, feeling for her purse.

"Oh, thank you, miss!" gasped 'Liza, for Peterkin stood tongue-tied, staring alternately at the

box of sweets and the pretty little girl.

"Well! I *do* declare," chirruped a robin excitedly, who happened to be perched on a lamp-post near, "if that isn't little Lady Anna talking to those kind little children who gave me their last bit of bread!"

He was even more excited when he saw them all walking together to the edge of the pavement, and getting into a four-wheeler.

Nothing would satisfy little Lady Anna but that they should go straight home with her and have a big tea in her nursery. "Fancy no fire and no food at Christmas time! Why! it's—it's *dreadful*!" she exclaimed, tears springing into her eyes at the thought of it.

Peterkin slid a grubby little hand into hers, and she held it fast, but there was a choky sort of feeling in her throat, and she couldn't say anything more for a minute.

To 'Liza and Jim it seemed a dream—a wonderful dream, from which they would surely wake in a few minutes, to find themselves in the garret in Paradise Alley.

But no; the cab jogged steadily on until it stopped in front of the house where little Lady Anna lived.

When, a few minutes later, Mr. Robin Redbreast, determined to see what was happening, peeped through the blind, there were three happy, laughing children sitting round little Lady Anna's nursery table, close to the fire, with cups of steaming cocoa, and plates piled high with good things, in front of them.

"What did I say?" chirruped the robin shrilly, nearly falling off the sill in his excitement. "I told them a better time was coming!"

Little Lady Anna was busy putting everything she could find into a big hamper for her little friends to take home with them—a plum-pudding and mince-pies begged from cook, a big box of crackers, all kinds of nice, warm clothes that nursie had rummaged out, two of her very nicest dollies, a Teddy Bear for Peterkin, some biscuits and sweets, and many other things besides.

As they were standing on the doorstep ready to get into the cab that was waiting to take them home little Lady Anna said shyly: "I do hope you will have a really happy Christmas; and—and I don't want you to look at this till you're in the cab, but it's my *very* own, so I want you to have it. Good-bye!" And, putting a small, heavy parcel in 'Liza's hand, little Lady Anna stooped to kiss Peterkin, and ran quickly back to her nursery.

When 'Liza opened that little package she gasped incredulously, for it contained a wooden money-box, full up to the brim with sixpences and shillings—more money than she had seen or even dreamed of in her life before!

"God bless her!" murmured 'Liza chokingly, "God bless her!"

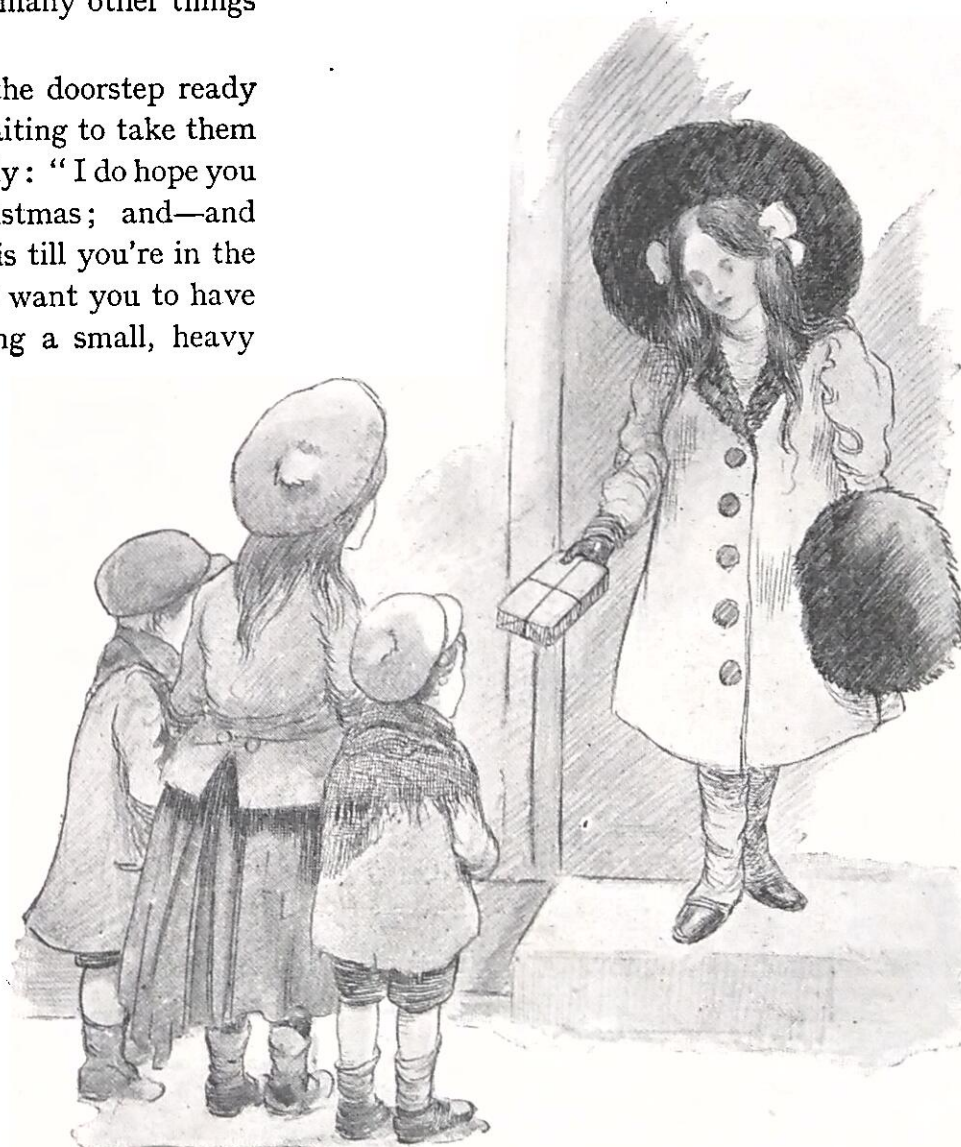
"Nursie dear," whispered little Lady Anna, as she was being tucked into bed

that night, "I—I know *now* what Christmas is for; and—and I think it will be a happy one this year, don't you?"

"Yes, dearie," said nurse, "I'm sure it will—happy for you, and happy for those poor mites. There's nothing like trying to make other folks happy if you want to be happy yourself."

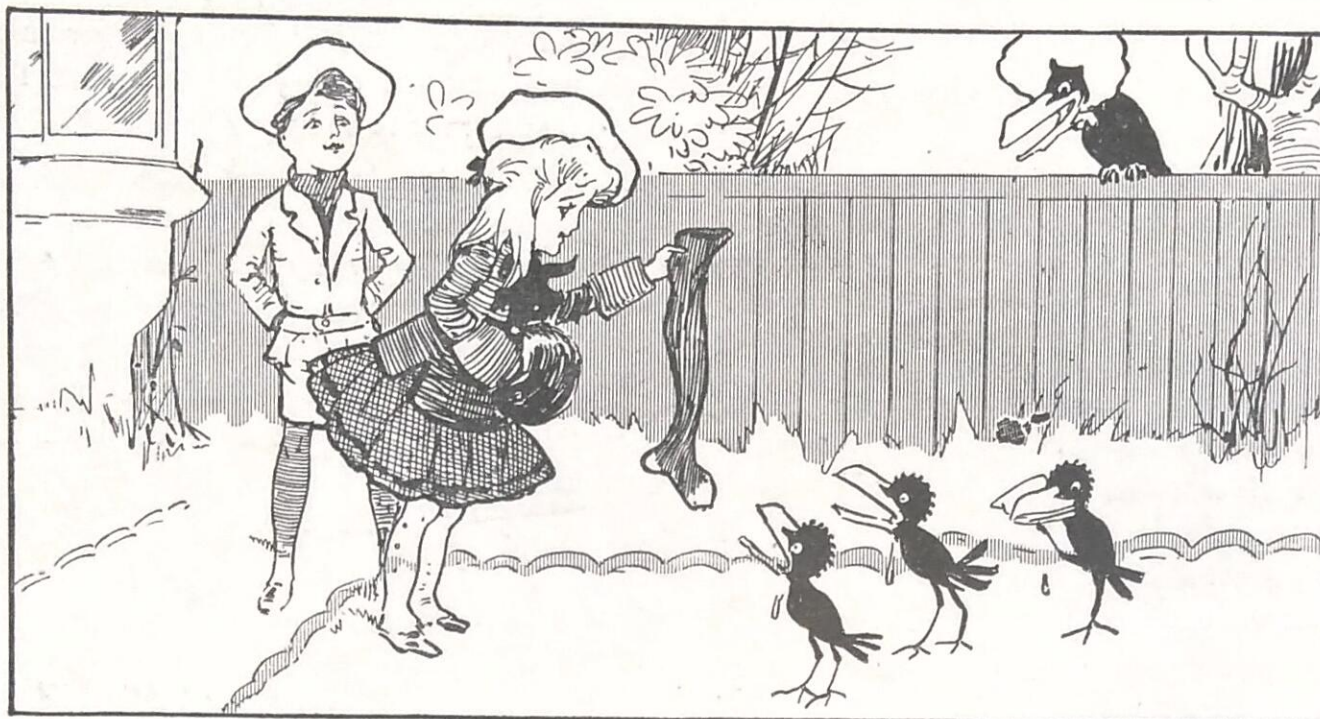
Little Lady Anna's mamma was very pleased too, for she had begun to fear that her little daughter would grow up into a spoilt, selfish woman. Now, however, she knew that with a kind nurse to take care of her and a loving mother to train her she would become a beautiful character, who always tried to do kind and generous deeds.

THE END.

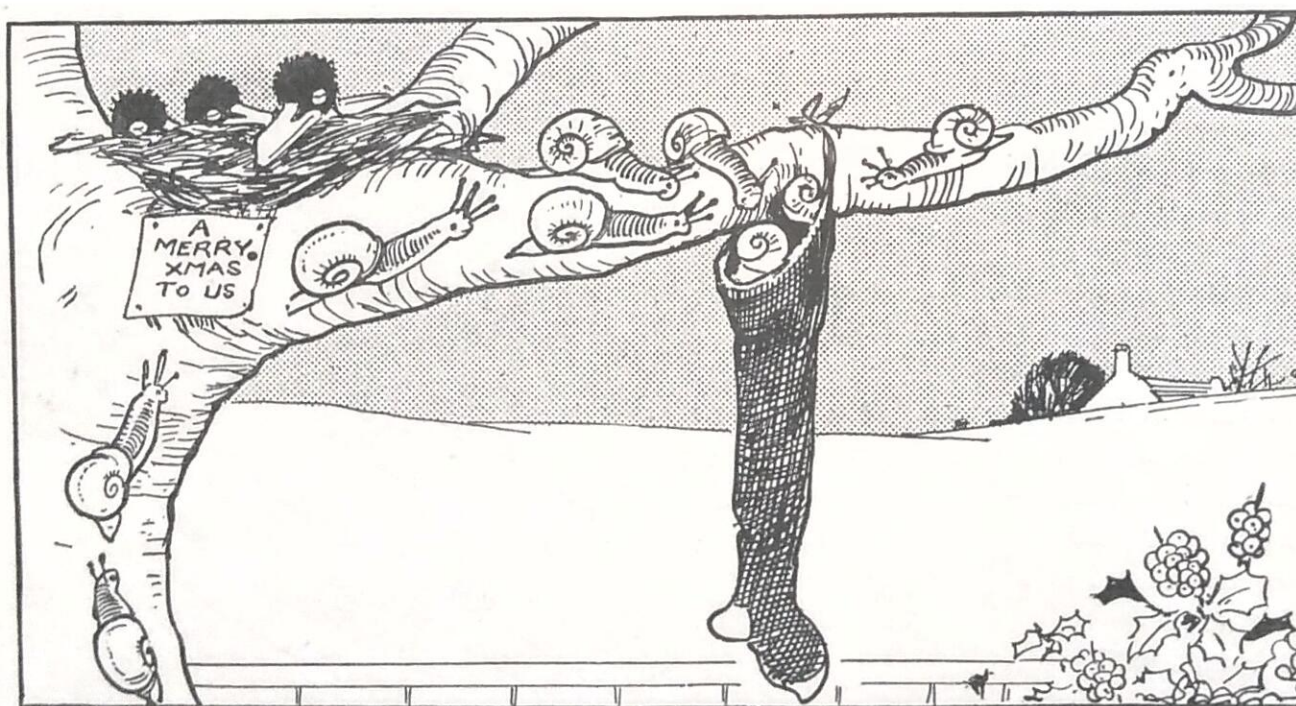


"I do hope you will have a really happy Christmas," said little Lady Anna

DOLLY DIMPLE AND--

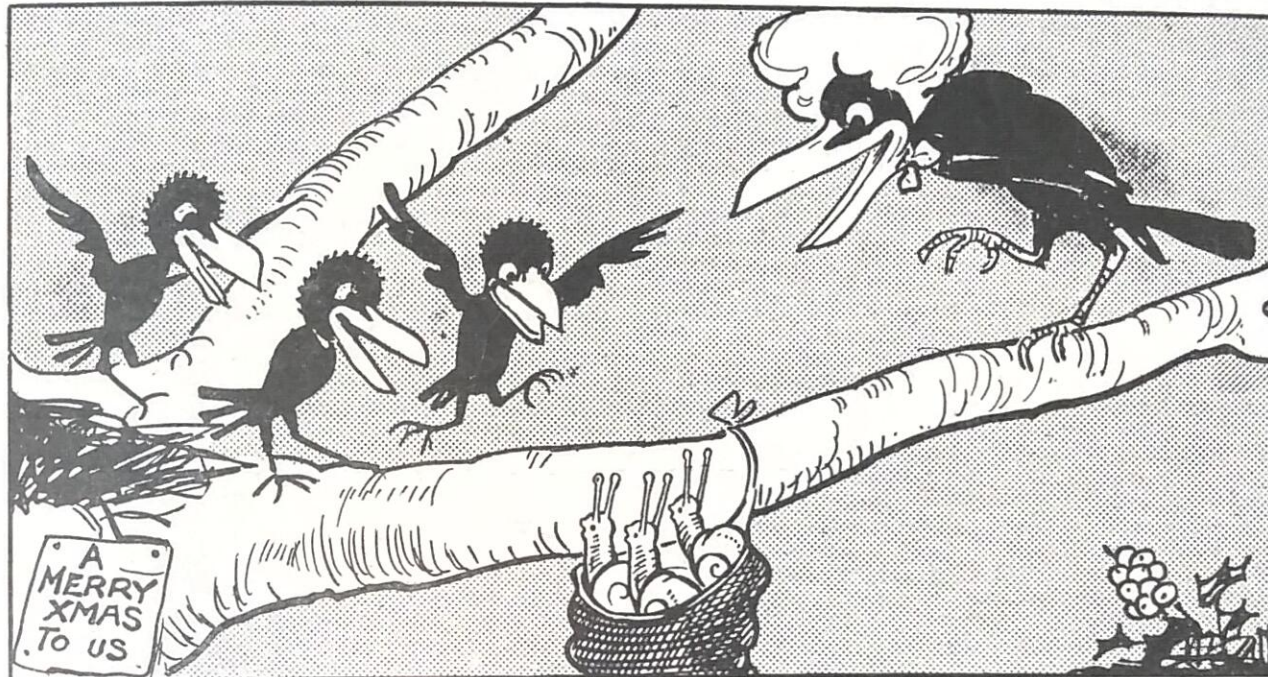


1 It was Christmas Eve, and the little Crows were weeping bitterly, because crows don't wear stockings, and they were sure to be overlooked when Santa Claus made his rounds. "Here you are, chicks; don't cry," said Dolly Dimple. "I've brought you a stocking to hang on your tree"



2 The Crow chicks went to sleep quite happily after that. It was a very cold and frosty night; and while the Crows slept, all the snails in the garden climbed up the tree and snuggled into the stocking for warmth. "Come along, you fellows: it's fine in here!" cried the leader

--THE XMAS STOCKING



3 In the morning, when the chicks awoke and looked into their stocking, they were overjoyed. "Oh, look, mamma! See what Santa Claus has brought! Isn't it nice of him?" piped Pecksy. "Fancy his thinking of snails; the very things we wanted for our Christmas dinner!"



4 Luckily, Dolly Dimple came to the rescue. "Don't eat the poor little snails," she pleaded. "Promise to let them go, and I'll give you this lovely Christmas pudding instead." The Crows agreed at once, so the snails will spend a happy Christmas this year, like the rest of us

LEARNING TO RIDE

Cousin Tom doesn't think bicycle riding is half such good fun as he expected it to be!

DEAR CHICKS,

We're having such an exciting time teaching Cousin Tom to ride a bicycle. He says he doesn't think the one he's got can be made properly, because it simply *won't* keep straight, but I expect it's to do with the way he rides it. Don't you?

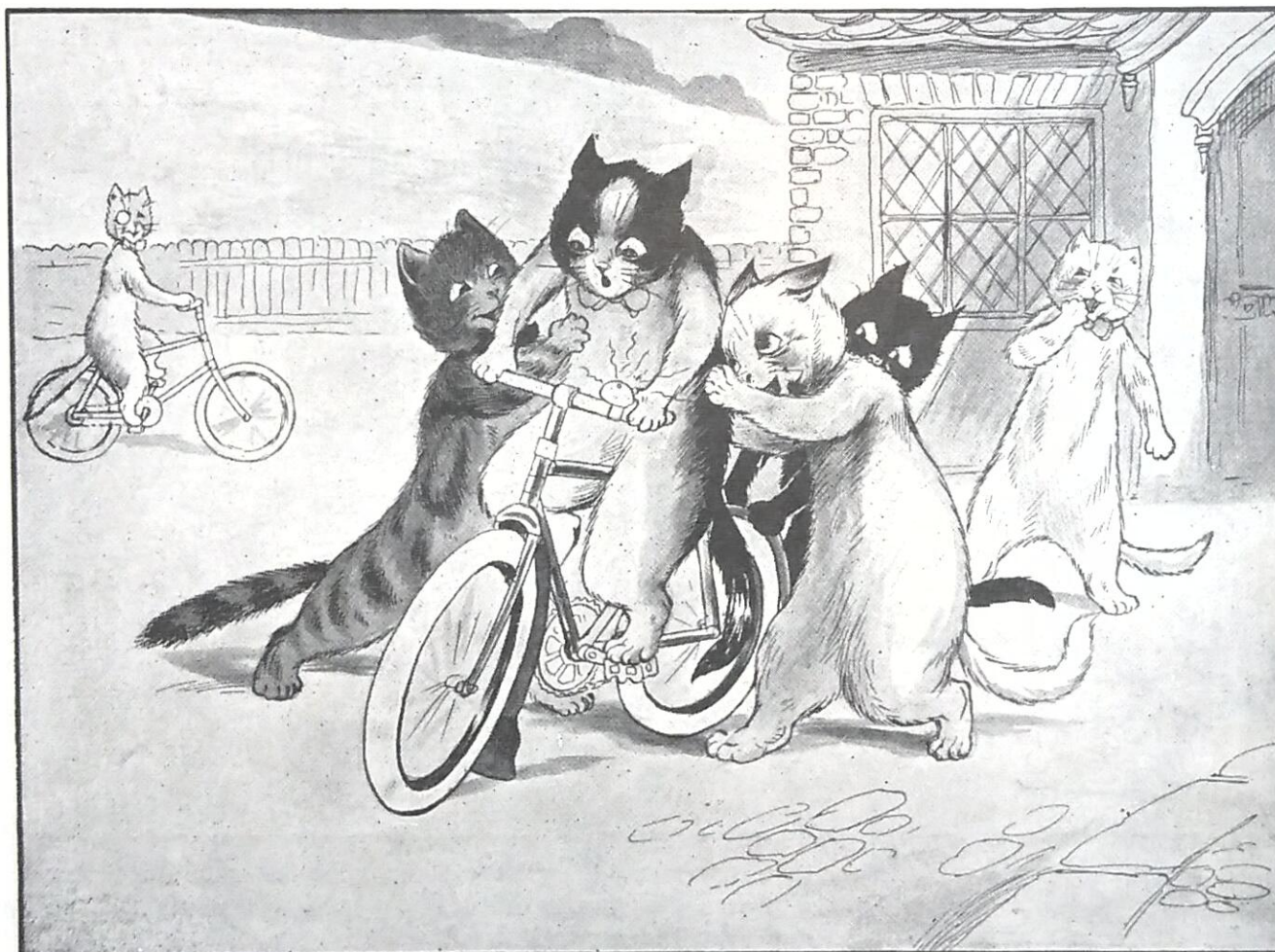
You see, he's very nervous, and he won't let us give it a real good push and start it off, though, as we tell him, it would be certain to keep straight then. But he says he'd never be able to stop it if he let it go quickly: and that *would* be rather awkward, wouldn't it? Though it would be bound to stop if it came to a steep hill—I mean, if it came to a hill that goes *up*!

I expect Tom would come off pretty quickly then, but it might perhaps give him rather a bump. Still, if you want to enjoy yourself, you have to put up with little things like bumps.

Yours affectionately,

P.S.—Tom says he doesn't think he'll go in for any bicycle races *this* year. Perhaps next year he might try!

Furry Fluffens 🐾



"Oh! Oh! Don't let me fall!"

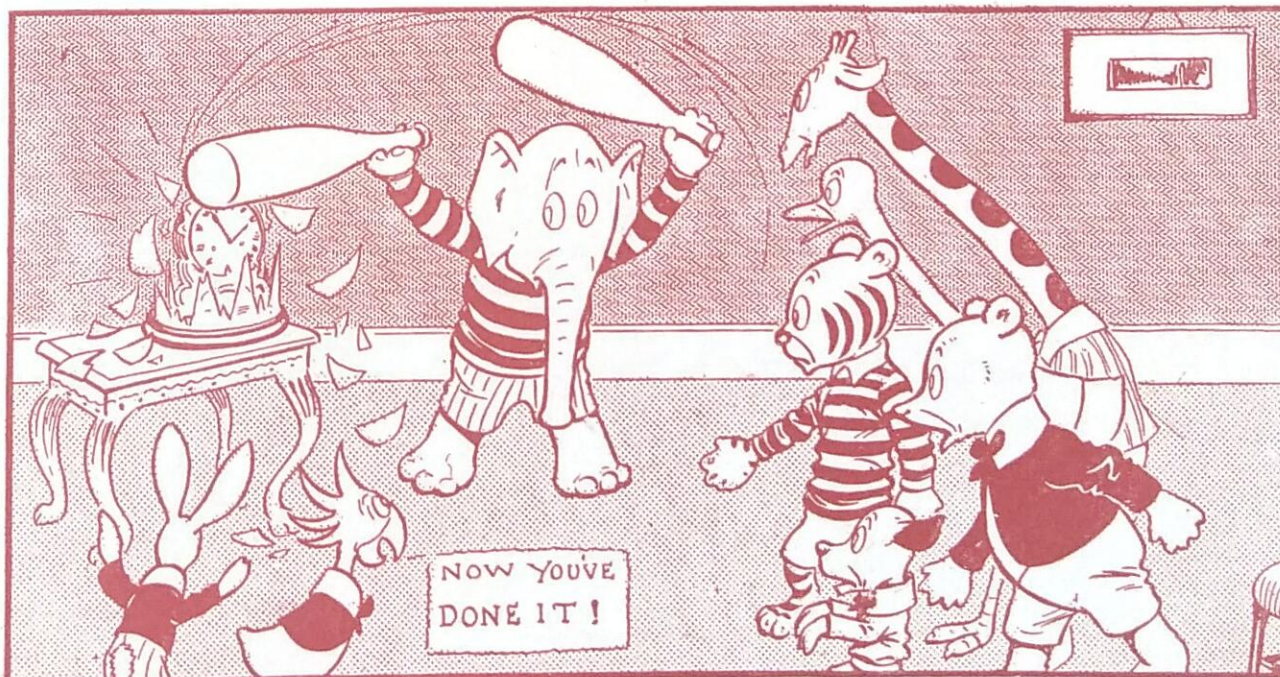


HERE IS OUR PERSIAN PUSSY CAT,
WE HAVE HER KITTENS IN A HAT

JUMBO SMASHES THE CLOCK



1 "Jumbo," said Tiger Tim one day, "I dare you to swing my Indian clubs for ten minutes without stopping." "I'll try," said Jumbo. "Let's go into the drawing-room. There is a clock in there"



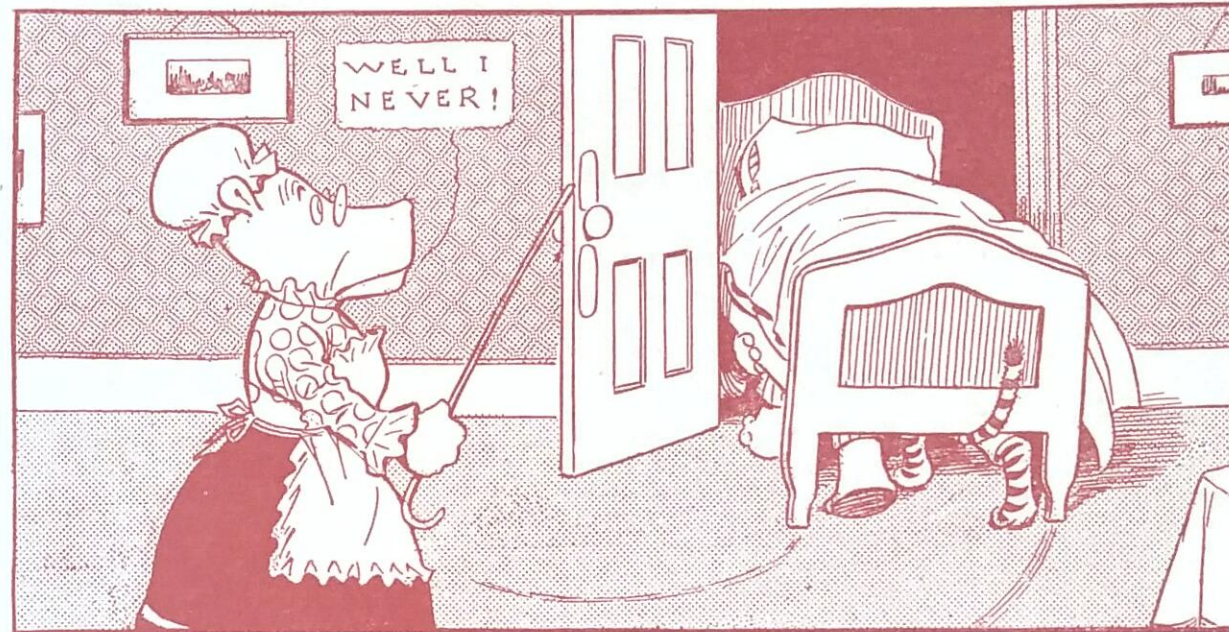
2 So the boys all trooped into the drawing-room, and watched Tim swing the clubs. "There!" said Tim. "Six minutes is all I can manage. Now you have a try." "Right you are!" cried Jumbo cheerfully. But the foolish boy stood too near the clock, and suddenly one of the clubs struck the glass case and smashed it to atoms

THEY ALL HIDE UNDER THE BED

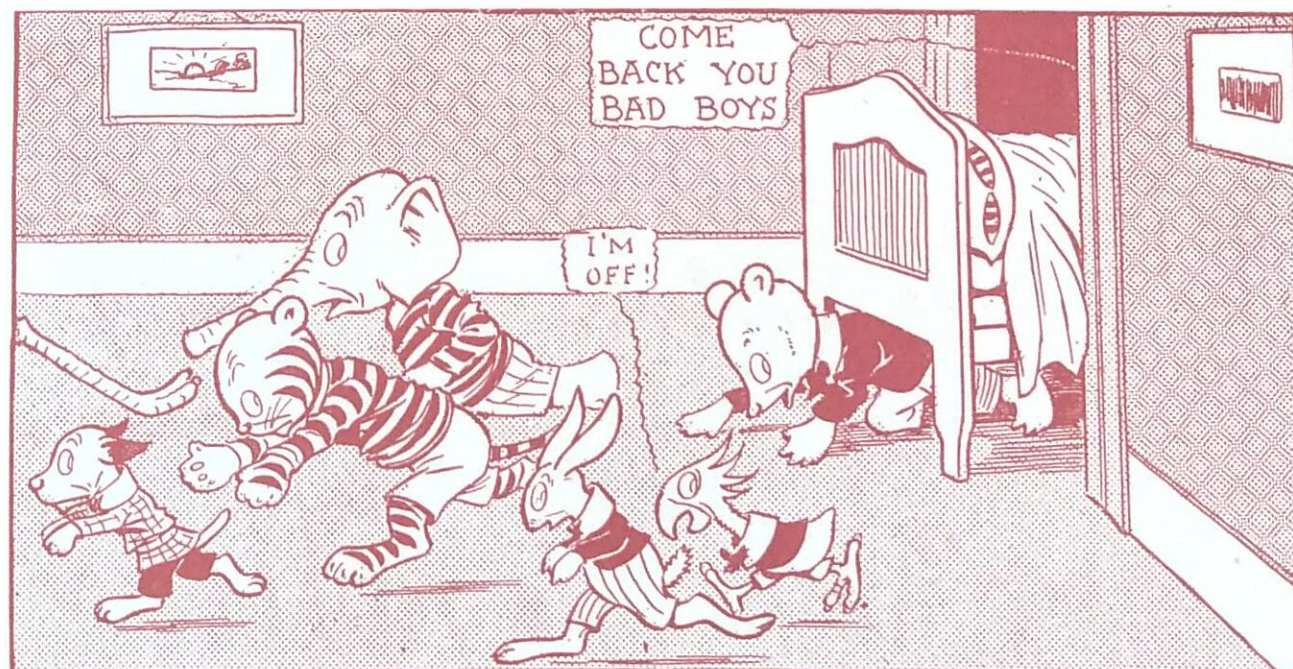


3 "Quick! Run upstairs and hide under Mrs. Hippo's bed!" cried Tim

MRS. HIPPO GETS A FRIGHT



4 Mrs. Hippo at last discovered their hiding-place. "Come out at once!" she cried. But the boys saw the cane in her hand, and were afraid to obey. Suddenly Jumbo thought of a clever idea



5 Lifting the bed on their shoulders, the naughty boys dragged it along the floor right through the doorway, and then scrambled from underneath and ran off downstairs, leaving Mrs. Hippo shut in the bedroom. Of course, their punishment is postponed for the present, but it is sure to come, unless Mrs. Hippo forgives them

CHASING A BURGLAR

How Chickie Sparrowkins found him hiding in the garden



DEAR CHICKS,

We have a little sister called Chickie, and not very long ago she came to stay at school for a time. Mother and father were obliged to go away, so Dame Owl said we could bring Chickie to stay with her. It *was* kind of her, wasn't it?

Chickie enjoyed herself ever so much; and one of the things she liked doing best of all was watering the garden.

"If you water the plants, you know, dear," Dame Owl told her, "the flowers will come!"

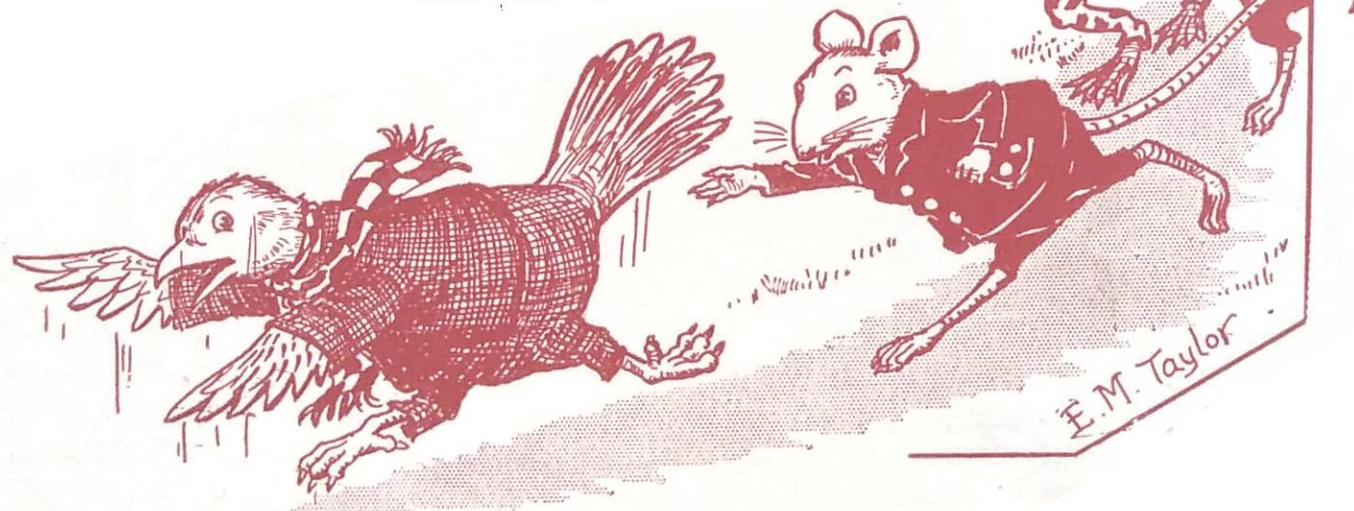
Well, one day Chickie saw a heap of dead leaves in a corner of the garden. "Oh!" she thought, "they *would* look pretty if they had flowers! I'll water them, then p'raps the flowers will come!"

But instead of *flowers* there came a very untidy-looking boy, who had been hiding under the leaves.

"That's the thief who broke into our cricket-shed!" cried one of Dr. Rook's boys. (They had been having a bit of fun watching Chickie from the top of the fence!) "Let's catch him! He slipped away before!"

So away they rushed after the thief. They caught him at last, but they let him off with a thrashing.

THE LITTLE SPARROWKINS



AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE

A story about an April Fools' Day joke that went wrong

By ELIZABETH RYLEY

THE King of Marzipandia was a very good King on the whole, but he had an unfortunate habit of doing things "on the spur of the moment," or, as the Queen once said when she was very excited and upset, "on the spur of the moment." I dare say some of you will remember how he suddenly sent the new Lord Mayor away on a long journey the very day before the procession. He did *that* "on the spur of the moment;" and, as you will remember, it very nearly upset all the arrangements on Lord Mayor's Day. But, just in the nick of time, the Mayor got back, put on his robes, bundled into the coach, and the procession started after all.

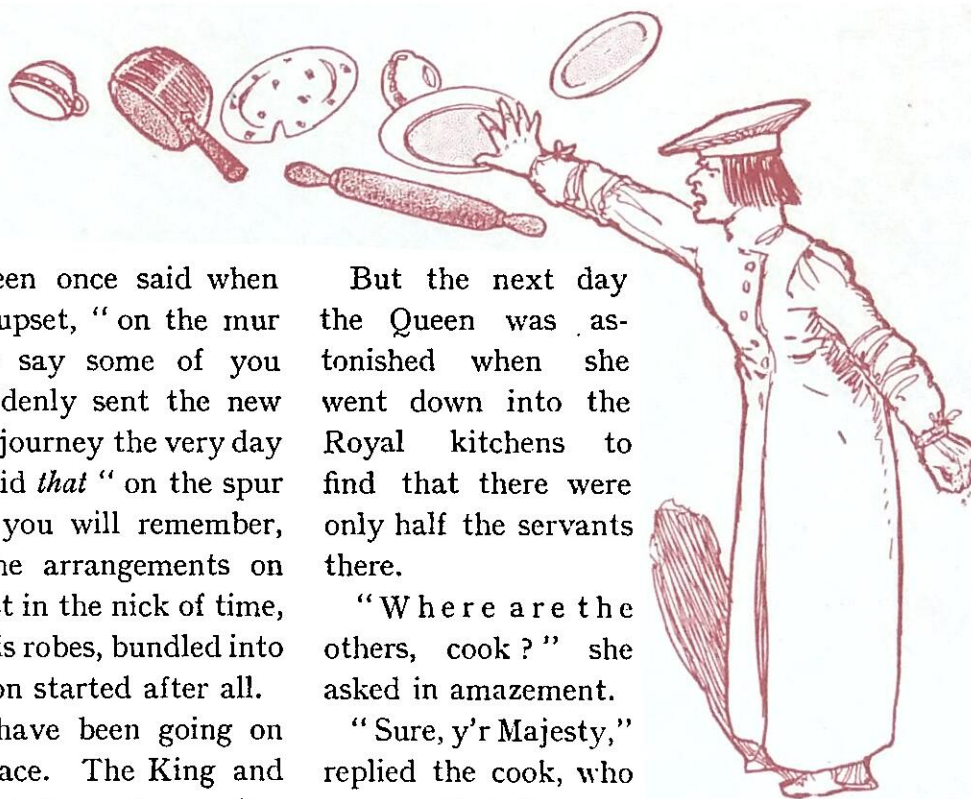
Well, since then things have been going on much as usual at the Palace. The King and Queen had hardly recovered from the excitement of Lord Mayor's Day before the two young princes, James and George, were home from school for the Christmas holidays. Their two sisters, Dorothea and Amabel, at once persuaded their governess to let them pack away their school-books; and all the Royal Family gave themselves up to the delight of Christmas. But the King and Queen weren't sorry when the holidays were over, and peace reigned again in the Palace.

So peaceful did it seem, in fact, that the King said quite suddenly to the Queen about a week ago:

"My dear, it's surely very quiet in the Palace nowadays, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the Queen. "The boys have gone back to school, you know; and the girls are busy at their lessons with Miss Setemright."

"I see," said the King. And no more was said on the subject at the moment.



But the next day the Queen was astonished when she went down into the Royal kitchens to find that there were only half the servants there.

"Where are the others, cook?" she asked in amazement.

"Sure, y'r Majesty," replied the cook, who was an Irishman, "the King himself gave 'em all a holiday."

"A holiday? What for?"

"That's what I'd be afther knowin' meself, y'r Majesty."

"Well, well! I suppose he had some good reason," the puzzled Queen replied; for, of course, she wasn't going to question the King's commands in the Royal kitchens!

Slowly she went upstairs, and to her surprise found only half the Ladies-in-Waiting and the Gentlemen Ushers on duty, and discovered, on inquiry, that the King had given all the others a holiday.

Later in the day she asked the King about it.

"Oh, yes! I forgot to mention it," he jauntily replied. "It occurred to me yesterday—quite on the spur of the moment, my dear!—as I was passing through the Palace, that since, as you had just reminded me, the boys are away and their sisters occupied with

their lessons, and nothing much is going on in the way of entertainments, we might as well give half the servants a holiday. An excellent opportunity, I think, my dear ; don't you ? ”

The Queen sighed. She felt perfectly convinced that something would happen. Very likely some foreign King and his suite would arrive now that they had only half their staff of servants. Who ever heard of giving so many servants a holiday at the same time ?

And the very next day something *did* happen ! Quite early in the afternoon a neighbouring King came to pay a friendly call at the Palace. He brought a number of followers with him ; and, without a moment's thought, the King pressed them all to stay for a few days.

And they accepted the invitation !

Of course, this caused the direst confusion in the Royal kitchens. The cook lost his temper, and stamped on the floor and tore his hair when he couldn't get enough people to help him. (He was rather liable to these violent fits of temper !) There wasn't half enough food in the larders, and ever so many messengers had to be sent out for provisions ; and altogether it seemed as though there wouldn't be any meals at all for the visitors.

But at last the Queen managed to set these

little matters right, and presently appeared in the Royal drawing-room looking as unruffled and sweet-tempered as if she were quite used to receiving an odd fifty or so unexpected visitors when half her staff of servants were taking holidays.

Presently a telegram was brought to her, and with trembling fingers she opened it, wondering what was going to happen next. The King looked anxiously across at her as she read it.

“ It's from the boys, dear,” she said. “ They're coming home to-night. Measles has broken out in the school, so they're beginning their Easter holidays early.”

II.

THE JOKE THAT FAILED.

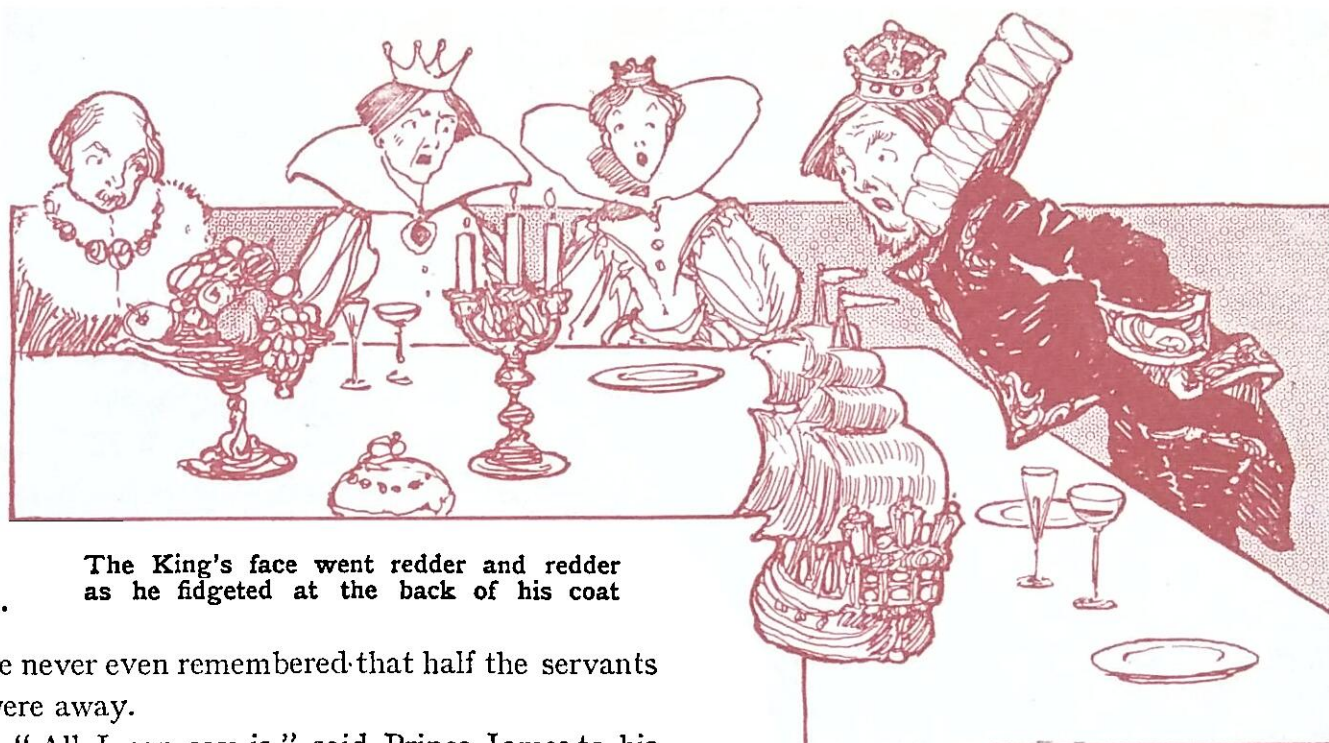
You can imagine the bustle and excitement in the Palace during the next few days !

“ Sure, an' it's roast, boil, stew, and grill from mornin' to night,” grumbled the cook. “ Why his Majesty doesn't send for the others to come back is what bates me ! ”

But, as a matter of fact, the King hadn't a minute to spare. He was so busy looking after his guests and their amusements that



Princess Amabel stitched the tails of the coat firmly together



The King's face went redder and redder as he fidgeted at the back of his coat

he never even remembered that half the servants were away.

"All I can say is," said Prince James to his brothers and sisters, "I jolly well hope the other servants *won't* come back! We've never had such a gorgeous time in our lives; no one to say, 'You mustn't do this or that'—no one to look at you over the rims of his spectacles, and say, 'Such behaviour is unbecoming in a Prince.' Oh, I call it scrum!"

"So do I," said Prince George. "Wasn't it a sight to see old Chamby" (this was the boys' name for the dignified Lord Chamberlain!) "when he slithered on that slide we made along the top corridor?"

"Rather! By the way, that reminds me. What are we going to do on April Fools' Day?"

"Going to do? What d'you mean?" asked Princess Amabel.

"Well, I thought we'd decided to make an April fool of Old Chamby."

"Oh, yes; so we had! Now, let's think of something."

"I know what!" cried Princess Dorothea, after a few minutes.

"Well?"

"Let's find Old Chamby's dress-coat, and stitch the tails together! You know he's always fumbling in his coat-tail pocket for that big, red handkerchief he mops his face with!"

"Right!" cried the others. "Come on! We'll go and do it now."

So away they rushed to a big mahogany wardrobe that stood at the end of one of the corridors. There was no one about to stop them, because everyone was much too busy looking after the visitors; so they rummaged about until one of them cried:

"I've got it!"

Then they hauled out the coat, Princess Amabel fetched a needle and cotton; and while the boys held the coat out straight, and Princess Dorothea kept "cave" at the end of the corridor, Princess Amabel stitched the tails firmly together. Then they gleefully put the coat back, and scuttled downstairs.

That night the King had a particularly grand banquet prepared for his guests, as they were leaving the next day; and as a special treat the Royal children were to be allowed in the balcony for an hour or two to listen to the music that was going to be played, and to watch what went on. It was only on very special occasions that they were allowed to do this, and, as you can guess, they always enjoyed it thoroughly.

One of the Ladies-in-Waiting helped the

Princesses to dress, and the King's valet attended to the boys.

"We shall have to be very quick, your Highnesses," he said, "because I've to go in and help the King to dress."

"All right," said the two boys. "It won't take us long to change."

And it didn't. In a very little while the valet was hurrying along the corridor to the King's dressing-room, and on his way he stopped in front of the mahogany wardrobe, into which the Royal children had been prying earlier in the day.

"The things look a bit rumpled," he thought; "but I dare say some of the other valets have done as I did, and put their master's clothes in there to save time, instead of mounting three or four flights of stairs for them and then coming down here again to the dressing-rooms. Ah, here we are!" he added, as he pulled out his Royal master's dress-suit. "Lucky I put this handkerchief in the tail-pocket—it'll save time, for it's very nearly time for the banquet to begin."

The King, with the skilful help of his valet, was soon ready.

"You've put my handkerchief in the usual place, haven't you?" asked the King, as he hurried down, giving a last hasty look at the menu to see that the dishes for the banquet were those he had ordered. "I shall be lost without it when I come to make my speech."

"Oh, yes, your Majesty, that's all right! I put it there this morning, so as to be sure of not forgetting it."

Then the King strode into the banqueting-hall in dignified state. The banquet went off

without a hitch, all the dishes were excellent, and the music soft and soothing.

"Father *does* look pleased, doesn't he?" whispered Prince James.

"Yes," replied Princess Amabel; "he——"

"Ss-ssh!" whispered her sister. "Father's going to speak."

The King had risen, and, with a genial smile, began addressing his visitors. He was rather a nervous speaker, and he had a habit of slipping his hand into the tail-pocket of his coat and bringing out his handkerchief, which he rolled up into a hard ball between his hands.

"Dear friends," he began, "I—er—er—I——"

"What ever's the matter?" whispered Princess Dorothea.

"Father's going quite red in the face!"

The children grew more and more alarmed as they watched their father's face going redder and redder as he fidgeted at the back of his coat with his right hand.

"Ahem!" he began again boldly. "I am

—er—sorry that I—have been—er—obliged to welcome you here—er—— No, no! I mean—er——"

"Oh," Princess Amabel almost shrieked, "boys! D'you see what's the matter?"

"No!" answered the boys in alarm. "What?"

"Why, it was *father's* coat, not Old Chamby's!"

"Wh—— F-fath-er's — coat that we — st-stitched up?" stammered Prince George.

"Yes; an' he can't get at his handkerchief!"

The others were reduced to helpless silence; and when they looked down into the banqueting-hall they saw that the King had collapsed into his State chair, while his guests were



Mr. B.: "My dear boy, what is the matter?"
Mr. Caterpillar: "Matter? Why, that horrid man's just been over me with the lawn-mower, and my new motor-coat is ruined!"

sitting up straight and stiff in haughty silence. Presently they filed slowly out, and within an hour had left the Palace of Marzipandia—"Never," as they said, "to set foot in it again after the great insult the King had put upon them!"

Four very dejected children crept into the Royal study the next morning to confess to their father what they had done, and tell him how sorry they were. He couldn't help smiling just a little, though he told them that it was a very serious thing for him to have given offence to such a powerful King as the one who had just left.

"And besides," he added, "he had intended sending an invitation for the summer to you and your mother to go and spend a month at his summer palace by the sea, but I'm afraid there'll be no invitation now."

The children looked more depressed than ever; so his Majesty said:

"But I'll write and tell him exactly what happened, and explain that I was so nervous that I didn't know what I was saying."

I think, really and truly, at the bottom of his heart, the King felt a wee bit to blame himself.

"For you see, my dear," he said to the Queen when he was talking to her afterwards about it—"I ought to have been more thoughtful and not asked all those visitors to stay when I'd sent so many of the servants away on a holiday."

"Perhaps so, dear," answered the Queen. "We could really hardly expect the most perfect children—and ours are hardly that, I'm afraid—to keep out of mischief when they were left to themselves so much."

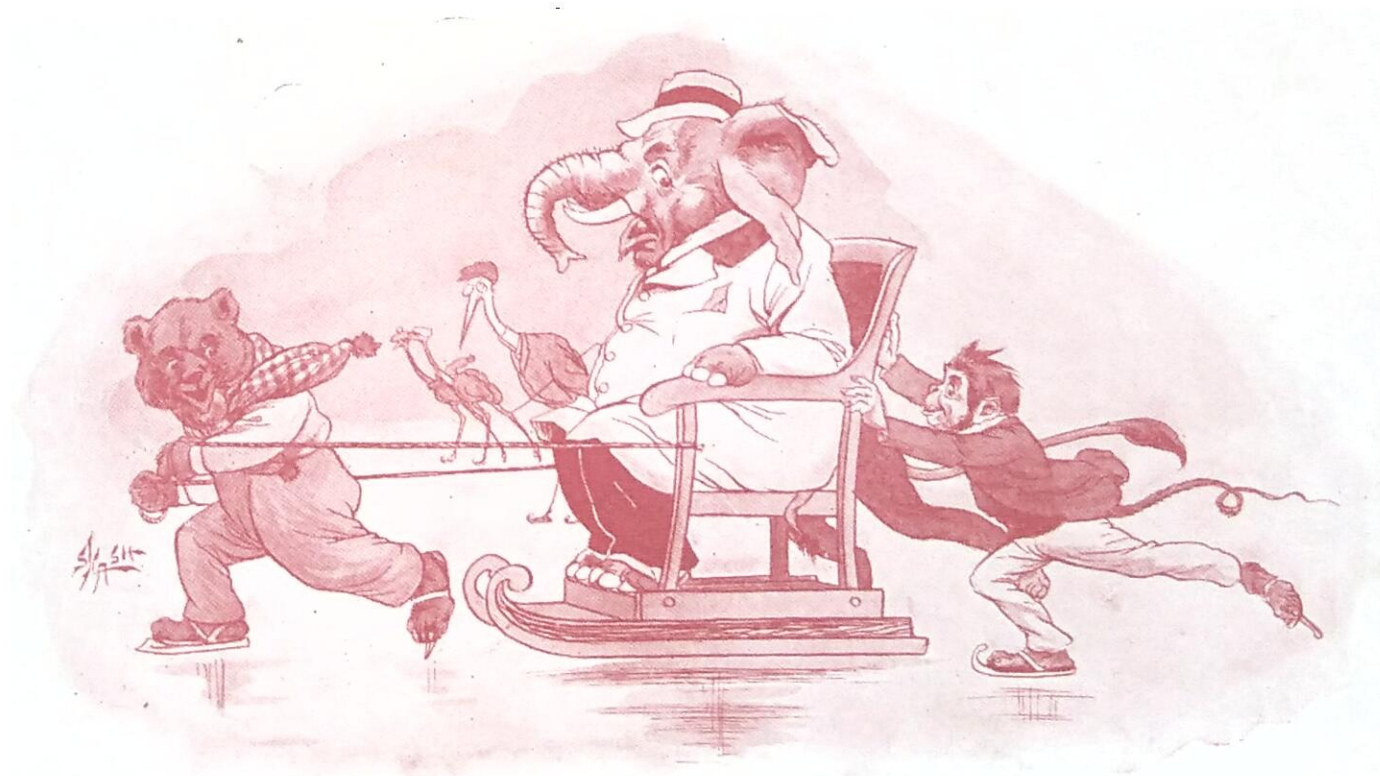
"Exactly! And now I'd better write a note to our indignant visitor and his suite."

And King Ahmund sat down and wrote the most polite note you ever read.

"There!" he cried, when he'd finished, "I'm sure *that'll* please him, and then——"

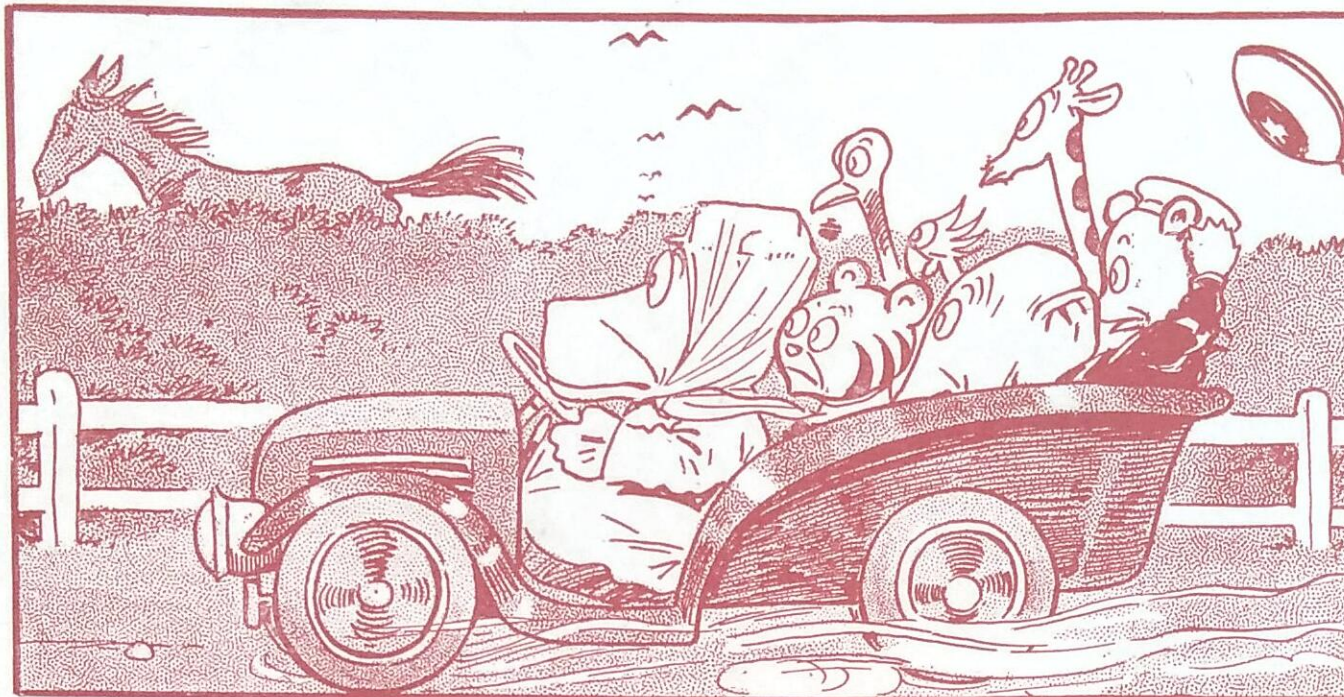
And then! Who knows? I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the invitation for the summer *does* come, after all. Should you? For no one really intended to be rude to the visitors.

THE END.

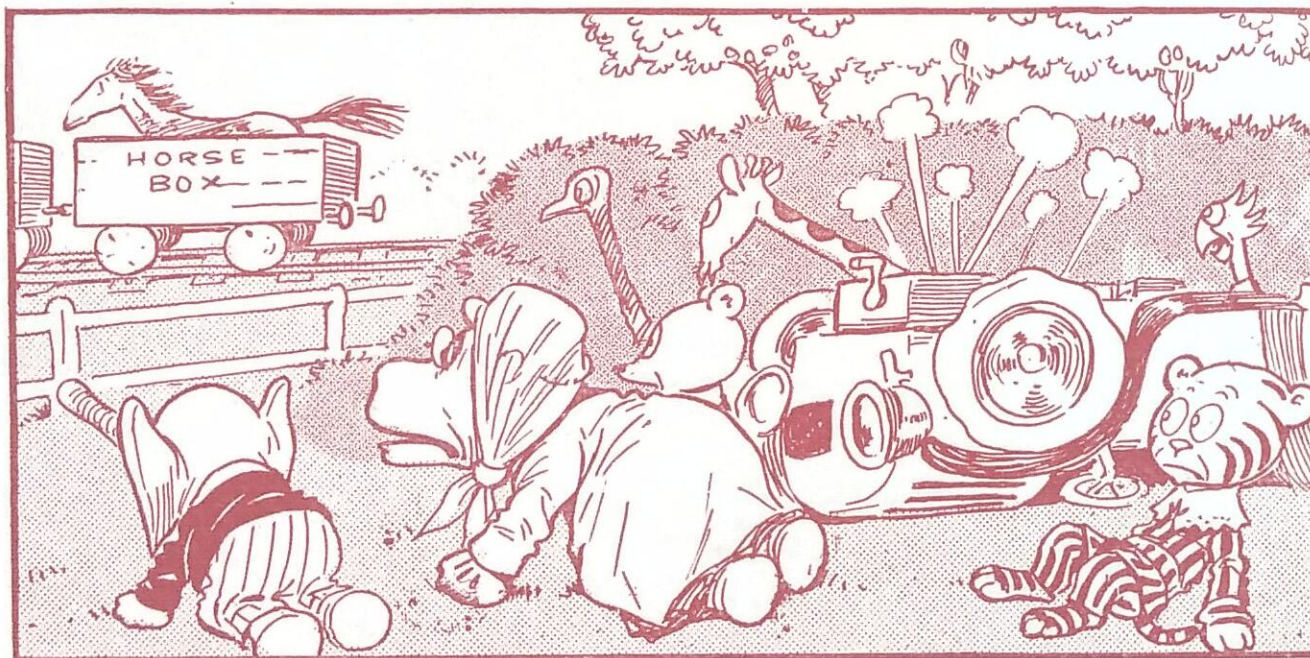


Mr. Elephant: "Oh! oh! Don't go too fast; you'll make me feel giddy!"

THEY GO A MOTOR RIDE



1 The boys from the Kindergarten School were all on their way to the seaside in Mrs. Hippo's motor-car. "We must be travelling very slowly," remarked Tiger Tim; "that old horse on the other side of the hedge has been racing us for some time." "That will never do. I must put on extra speed," exclaimed Mrs. Hippo



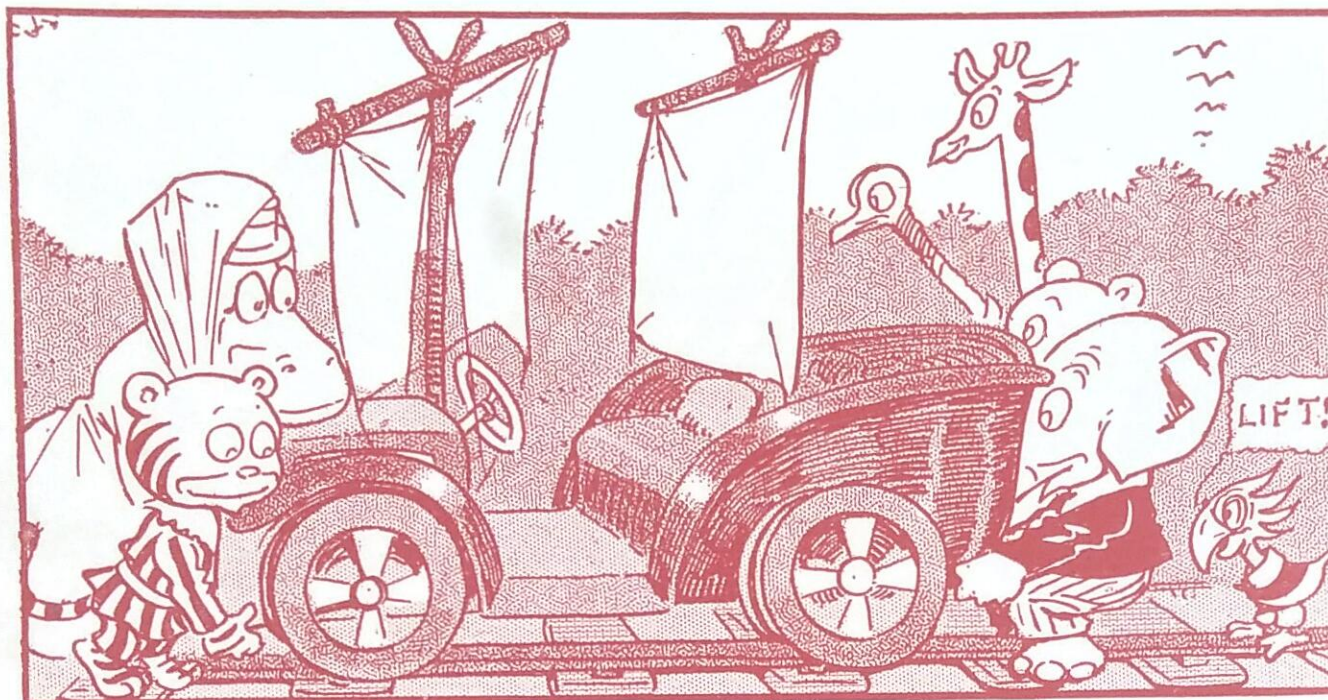
2 They were all so busy watching the progress of the horse that the motor-car suddenly collided with a milestone, and turned head over heels, throwing everybody into the road. Then Mrs. Hippo looked through the gap in the hedge, and saw the old horse riding in a railway truck. "No wonder we couldn't pass him!" gasped Tim

ALL THE TYRES BURST

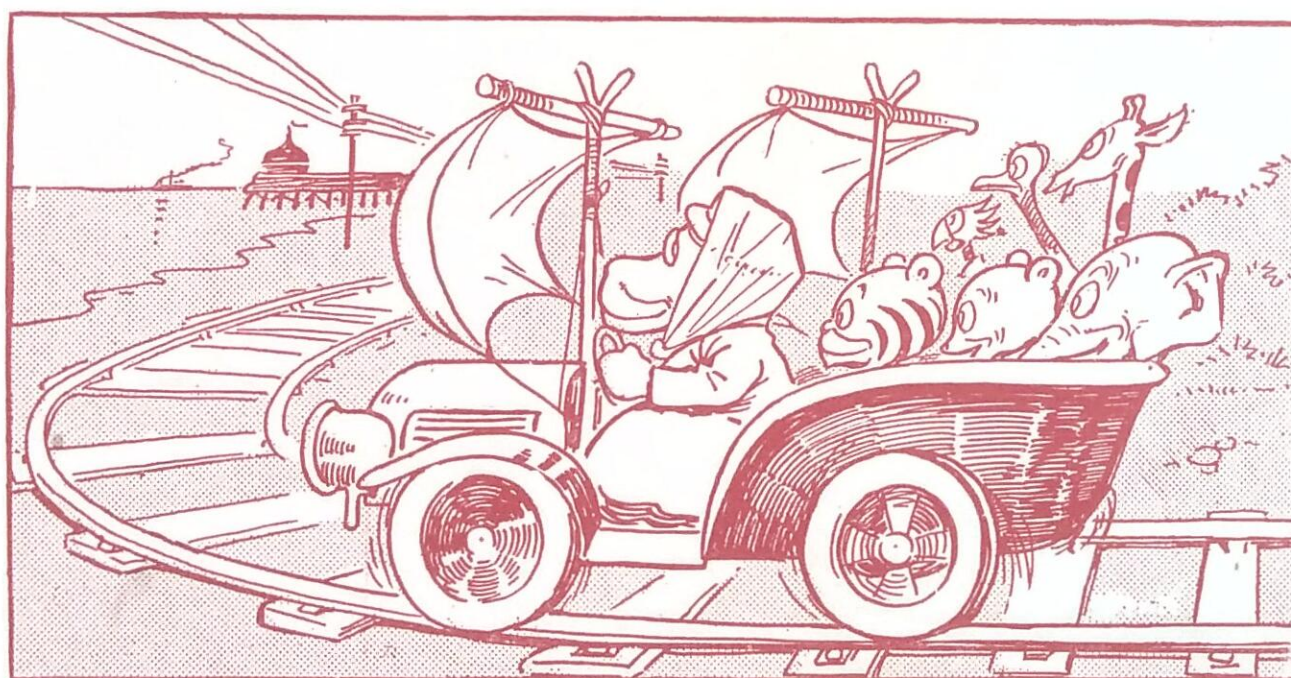


3 "Oh dear," cried Mrs. Hippo, "my motor won't work now! That fall has quite ruined it! What shall we do?"

WHAT CLEVER TIM DID



4 Then clever little Tim, remembering how he had sometimes seen workmen running a truck along the lines, suggested that they should take the tyres off the wheels of the car, so that they could run it on the railway lines. Then, with some sheets off a clothes-line and two clothes-props, they made some excellent sails

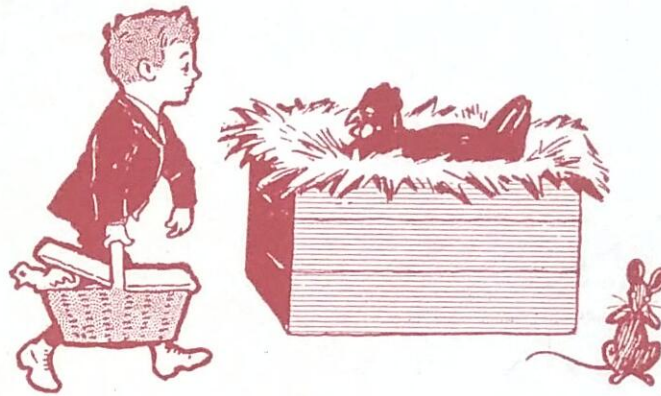


5 And with a good wind behind them they went whizzing along the railway track, to the great delight of the boys, who thoroughly enjoyed the fun. "The sea at last!" cried Mrs. Hippo. "I should never have got here if it had not been for my clever boys!"

GOOD INDOOR GAMES

TRADES

One person goes out of the room, and the rest choose some trade which they are going to represent by actions, each player choosing a particular action. For example, suppose carpentering is chosen, then one player agrees to pretend to be sawing wood, another hammering, another measuring, and so on. The person outside is called in, and as he stands before each in turn, the particular action is gone through, and whichever person it was whose action helped him to guess the trade has to go out next time.



1 Boy: "Here, Mrs. Hen, is a lovely chicken to help you hatch your eggs." But just then the chicken flew out of the basket

FILLING IN

For this game, prepare beforehand a list of names of articles for each player. For example:

1. Bottles.
2. Snuff.
3. Pork-pie.
4. Airship.

Then the leader must take a book and begin reading a story from it; and whenever he stops, each player in turn fills in the story with a word from his list. After going round once, then each player supplies his second noun, and so on.

It *does* sound so funny when you get, say, the story of Red Riding-Hood like this: "Red Riding-Hood went through the *bottles* on her way to the *apple-tarts*. She was wearing her bright red *motor-car* and *sticking-plaster*—" Instead of: "Red Riding-Hood went through the *woods* on her way to the *house*. She was wearing her bright red *cloak* and *hood*—"



2 While Mrs. Hen was away the bad boy stole all her eggs



3 Mrs. Hen: "Oh dear! oh dear! What shall I do? I've lost all my eggs, and the chicken's got away as well. I believe they made it up between them"

THE SOLICITOR

Each person (except one) playing this game must choose a partner. The odd one stands in the middle, and is called the Solicitor. He may ask any question he likes of anybody, but the person spoken to must leave his partner to answer. If he answers himself, by mistake, he becomes the Solicitor. Or if his partner forgets to answer before the Solicitor has counted ten, *he* must become the Solicitor.

By asking questions very rapidly, and turning quickly from one side to the other, the Solicitor is pretty sure to "catch" someone very soon.

RULE OF CONTRARY

For this game choose a leader who is good at making up stories. All the others stand round, holding the sides of a big handkerchief (or, if there are a good many playing, a tablecloth), and then the leader begins his tale. He might make it about a captain telling his sailors to "let go" the ropes, and "hold fast" to the sides of the ship. At any rate, he must bring in the words "hold fast" and "let go" as often as possible.

Each time he says "hold fast" the players must let go of the handkerchief, and when he says "let go" they must hold it firmly. Those who do the wrong thing have to pay forfeits.



A GENEROUS GIFT

A School Story about a Lonely Boy who came from a Foreign Country to England

"THERE'S a perfectly horrid little boy come to live at the Hall!" said Rex Stanham to his mother one day towards the end of last term.

"Why is he horrid?" asked Mrs. Stanham.

"Oh, I don't know. None of the boys in our class like him. His aunt brought him to school just after the half-term."

"Why don't you like him?"

"Well, he's so—er—so *foreign* and queer."

"But he can't help it if he isn't English; and I dare say he's very lonely. Are his parents over here?"

"No; they're away in South America. He's just come from there."

"How is it he's living at the Hall?"

"Why, Miss Maynard's his aunt. His name's Maynard, too—Tom Maynard."

"An English enough name, at any rate. Besides, he can't be altogether foreign, Rex, because his father is English."

"Oh, I know he's not *really* foreign. His mother's English too. But he's got such silly Frenchy ways. He shrugs his shoulders and spreads out his hands when he talks."

"And so would you get 'Frenchy ways,' as

you call them, if you'd been born and brought up in a foreign country, Rex. What part of South America does he come from?"

"Somewhere right away on the banks of the River Amazon—I think they call the place Para."

"Oh, yes; I've heard of it. There are lots of Portuguese people living there; and I expect poor Tom had a Portuguese nurse when he was a baby; and I dare say his mother's servants are Portuguese; so no wonder he's caught their foreign ways a little. Poor little boy! Bring him here to tea one day this week, Rex—any day you like."

"Mother! I can't! All the other boys would 'rag' me if I did."

"Then *let* them 'rag' you, Rex! I thought my boy would have been brave enough to stand by another boy who is lonely and nervous."

"But he's old enough to stick up for himself, mother!"

"I dare say. But would *you* feel very plucky and inclined to stand up for yourself, Rex, if you were suddenly sent away from here by yourself to some country you'd never even seen before?"

"Oh, I don't know. I—well, I wouldn't be a 'muff,' anyway."

"Well, show your bravery now, laddie, by doing as I ask you, and putting up with the other boys' 'ragging.'"

Of course, after that there was nothing to be done but to ask "the foreigner" to tea. Rex seized the opportunity of giving the invitation when no one else was about.

"I say, you—Tom Maynard," he growled ungraciously, "will you—my mater says—er—will you come to tea with us one day this week? Any day you like."

"Oh, thank you!" said Tom, rather nervously. "Er—will Wednesday do?"

"Right you are," replied Rex, "I'll wait for you round the bend of Allan's Lane."

He hadn't the courage to start off from school with "the foreigner," because he was afraid of what the other boys might say, but when Tom had joined him "round the bend of Allan's Lane" he did his best to be pleasant and polite and make conversation.

Tom's English was not very good yet, because he had always talked Portuguese to his nurse, and that language came more easily to him. So the two boys found it a little difficult to talk much. Rex was very glad when they reached his home, and he was able to hand his guest over to his mother.

Mrs. Stanham was kindness itself to the stranger; and by the end of the evening he had told her quite a lot about himself—how he

missed his mother and father and his little sister Katie, and how quiet it was at the Hall, though his aunt did everything she could think of to make him happy.

"You see," he finished, with a smile, "I'd be ever so much happier if I could get on with the boys at school. I do so hate being called 'the foreigner.' I want, above everything else, to be a real English boy."

Rex listened in amazement; and, as the evening wore on, he decided that Tom "wasn't such a bad sort, after all," and he made up his mind to be kinder to him in future.

But the next morning he forgot all about what he had decided, for the other boys in his class pounced on him as soon as he appeared in the playground.

"Hallo! Here comes the other foreigner!"

"How d'you like being nurse?"

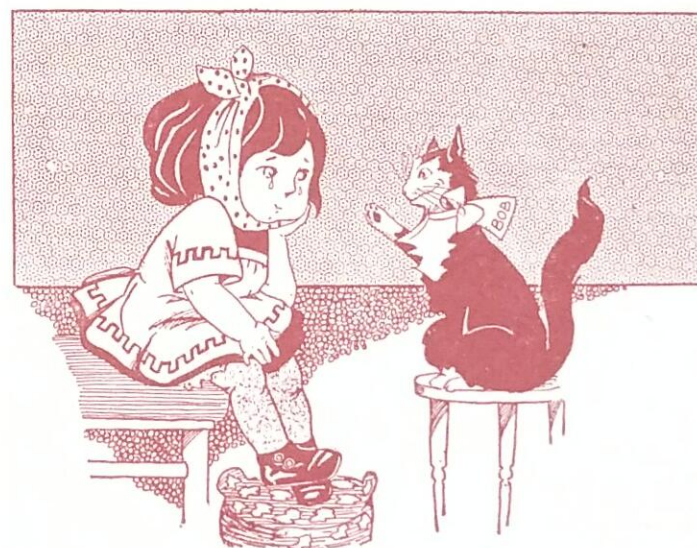
"Hope you won't *quite* forget how to speak English, Stanham!"

All these remarks, and several others that he could not

catch, were hurled at him; and he found himself growing red in the face with fury.

"Be quiet!" he yelled. "I couldn't help it! I didn't want him!"

As the term went on things grew no better for poor Tom. Certainly his English improved rapidly, he was losing most of his foreign ways, and a little colour was creeping into his cheeks. But it had become a habit among the boys to ignore him, so they took no notice of him now.



"BOB'S ADVICE"

"My tooth *does* ache, Bob!" Mary cried.
 "Poor child!" exclaimed her cat;
 "If you take my advice, you'll let
 The dentist settle that."
 So Mary braved the dentist's chair—
 'Twas over in a trice;
 And ever since that dreadful day
 She's taken Bob's advice.

Just before Christmas Rex Stanham was away from school one morning.

"Does anyone know why Stanham is away?" asked the master.

"Please, sir, I think he's ill," said Percy Winters, the doctor's son. "Mrs. Stanham sent for my father just as I was coming to school."

In the afternoon young Winters told the master that Rex had a slight attack of scarlet fever.

"It's about in the village, I hear," said the master. "I'm sorry Rex has caught it. I hope he'll get through all right."

Then the Christmas holidays came, and Tom often wondered how Rex was getting on. Christmas passed; and one day, just before the New Year, Tom was in the only stationer's shop the village possessed. He was looking through some books, deciding which he should buy, when Mrs. Smith, the shopkeeper, said:

"Ah, sir, I've just been sending two of those books up to Master Stanham. His father says he does nothing but read all day; and of course it's rather an expensive business keeping him supplied with books, because they all have to be thrown away when he's finished with them on account of the infection. He partic'larly wanted this year's PLAYBOX ANNUAL, but I haven't one left—you had the last, sir, the other day, you know—and I can't get one anywhere for love nor money."

"What a pity!" said Tom; and he walked home thoughtfully, after paying for the book he had decided to buy. That evening a bulky package was left at the Stanhams' house, addressed to "Rex Stanham, Esq." And when

Rex opened it he shouted: "Hooray, mother! You *are* a brick to get me THE PLAYBOX ANNUAL!"

"But I didn't get it," said Mrs. Stanham. "They hadn't a single copy left. Mrs. Smith said that Tom Maynard had bought the last. I wonder——"

"Oh, mother! I wonder if Tom sent it?"

"That's what I was wondering, too."

Rex thoroughly enjoyed reading the stories, and following the antics of Mrs. Hippo's boys, in his favourite book; and when, after a day or two, the doctor said he might come downstairs, and see his friends, the first person he asked to tea was Tom Maynard.

Rex asked him outright if he had sent THE PLAYBOX ANNUAL; and when Tom muttered: "Oh, it's nothing," Rex said: "But—did you—er—— You knew, didn't you, that it would have to be destroyed when I'd done with it?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I knew; but it didn't matter. You were ill, you see, and—er—and—er—well, I *wasn't*."

Rex did not say much, but he made up his mind to show Maynard in the future that though he *had* called him "a foreigner" in former days, he knew that in so generously giving up his favourite book—and to someone who had been very unkind to him, too—he had acted as any English boy might have been proud to do.

Tom and Rex bid fair to be great friends now, and Rex says he doesn't care a rap what the other boys think. They'll soon find out, as he has, that Tom Maynard is "one of the best chaps in the place."



Ta-rah! Ta-rah! Ta-rah! Pray do not dally more, for off we go to Brighton town, all on a coach-and-four

THE END.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING.

I saw a  a-sailing
a-sailing on the 

And O! it was a-laden
with pret  things ⁴ me

There were comfits in the  in
and  in the hold

The  were  of sa 
and the  was  of 

The ⁴ and 20 
I  stood  tween the DX

Were ⁴ and 20 
with  about their NX

HAVING A LONG SLEEP

Asleep all the Winter

SOME animals go to bed all the winter; and the wonderful thing is that they go on sleeping, and never get hungry till they wake up!

It is much nicer for them in the winter time than it is for those poor animals and birds that have to try and find food even when the ground is covered with frost and snow. When it begins to get very, very cold, they just say to themselves: "Aha! Now I'm going to tuck myself up and go to sleep." And they either creep into a hole they have made, or curl themselves up into a snug nest, and there they sleep quite comfortably while the cold weather lasts.

But if the sun happens to shine, some of them—the dormouse and the squirrel, for instance—will wake up, and then they at once begin to feel hungry.

Generally they have been careful to store away some "goodies" for themselves, in case they should wake up suddenly, so they hurry off and have something to eat.

Then the squirrel, who is a lively little fellow, will very likely feel frisky after his long sleep. So, instead of going indoors again, he goes for a frolic among the leafless branches of the trees; and sometimes, if he thinks there are no "men

people" about, he will have games in the snow.

And if you should happen to come along before he has time to scramble up a tree out of your way, he will turn round and give you *such* a scolding! And he does look so pretty, standing there chattering angrily.

I don't know if you've ever happened to see a toad in winter time? The cold doesn't trouble him much. He just scoops out quite a shallow hole for himself, generally among dead leaves, pops in, and goes to sleep.

There are some animals that don't seem to feel the cold a bit, though they don't go to sleep in the winter time. One of these is the wild rabbit, and the other is the hare.

In the very coldest parts of the world—called the Arctic regions—a great many of the animals go to sleep in the winter time, but there's one little creature that doesn't, and that's the Arctic fox.

He doesn't seem to mind *how* cold the weather gets; and his only trouble is that there may come a day when he can't find anything to eat. So he makes up his mind to have a store of food ready in case of accidents, and just before the very, very coldest weather sets in he catches any birds and small animals he can find, and hides them away till he is in want of food.



ROUGH PLAYMATES

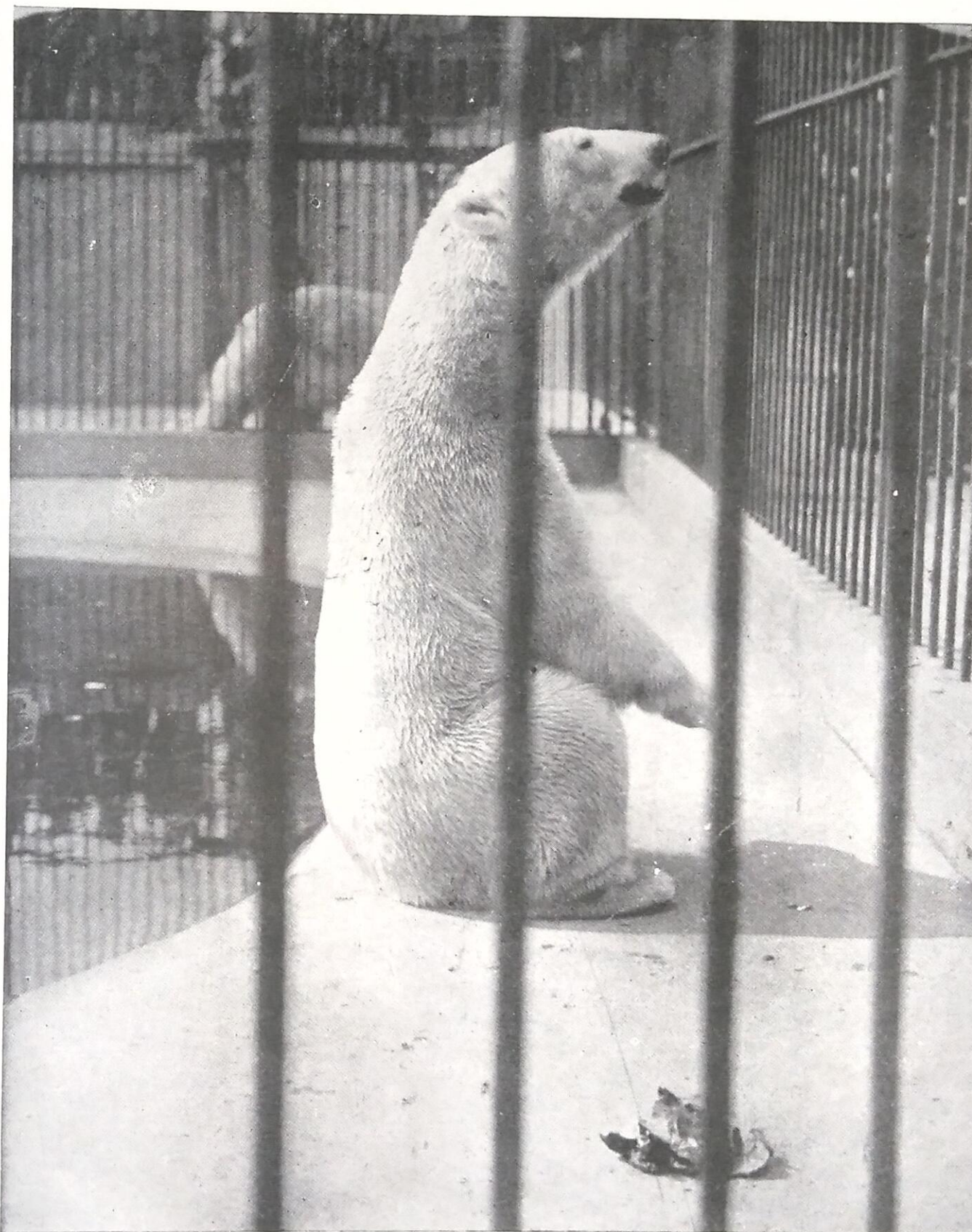
I love the wind, the merry wind,
That whistles through the trees.
The wind and I are good old friends,
But oh, he is a tease!

I like to pick my apron up,
And spread it out, just so;
And thus before the wind I run
As hard as I can go.

And now I turn to struggle back,
And push with all my might;
But he is very strong, you know—
My way I have to fight.

When mother questions me, I say:
"The wind took out the curl
And spoilt my dress;" but mother says:
"You harum-scarum girl!"

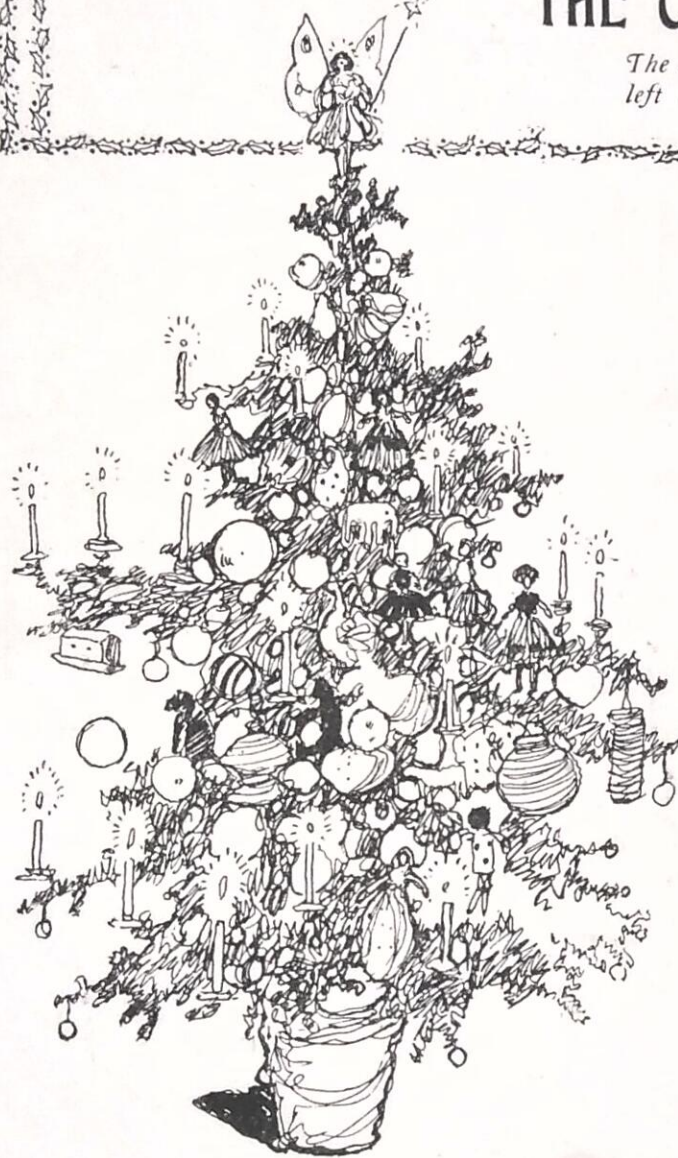
—Dame Durden.



A PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT POLAR BEAR IN THE LONDON ZOO.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE FAIRY

The story of her adventures on the night she left the tree to go and visit Santa Claus



Fairy GAUZYWINGS was daintily poised on the very top of a tall Christmas-tree. Her frock of white muslin stood out in many frills round her feet, a silver band encircled her head, a dazzling star sparkled on her forehead, and from her shoulders sprang two large wings of silver gauze.

The other dolls on the tree were only dressed in ordinary clothes, but they didn't mind that.

"It seems rather a pity we can't choose our new mistresses for ourselves," said one doll suddenly, "but I suppose the grown-ups know best."

"Let me see, we're going to be given away the

day after to-morrow—or, rather, the evening after to-morrow—aren't we?"

"Yes. Daisy Felton's going to have a big Christmas-party then, and our tree's going to be lighted up; and—oh! there's going to be all sorts of fun."

"Do you know, dears," said Fairy Gauzywings suddenly, in rather a sad tone of voice, "Christmas-parties—really grand ones, I mean, like this one is going to be—don't seem to me quite fair."

"Not fair?" asked the others. "Why?"

"Well, it's only little boys and girls whose mothers and fathers have enough money to buy us, and to pay for all sorts of other jolly things, who can come to parties like this."

"Yes; so it is," said the others. "But——"

"Now there's Mary Adams," Fairy Gauzywings went on; "she's never been to a party like this, I'm sure."

"Who's Mary Adams?" someone asked.

"Why, the charwoman's daughter. Don't you know Mrs. Adams, who comes here to do a day's work sometimes when the servants are extra busy?"

"Oh yes, yes! Mary's just the same age as Daisy Felton, isn't she?"

"Yes; and I doubt if she's ever *seen* anyone in such a grand frock as mine, let alone—— Oh, I *should* like to be given to her!"

All the other dolls on the Christmas-tree remained silent; but Fairy Gauzywings thought and thought about it; and the more she thought, the more she longed to bring some pleasure into Mary's life this Christmas-time.

"I don't see how I can do it, though," she said to herself, "unless—— Why, yes, the very thing! Hark! there's eleven o'clock striking.

If I start at once, I can catch him before he begins his midnight journey."

Then she waved her little silver wand three times in the air, and, spreading her wings, she floated out into the night. As she skimmed along, she looked almost as small as a snowflake. Faster and faster she flew, her silver wings spread wide, and the bright star on her forehead flashing and sparkling in the cold air.

"I must hurry—hurry—hurry!" she whispered. "I'm sure dear Santa Claus will listen and understand—he's so kind-hearted."

She drew her dainty frilly skirt closer round her as she came nearer to the cold North Lands. Blinding snowflakes met her and stung her face, and her little teeth began to chatter with the cold. Still, she kept bravely on her way. And at last she drew near to Santa Claus's home.

She was almost exhausted as she knocked at his door, but when he opened it to her himself, and she saw his cheery, kind-hearted face, and his gentle eyes peering at her, she plucked up her courage, and said clearly:

"Please, dear Santa, may I come in? I'm Fairy Gauzywings, and I won't keep you a minute."

"Come in, come in, do!" said Santa Claus. "I thought you were miles away, on a Christmas-tree in England?"

"I was," said Fairy Gauzywings; "but I've come all the way back to ask you a favour."

"Now what is it, dear?" asked Santa in his kind voice, as he settled his fairy visitor in the cosiest corner of his workshop.

"Well, dear Santa, I've been wondering if you would help me by telling me how I can possibly manage so that little Mary Adams has a surprise in the way of a Christmas present this year. Her mother's so poor, you know, Santa, and she isn't very strong, and it does seem so hard that——"

"I suppose you wouldn't care

about going to, her yourself?" Santa Claus suddenly interrupted,

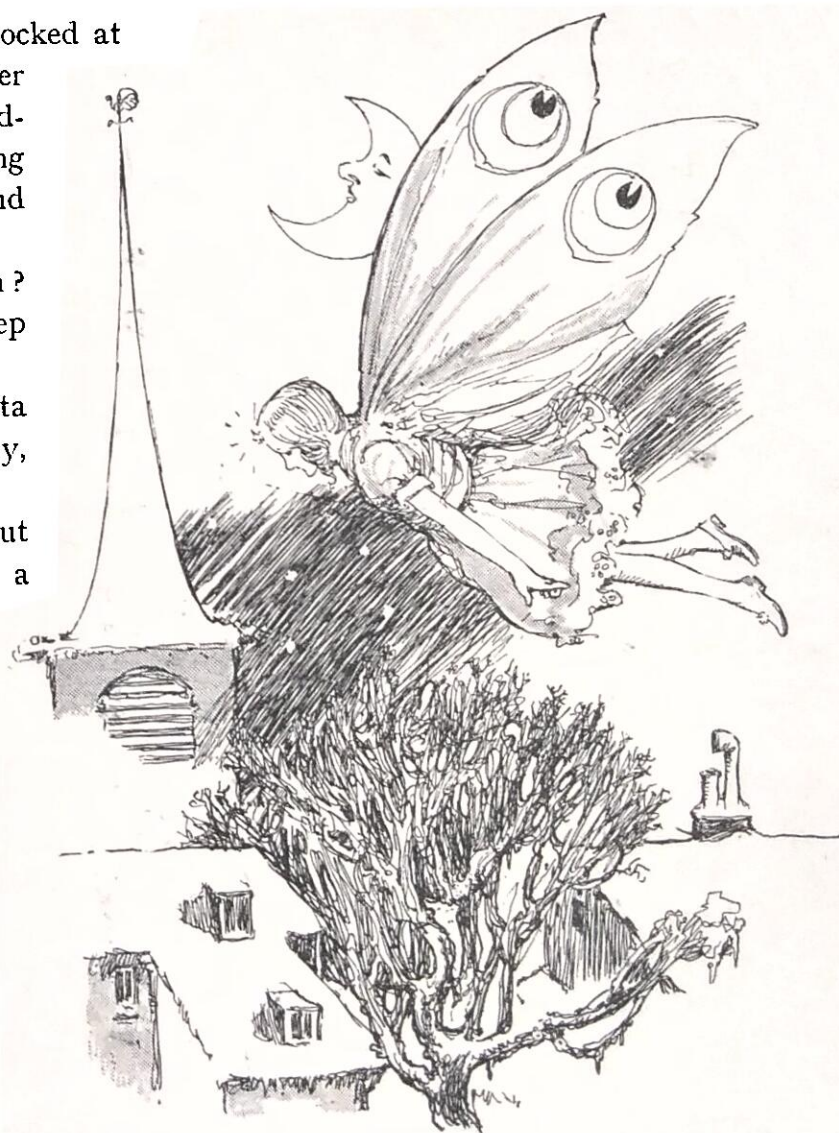
"Oh, yes, I should! I was only saying so to-day; but I *know* I sha'n't be given to her from the Christmas-tree."

"You wouldn't like living at her home, you know, dear," Santa gently explained. "There would be no warm nursery for you to live in, and nothing pretty for you to look at."

"Oh, I know, I know, Santa dear! But don't you think it would be worth giving up all that to see Mary's happiness? Because I *know* it would make her happy to have me."

"Yes; I think it *would* be worth giving up a lot for; and, little Gauzywings, *I'll see that you get your wish!*"

Gauzywings thanked Santa Claus again and



Faster and faster she flew, her silver wings spread wide, and the bright star on her forehead flashing in the cold air

again; and then, when he had carefully wrapped her up in a warm white cloak, she waved her wand thrice, and skimmed back through the cold night air towards Daisy Felton's home.

Early the next morning Daisy ran in to have a look at her beautiful Christmas-tree.

"Oh, mummie! mummie!" she cried, "the Christmas-tree Fairy's fallen from the top of the tree!"

Mrs. Felton hurried into the room and picked up Fairy Gauzywings from the carpet.

"Her arm's broken," she said, "and her pretty frock is torn. Never mind, darling; we'll buy another fairy-doll to go at the top. There's plenty of time before the party-night."

Fairy Gauzywings was placed gently on a table near the Christmas-tree; and when Mrs. Adams came in presently to hang up a pair of curtains, Mrs. Felton followed her, and, picking up Fairy Gauzywings, she showed her the broken arm and the damaged frock.

"Why, ma'am, my husband'd easily mend the arm for you—he's a very handy man. And I could mend the frock, and make it so neat and tidy the tear in it wouldn't show at all."

"Well, do, then, Mrs. Adams. And when it's all done, let your little daughter have the doll as a Christmas surprise. We're going to buy another for the Christmas-tree."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mrs. Adams, "Mary'll be that delighted she—Thank you, ma'am, thank you a thousand times!"

When Daisy's party-night arrived her guests gave a gasp of delight as they looked at the Christmas-tree, for it reached nearly to the ceiling, and every branch was loaded with gifts

and bright lights, and at the very top was a gloriously beautiful fairy-doll in a white frilly frock.

When everybody had received a present, Mrs. Felton took down the fairy-doll from the top of the tree and gave it to dear little Betty Wingate because she was the smallest little girl there.

As Betty put her to bed in her cosy nursery that night before she went to her own bedroom, the fairy-doll thought:

"I wonder where Gauzywings is? How sorry she must be to have missed such a lovely home as this!"



Frog: "How lucky I am to find this lovely foot-warmer on such a cold morning!"

When Fairy Gauzywings' arm had been set right by Mr. Adams, and her frock mended by Mrs. Adams, she looked "as fresh as a daisy" again; and when Mary found her lying beside her on the pillow the next morning, she gave a shriek of delight.

"Mother, look!" she cried; "isn't she just beautiful?"

All that day she hugged Fairy Gauzywings tightly in her arms, and never put her down once, even at meal-times.

When Mary was fast asleep that night, Gauzywings lay beside her and thought over all that had happened.

"Wouldn't everybody be surprised if they knew where I'd been?" she thought. "They think I just dropped from the Christmas-tree to the ground, but they don't know that really and truly I fell after I flew back, and I was so tired I went to sleep, although my arm *did* hurt a little. Dear Santa Claus! I knew he'd manage to let me come to Mary; and I don't envy the other fairy-doll a bit."

THE END.

FUNNY STORIES

THE TACKING-THREADS

One day, as grandma was sewing beside the window, the attention of her little five-year-old granddaughter was suddenly attracted by the white hairs in her grandmother's head, and, climbing upon a hassock, she began to pluck out the whitest one.

"What on earth are you doing, Lucy?" exclaimed grandma.

"Oh," replied Lucy, "I am just picking the tacking-threads out of your hair, grandma."

HELEN'S GEOGRAPHY

Helen's mother was helping her with the geography lesson.

"When I grow up and travel," said the little one, "I shall never, never go to Holland."

"Why not?" asked the puzzled mother.

"Because," replied Helen, "my geography lesson says it's a low, lying country."

VERY POLITE

"When you stepped on that gentleman's foot, Dot, I hope you apologised."

"Oh, yes, indeed I did!" said Dot, looking very good. "And I do think little girls ought *always* to be polite, mummie."

"Yes, dear; but what makes you say that?"

"Why, if I hadn't been polite, the gentleman wouldn't have given me this penny!"

MAKING A BUTTERFLY

A little girl, less than five years old, was watching her mother prepare the cream for churning, when a fly dropped into the cream. As her mother was getting it out the little girl said: "Oh, mother, we don't want to churn it up and make a butterfly out of it, do we?"

STRANGE NAME

"Why do you call your donkey 'Fihad'?" asked Uncle Jack, when he first heard the name.

"Why," cried Tommy, in wonder, "didn't you ever hear of the song called 'Fihad a donkey that wouldn't go'? And my donkey won't go."

AN EXAMPLE

"By reptiles we mean such things as creep along the ground," said the teacher. "Can you give us an example, Alfred?"

"Yes; my little brother."

"LOTS MORE"

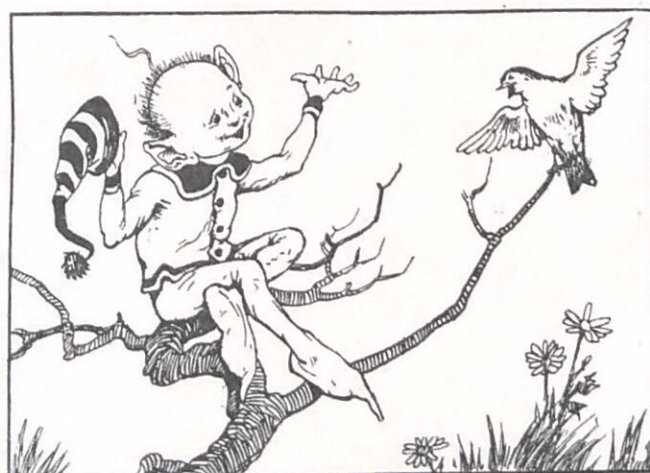
The nurse was giving small Mildred her morning bath.

"You must keep your mouth closed while you are in the water," said the nurse. "If you don't, you will swallow some of it."

"Oh, don't bother, nursie dear!" replied Mildred. "There's lots more in the pipes."

AN ANIMAL ALPHABET

(Continued from page 168)



Y is for Yellowhammer sweet.
He is a bird you'd *love* to meet.



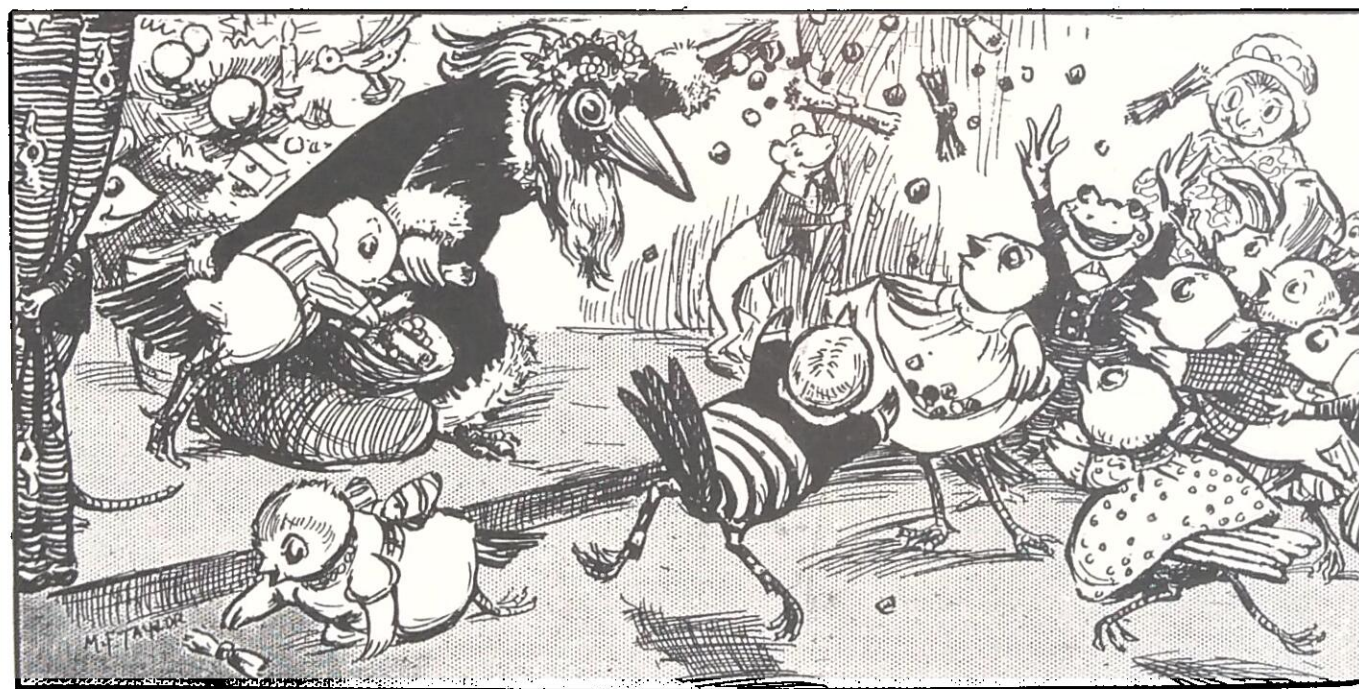
Z is for Zoo, where you will find
All these animals, cruel and kind.

A JOLLY PARTY

How Dr. Rook invited the Little Sparrowkins, and what a perfectly glorious time they had



DEAR CHICKS,—Last Saturday Dr. Rook asked us to a party, and he sent some of the boys to fetch us, as it gets dark so soon. They brought Chinese lanterns to help us to find the way; but though it was rather fun going along like that, we were afraid that Dr. Rook would be so strict with us that we shouldn't have much fun at the party.



When we got there, though, we found we were wrong. We never knew that Dr. Rook could be so jolly. He dressed up, and threw sweets and crackers and nuts for us to catch, and he had a lovely Christmas-tree. Altogether it was the "beautifullest" party any of us had ever been to. We do hope you'll go to some jolly ones, too.

THE LITTLE SPARROWKINS

HOW BABY PLANTS GROW



PRICKLY SEEDS:
HOUND'S-TONGUE.



IVY-LEAVED TOAD-
FLAX.

It is one of the nicest things to be able to go into the country and to know the names of the flowers and fruits which you may pass in the course of a walk. Below is told how these plants, after being seeds, grow up to be plants and trees.

THERE are lots of different ways by which plants sow their seeds, or, in other words, "give their children a start in life."

Those curious green bunches which you see hanging to many of the trees are the seeds, with wings attached, so that when ripe they may fly away to a distance, by the help of the wind. Every one of the little leaves which form the green hop, when ripe, becomes separated from the stalk and carries a seed with it.

Then there are the dandelion clocks and all their cousins, the coltsfoots and thistles, etc., which send away their seed-children fastened to a beautiful feathery parachute.

Berries and nuts are carried about by birds and squirrels, and in this way get planted sometimes in most unlikely places; and there are some plants the seeds of which are

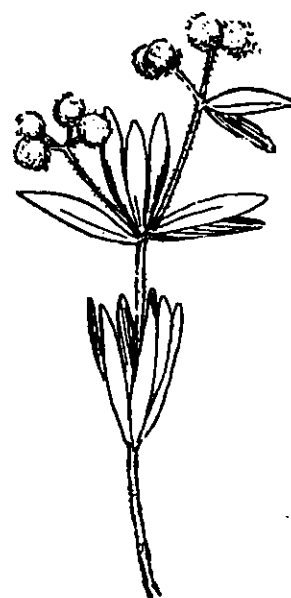


HOP.

covered with little hooked prickles, by which they cling to other things and take their journey out into the world.

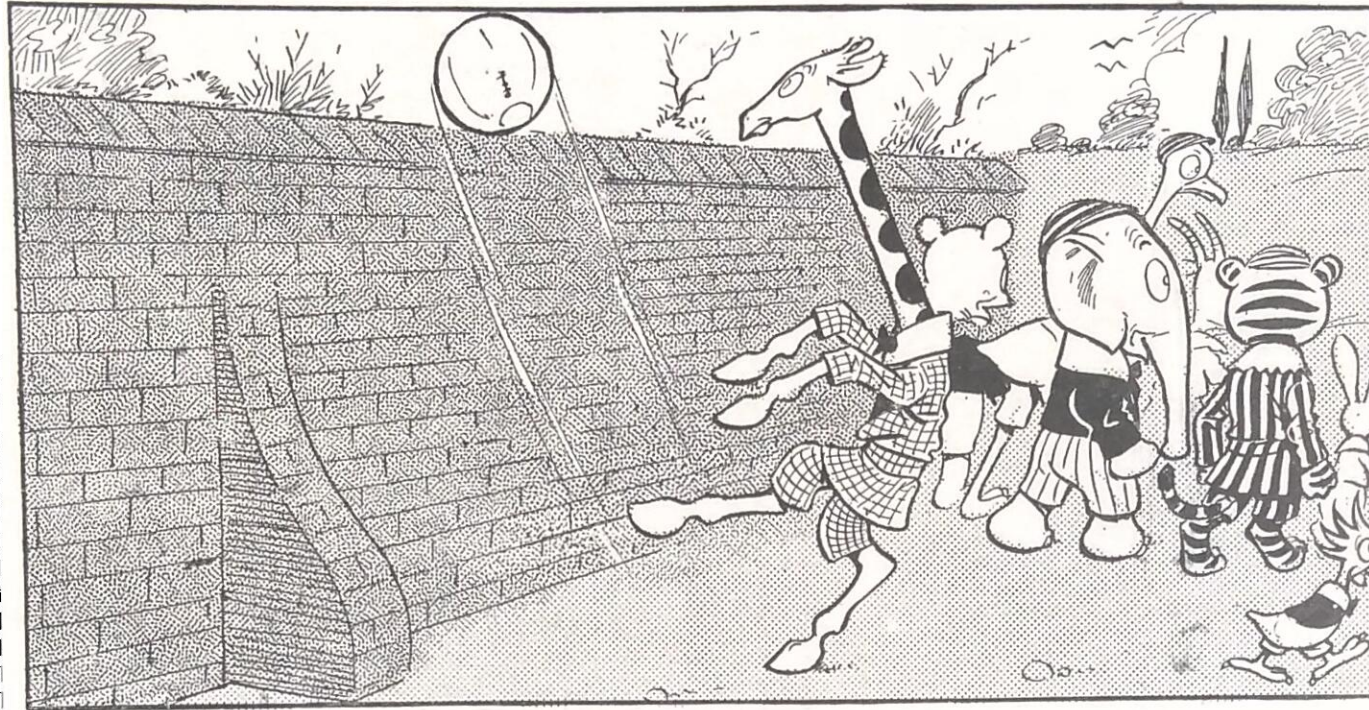
Sometimes they cling to the coat of a sheep or a dog, and perhaps get rubbed off against a tree or a gate quite a long way from their old home.

Poppy-heads open and scatter their black seeds to the wind. But I think the dear little lilac-coloured "ivy-leaved toadflax" has one of the cleverest ways of scattering its seeds. It is often seen climbing up old stone walls, and its flower-stalks stand away from the wall, so that the flowers may get all the sunshine there is to be had; but after the seed is set, these same little stalks turn downwards, and the seeds are sown in some shady nook of the wall, where they are well protected in bad weather.

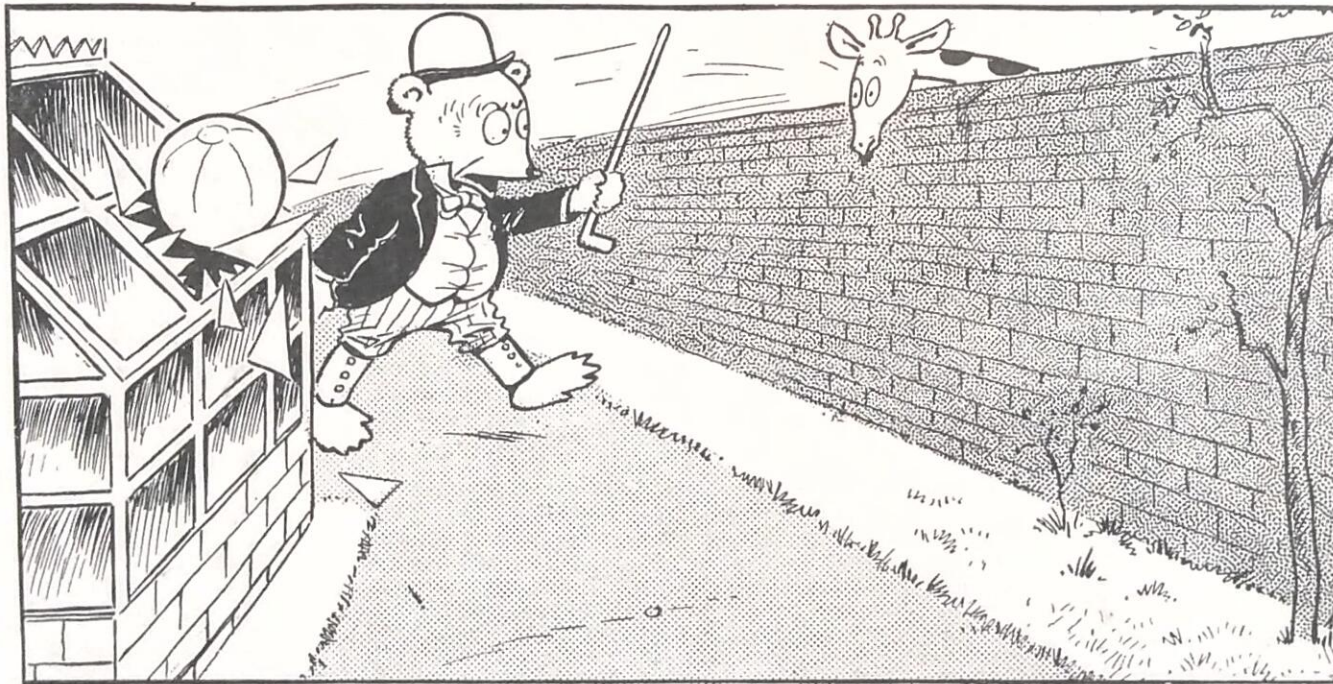


PRICKLY SEEDS:
"CLEAVERS."

GEORGIE GIRAFFE'S HIGH KICK



1 It was the First of May, and the boys of Mrs. Hippo's Jungle School had resolved to celebrate the event in the usual manner by a jolly dance round the Maypole. "Come along, Georgie Giraffe!" cried Tiger Tim. "We are going to find a Maypole." "Then you can go without me," replied Georgie. "I'm going to play football. I don't want any silly Maypole dances"



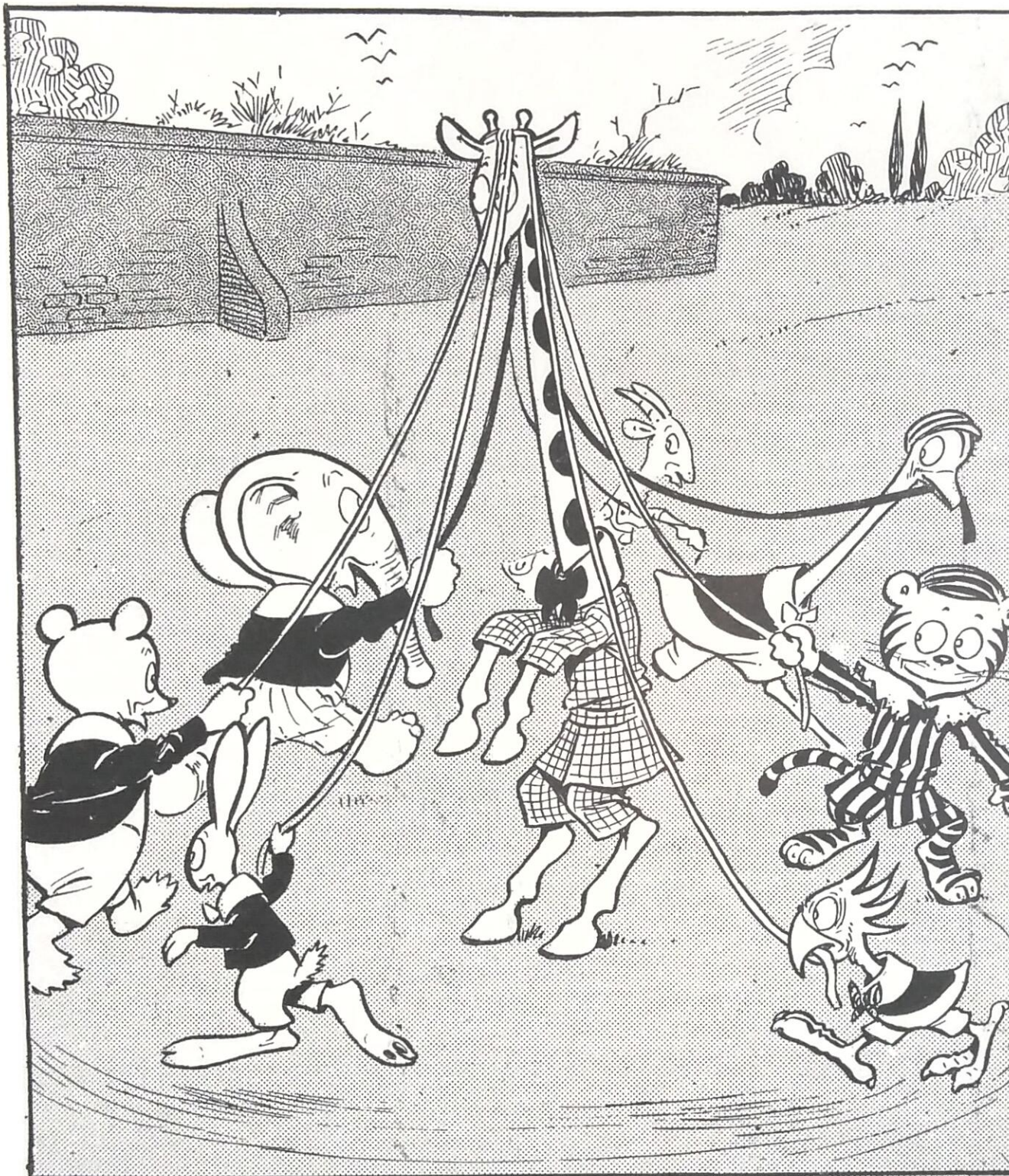
2 So the boys went off without Georgie Giraffe. "We shall get on very well without him," they said. "He is football mad!" Georgie had determined that he would learn to kick the football higher than any other boy in the school, and soon he gave it such a tremendous kick that it flew right over the playground wall into Farmer Bruin's glasshouse next door—crash!

OH, MR. BRUIN'S AFTER ME!



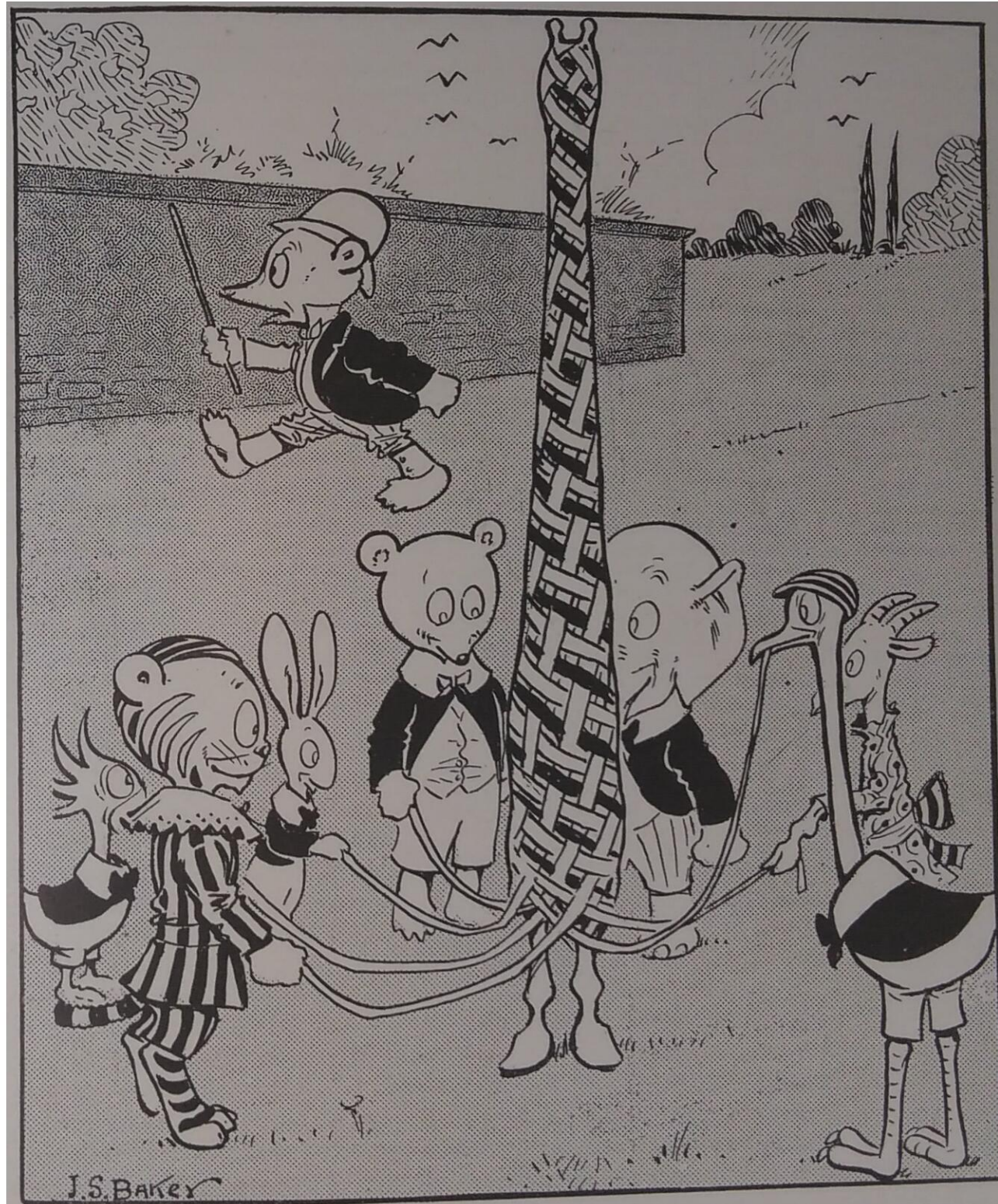
3 "You young rascal, wait till I get my stick about you!" cried old Farmer Bruin. "Oh, dear!" gasped Georgie. "I had better run." He had not gone far before he came upon Tiger Tim cutting down a tree to make a Maypole

QUICK, QUICK, HE'S COMING!



4 "Don't trouble about the tree—I'll be the Maypole!" cried Georgie. "Old Farmer Bruin is after me. Hide me quickly!" So the boys tied the streamers to the funny little pegs on Georgie's head, and started running round. Little Nanny Goat, who was to be Queen of the May, helped, too

THE NEW MAYPOLE



5 The boys ran in and out, until Georgie was quite wrapped up in the streamers. The angry farmer, when he came running along, saw only a Maypole, and dashed off again. "Wait till I catch him!" he roared. "Well, that *was* a narrow escape!" chuckled Joey

FAR-AWAY LITTLE READERS

SINCE our last Annual came out I have had very many letters from little friends all over the world, delightful letters and postcards, that have given me great pleasure to read. To everyone who wrote I tried to answer on a postcard, but there were so many to answer that I found it hard work to keep up with them. This year I shall be glad to hear what you all think of the Annual again, and I will print some of the most interesting letters. I hope you will tell me all about your pets and games, and also anything you think other children who read the Annual will like to read. All the names that follow are of little friends who wrote me nice postcards and letters during the year. I thought they would like to see their names in print

The Misses E. Adams, 7, Telford Road, Oriental Bay, Wellington, New Zealand; R. K. Porter, Huntly, Waikato, Auckland, New Zealand; Greta Railton, Claregrove, Chefoo, China; Nellie Summers, Jetty Road, Glenelg, South Australia; R. Bacon, Randfontein, Central Transvaal; Ada Coote, Chilliwach, British Columbia; M. Goulding, 21E, Roseridge Avenue, Pa, Alleghany County, U.S.A.; Alma Davies, Consol Street, Waiki, New Zealand; J. and L. Dutry, 8, Rue de Courtrai, Ghent, Belgium; Moana Lister, Balmoral, Bluff Harbour, Southland, New Zealand; Mary Lister, Balmoral, Bluff Harbour, Southland, New Zealand; M. Beck, A.B.C. Bank, Worcester, Cape Colony; Dorothy Cook, Dinajpur, Eastern Bengal, India; Mary Lewis, P.O., Elsburg, near Germiston, Transvaal; Grace Sysol, 120, Polson Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; Hazel McCullough, 14, Clyde Street, Roslyn, Dunedin, New Zealand; Antoinette Brago, Rua Goncaloes Dias 28, Rio Janeiro, Brazil; D. Hambly-Parker, 22, Cape Road, Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope; J. Edkins, Brockford House, Main Road, Muizenberg, Cape of Good Hope; Joan Harris, Del Monte, 434, High Street, Dunedin, New Zealand; Hilda Vey, 195, Le Merchant Road, St. John's, Newfoundland; Mary Stone, Glenmore, McArthur Parade, Dulwich Hill, Sydney, New South Wales; Edith Cumpstone, Boissevain, Manitoba, Canada; Cecilia Piggott, Fitzhall, Midhurst, Sussex; Marian Kersey, Seignel House, Felixstowe, Suffolk; Alice Smith, Cawthorpe, near Louth; L. Leathorn, White House, Neville's Cross, Durham; J. Stewart, 3, Harraly Green Road, Carlisle; I. Smith, Hasely, Griffiths Road, Wimbledon; P. Murray, 6, College Road, Eastbourne; K. Gillard, 4, Leaside Mansions, Fortis Green Road, Muswell Hill, N.; J. Sim, Ardmag, Bearsden, near Glasgow; Doris Grundy, 10, Lyndhurst Road, Bowes Park, N.; Mary Baxter, Linden Hurst College, St. Anne's-on-Sea; C. Sainsbury, 5, Dorset Road, Harrow; C. Shingfellow, Park House, Eccleston Park, near Prescott; K. Russell, Gorse Cottage, Newton, Devonshire; N. Baron, Barsham, Overton Road, Sutton; G. Kemp, 143, Inderarch Road, Stroud Green, N.; W. Fletcher, Great Ouseburn, near York; D. Viches, 82, Boughey Road, Sheldon, Stoke-on-Trent; F. G. Duncan, Hill of Ryland, Alvah, Banff, N.B.; M. Vause, Talbot Road, Penistone; Doris Osborne, 23, Silverdale Road, Bolton; K. Winspeare, 12, Arncliffe Gardens, West Hartlepool; M. Pottinger, 94, Antonio Street, Hawthorn Road, Bootle, Liverpool; G. Short, 35, Myddleton Road, Bowes Park, N.; Violet Odell, The Oaks, Elstree; L. Johnston, 26, Hillside Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.; Edna Myers, 480, Leeds Road, Thackley, Bradford, Yorks; J. Paget, The White House, Exmouth; Kathleen Baxter, Hull

Road, Hesse; Ethel Smith, Station House, Tempsford, near Sandy; S. K. Sheldon, The Chantry, Chelmsford, Essex; K. Sullivan, 65, Loveday Road, West Ealing; M. Williams, The Cliff House, Chippenham; Vera Price, The Bank, Rhymney; Doris M. Virgo, 43, May Place Road, Bexley Heath, Kent; E. Hockley, 14, St. Peter's Hill, Grantham; S. Hibbs, 12, Buer Road, Fulham Park Gardens, Fulham, S.W.; W. Hardy, Westbury, Dagmar Grove, Nottingham; F. C. Good, Westwood, Exeter Road, Exmouth, South Devon; E. Randall, 28, Shaftesbury Road, Hornsey Rise, N.; E. Tallas, Medlock Road, Horbury; Betty Heal, 26, Bidston Road, Oxtun, Cheshire; L. Bidlake, Christ Church Vicarage, Crewe; May Reynolds, Platt Cottage, Rusholme, Manchester; Muriel Wilson, 10, Mayville Avenue, Dean Road, Scarborough; B. Nicholls, 1, Lochaber Street, Roath Park, Cardiff; D. G. Glanville, 108, Kirkwood Road, Peckham, S.E.; D. Henniker, 76, Addison Road, Nottingham; Mary Wheeler, Plas-yr-Eifl, Trevor, Chivliog, North Wales; F. Jowett, Trentham Street, Post Office, Leeds; F. B. Peacock, 27, The Pavement, Clapham, S.W.; P. Metral, 1, Ethelbert Crescent, Margate; Freda Miller, St. Mildred, Caxton Gardens, Guildford; B. Scrubb, Inveravon, Christchurch, Hants; Betty McLean, Auchentoul, Alford, Aberdeenshire; W. Burgess, Carisbrooke, Gadstone Road, Purley; M. McCarthy, 1, Sydney Place, Bath; M. Leigh, Hope Cottage, Staviton Road, Oxford; V. D. Barrow, 2, Madeira Terrace, Kings Cliff, Brighton; M. Woodroffe, Melville, Hoole Road, Chester; D. Wildblood, Boswel, Kingsbury Road, Gravelly Hill, near Birmingham; E. Lawson, Albion Terrace, 33, Robertson Street, Greenock; Q. Mansell, 4, Bishop's Road, Paddington, W.; Amy Hill, 83, Wroughton Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; D. Davey, 90, Coldharbour Road, Redland, Bristol; Edna King, Wordwell Farm, Culford, Bury St. Edmunds; W. Munt, 61, Mount View Road, Stroud Green, N.; G. Browning, King's Head Hotel, Deansgate, Manchester; D. Foster, Hazledene, Clober Road, Milngavie, N.B.; D. Hancock, 26, Waring Avenue, Higher Transmere, Birkenhead; Joyce Jennings, Victoria Square, Truro; E. M. Brown, 193, Croxted Road, Dulwich; S. Guilding, Worcester House, Sidmouth Street, Reading; Beryl Braddon, Mount Beryl, Seremban, Federated Malay States; The Misses Hazel Bentham, 5, Napier Street, Mornington, Dunedin, New Zealand; Esme Bentham, 5, Napier Street, Mornington, Dunedin, New Zealand; Grace Bowman, Main South Road, Upper Riccarton, Christ Church, New Zealand; Sara Clarke, 315, Borbeck Street, Foxchase, Phila, P.A.; Emmie Scott, Roebuck Park, Carron, Stirlingshire; Harold Price, Bridge Town, Nova Scotia; Marjorie Fenwick, Methodist College

Home, St. John's, Newfoundland; Rhoda Leavitt, Cardstone Alta, Canada; Iris Studholme, Wainono, Studholme Junction, South Canterbury, New Zealand; Marian Birkbeck, 5, Campbell Street, Queensbury, near Bradford; Edith Smith, 555, Main Street, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane, Queensland; Edith M. Leary, Hydah, P.O., Graham Island, Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia; Connie Freeman, 38, Coleshill Road, Teddington; Biddy Perkin, York Lodge, Reigate; C. Valencia, 19, Bd. Flandrin, Paris; R. Brown, 59, King's Road, Prestwich, Manchester; Irene Mittell, 50, Paget Road, Plumstead; Edna King, Culford, Bury St. Edmunds; W. Smith, 555, Main Street, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane, Queensland; Kate Juggins, Salisbury Hall Farm, St. Albans; P. Pickering, Churncote, Buton, Shrewsbury; Bessie Foster, Elloughton Mount, Brough; Gerty Drummond, Cia Industrial, Calama, South America; Vera van Praagh, 63, Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington; E. M. Kdye, 27, Danfield Place, Ashley Road, Leeds; Irene Berse, 30, Hesketh Road, Southport; Kathleen Irving, Victoria House, Marlborough; Jessie Westwood, 34, Levendale Road, Woolstone Road, Forest Hill, S.E.; Aileen Milburn, 10, Ettrick Grove, Sunderland; Enid Grieves, Harpley, Lynn; Lucy L. Brailsford, Karaka Bay, Wellington, New Zealand; Beatrice Stevenson, Westley, Hatherlay Road, Sidcup; Sybil Labistour, St. George's Coll., Hatting Spruit, Natal; E. Couthwaite, Waterside, Middleton, near Kirkby Lonsdale; Olive Lewry, Hope House, Botley, Hants; Dorothy Thorpe, 57, Mulgrave Street, New Cleveland, Hull; Erica Pabst, St. Stephen's Road, Parnell, Auckland; Eileen Abbott, St. Stephen's Road, Parnell, Auckland; Maisie Crozier, West House, Durham; L. Starter, Kleingrassvallye, Port of Palmyra, District Ladybrand; Masters W. Blomfield, 7, St. John's Road, Epping; J. White, Ingleside, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey; W. Sharp, 4, James' Street, Barking, Essex; J. Haynes, Canal Bridge, Wellington, near Derby; J. Rigby, 28, Church Road, Watford; R. H. Walliker, 12, Charles Place, Barry, Glamorgan; N. C. Bower, The Glen, The Promenade, Budleigh Salterton, Devon; R. Ryder, New Chapel, Horwick, Lancs; L. B. Jones, Norman Road, Wardle Road, Sale; Leslie Hilton, 42, Badminton Road, Clapham Road, S.W.; H. Birchall, 16, Brook Lane, Chester; H. J. Thurnham, 31, Hafton Road, Catford; J. W. and J. Etridge, Spring Cottage, 26, Lynmouth Road, Stamford Hill, N.; John Brown, Whin Sill, Rushall, near Walsall; R. Batchelor, 29, Akeman Street, Tring, Herts; W. Robinson, High Hazels, Newsem, Darnell, near Sheffield; D. S. Matheson, 3, Belhaven Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow; S. E. Willmer, Singleborough, Winslow, Bucks; H. Grinshaw, 43, Milnshaw Lane, Accrington; Norman Dyer, 86, Stamford Hill, N.; J. L. Osborne, 13, Alexandra Road, Earlham Road, Norwich; Averil Dicker, Pet Villa, Yeovil; W. Thorne, 13, Kingston Road, Oxford; A. Furlonger, 51, Marmont Road, Peckham, S.E.; E. Close, Ivy Nook Bungalow, Seaford, Sussex; G. Marsh, Park Place, Blandford; L. Fox, Heath End, Heath Road, Weybridge, Surrey; R. C. Brown, Osterley, Longford Avenue, Southall, Middlesex; K. Heany, 139, Rake Lane, Liscard, Cheshire; A. Rigg, Westwood, Leinster Street,

Farnworth, S.O.; N. Robbins, 145, Albert Road, Handsworth, Staffs; G. Merrett, 42, Parkhurst Road, Wood Green; R. Stephens, Kimerley, Griffithstown; F. Knight, 28, Oswald Road, Rushden; G. Morris, Coombe Villa, Malmesbury, Wilts; G. Green, 52, High Street, Market Harborough; G. Sheeham, Norwood Vilas, Rushbrooke, Queenstown, Cork; Glen Selmon, Barton Crescent, Mannamead, Plymouth; R. Henry, St. George's Vicarage, Brentford, W.; H. J. Lunn, 8, Rosebury Road, King's Avenue, South Clapham; Douglas Tuson, The Vicarage, Dipton, R.S.O.; W. Ward, 2, Massie Road, Hackney, N.E.; Sutcliffe Marsden, 19, Granville Street, Grimsby; J. C. Oliver, 169, Colinton Road, Edinburgh; R. Pincott, 43, Town End Street, Godalming; W. Curling, New Inn, Murston, Sittingbourne; C. Hayman, 24, Dyson Road, Leytonstone, N.E.; Harold King, 8, Upper Kent Street, Leicester; H. Pincott, 43, Town End Street, Godalming; J. A. Smith, 101, Roman Road, South Shields; T. Baxter, Helmsshore House, Helmsshore, near Manchester; S. Hogben, Forres, London Road, Rosherville; Claude Spear, Kingswood, Quilter Road, Felixstowe; C. Mont, Hoyden House, Quarry Crescent, Hastings; Teddie and Gordon Hardy, 22, Derrings Road, Reigate; B. Phillips, 52, Royal Parade, Eastbourne; Freddie Wakeford, 27, Clarence Square, Brighton; A. L. Stevenson, Corvichan Station, Vancouver Island, British Columbia; W. Brown, Collins Street, Hawera, New Zealand; E. Cumpstone, Boissevain, Manitoba, Canada; F. Carney, 131, Linwood Street, Somerville, Mass., U.S.A.; Clifford Comeille, Kubusie, Cape Colony; William E. A. Reilly, Wainka, Auckland, New Zealand; F. McKechnie, 31, Royal Terrace, Dunedin, New Zealand; D. Coleman, 397, Ezid Street, Brooklyn, New York; J. Backman, 73, Leviathan Street, Boulder City, Western Australia; R. Arthur, P.O. Box 58, Hawera, Taranki, New Zealand; C. F. Buckland, P.O. Box 33, Middleburg, Transvaal; G. Charlesworth, 456, Sixth Street, Edmonton, Alberta; D. Brugh, 138, York Place, Dunedin, New Zealand; J. Summers, Jetty Road, Glenelg, South Australia; Masters Eric Lewis, 26, Harley Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Leo Stevenson, S.O. Box 45, Duncans, Vancouver Island, British Columbia; Denis Oldham, 20, King's Avenue, Stone, Staffs; R. N. Rogers, Homeleigh, Forde Park, Newton Abbot; Shaw Bates, Harry Stubbs, Philip Kersley, of Belmont House School, Wells-next-Sea, Norfolk; W. Myers, Walkerston, Mackay, Queensland; Alick Connan, 8, Gordon Street, Coburg, Victoria; Edward Brade, Thornton Hall Farm, Thornton le Fyld; H. and B. Craven, Hight Street, Knaresborough, Yorks; W. Wake, Upton Scudamore, Warminster, Wilts; Ernest and Henry Vesey, Cedar Vale Cottage, Devonshire, Bermuda; Jack Foster, Elloughton Mount, Brough, Yorks; Eric Rogers, Craneton, Bickley, Kent; Allan Bligh, care of S. Yuill and Co., Ltd., 6, Bridge Street, Sydney, New South Wales; Arthur Rowlatt, Royal Crescent, Kew, Caversham, Dunedin, New Zealand; John Piper, Alresford, Epsom; Leo Brookes, Strathroy, Ontario, Canada. As well as all the above there are many other little friends whose names I can't manage to squeeze in.

THE EDITOR.

AU REVOIR



Y little friends know I always save up the last page of the ANNUAL to wish them all good-bye until next year. This time I have tried to make your favourite book even jollier and better than it was last year. The PLAYBOX ANNUAL has come to be such a friend to boys and girls in all parts of the world, that I find as much pleasure in editing the book as you do in reading it, and that is saying a good deal, isn't it?

I don't believe there is a single dull page in the whole of the number, and I am never going to have a dull page in the ANNUAL. I try to make it the jolliest book of the whole year, and I take the very greatest trouble to find funny pictures and stories. The ANNUAL is a book for boys and girls, and many of the little readers whose names I have printed this year like it so much that they know every poem in last year's ANNUAL off by heart. I wonder if *you* will know any of the poems in this year's ANNUAL?

I don't know who is the favourite character in the book. Some of my little friends say Tiger Tim is the funniest one, and others have a liking for the Sparrowkins; then there are lots of children who like the Fluffkins best.

If *you* write to me tell me what you like best. I am always glad to hear what you think of my PLAYBOX ANNUAL, and I read every line of all the letters sent to me. My address, if you *do* write, is L.C., PLAYBOX ANNUAL, Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

The names on pages 206 and 207 only represent a tiny proportion of my little friends in all parts of the world, and this year so many new children have asked for the PLAYBOX ANNUAL that I shall have even more friends than ever.

Now, I must wish you all good-bye until next year, when I hope to bring out another splendid number of the ANNUAL, which you will all look forward to. Before then I hope you will have read this book through dozens and dozens of times. With love and greeting to you all.

Your affectionate

EDITOR.



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